

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by *Ive Mitchell Chapple*



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June  
1912

## ARE YOU CARELESS ABOUT FLOUR?



It is easy to be a little careless in ordering and on the other hand so very easy to get the kind that is unquestionably superior to all other brands

Back in the early Seventies, the Washburn Mills began grinding flour with the idea that a very superior quality would bring to them a great number of satisfied customers

40,000,000 packages of flour distributed to customers annually speak for the success of this "quality idea"

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WASHBURN-CROSBY CO'S  
**GOLD MEDAL FLOUR**

Have your boy or girl send 4c for postage and receive a little sack of Gold Medal Flour. Washburn-Crosby Co., Minneapolis, Minn.





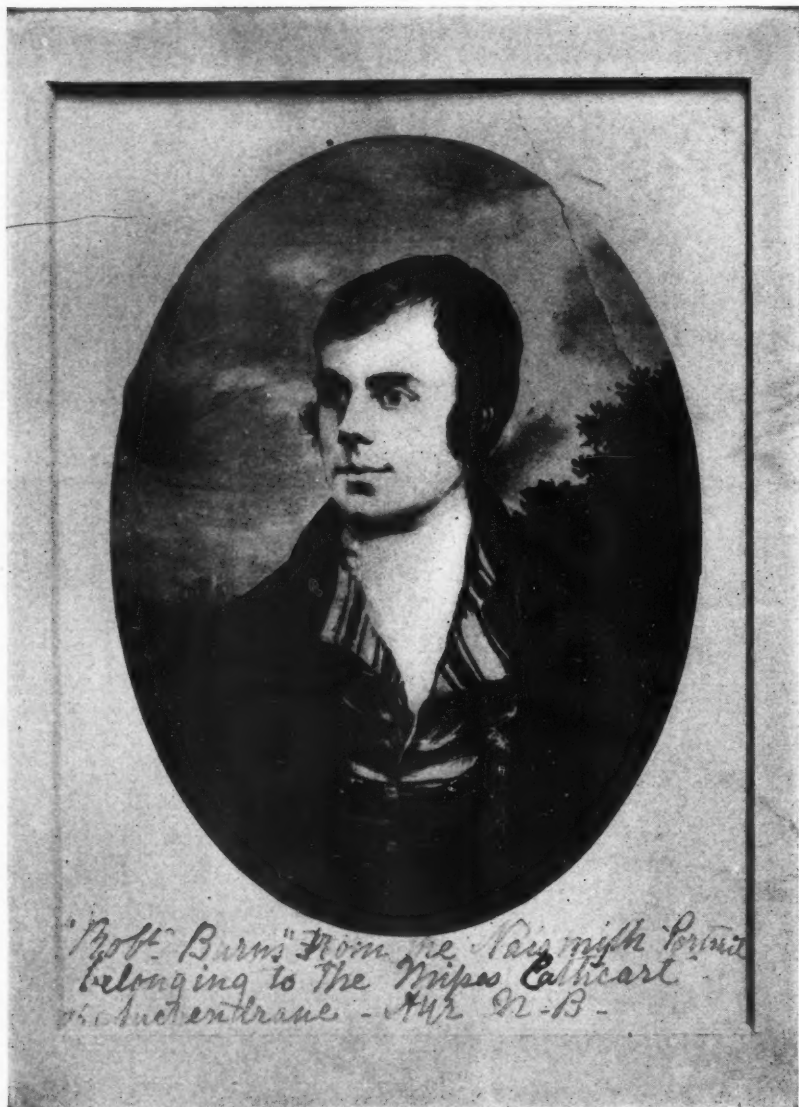
**Bright  
Outside**

**Bright  
Inside**

# SAPOLIO

is doubly valuable in springtime. It adds an extra arm to cleaning and doubles your power against dirt. The brightest women have found it the one cleaner that Works Without Waste.

**Cleans—Scours—Polishes**



A RARE PORTRAIT OF BURNS, NOW OWNED BY LORD ROSEBERRY, WHO  
SUCCEEDED MR. GLADSTONE AS PREMIER  
OF ENGLAND

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1912

## Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple



IMPRESSIVE solemnity pervaded the Senate caucus room when the investigation of the Titanic tragedy was begun. The decorations and furniture of the

most luxurious legislative audience room in the world suggested the glories of that great palace-of-the-sea which carried down to death more than fifteen hundred lives in the icy waters of the Grand Banks.

Under the crystal chandeliers in the center of the room sat the Senate subcommittee, Senator William Alden Smith presiding. On every side attended the witnesses of the catastrophe, the Austrian Ambassador with other members of the diplomatic corps, Senators, Justices, Congressmen—an assemblage which

almost constituted an international tribunal. All were intent on securing the facts necessary to prepare an official record of the events of that fateful, clear, cold, starlit Sunday night, when the great leviathan crashed into an immovable ice-

berg, and also to take measures to avert such disasters.

Only a brief week had passed since the first wireless flash told the world of the Titanic's sinking, followed by hours and days of that universal horror of suspense, with which in all parts of the world men eagerly sought tidings of the tragedy and its survivors. The world was thrilled with the heroic bravery displayed, and hearts bled as the story was flashed of that parting of wives and husbands, children and fathers, while the great hulk sank.

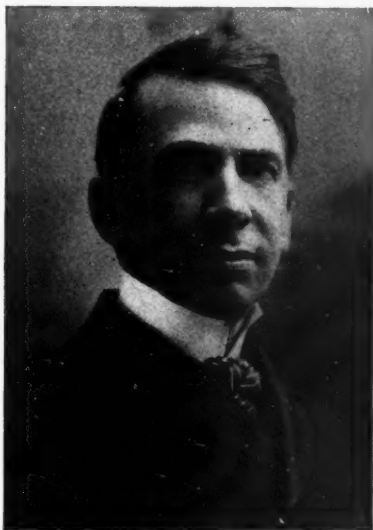


Photo by Harris & Ewing

SENATOR WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH  
Chairman of the Titanic Investigating Committee



LEAVING THE SENATE OFFICE BUILDING AFTER THE TITANIC INVESTIGATION  
Mr. J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, under the umbrella at right

Eternal "good-byes" rang out in cheery tones, and later, consoled and strengthened by that splendid hymn, associated with another great world tragedy—the passing of McKinley—"Nearer, My God, to Thee" was the inspiring song that floated over the water as the heroes and heroines of the Titanic went down to death.

With these scenes that swept before the auditors, as they listened to details of the greatest sea-tragedy of modern times, came tender thoughts of the gallant Major Archibald Butt, the aide to the President, and of other eminent and noble men whose lives were sacrificed.

Congressional proceedings were overshadowed; political hostilities ceased—the stock market hushed, industry and pleasure paused. All the world seemed to feel that warm heart impulse of sympathy, for in the universal Democracy of Death the rich and poor, the survivors

and the lost, added stronger ties to that eternal Brotherhood of Man, that only comes into closest view as the veil of Immortality is lifted and "the portals of death unfold."

Scarcely were all the details of the disaster known before the United States Senate had taken action. Senator William Alden Smith had been to New York to look upon the scene when the Carpathia landed with its seven hundred survivors. The Senate realized that the calamity brought with it a great responsibility; above all the need of averting as promptly as possible a recurrence of this awful disaster at sea. This hearing was to sift all the facts and to make a veritable beacon light to safeguard as far as possible human life on the high seas. The findings of this tribunal will be heard around the world and will come close to the hearts and homes of every people.



SCENE AT THE CAUCUS ROOM OF THE SENATE OFFICE BUILDING, WHERE THE SENATE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE LOOKED INTO THE CAUSES OF THE TITANIC DISASTER

**G**RAVELY an old army officer opened a package of documents from the War Department, addressed to the Surgeon-General of the state militia.

"You know," was his significant comment, "that means something's doing at Washington. The first indication of anticipated trouble is the package of blanks for the Surgeon-General's report. The blanks themselves are innocent enough," he hastened to assure me, "but it means something when Uncle Sam calls for detailed reports from the Surgeon-General concerning the physical condition of the militia out of the regular time. This looks to me like something is moving down Mexico way. The Dick bill," he went on, "which provides for the call on the militia by the War Department, is now being reread with studied interest: Does it provide for sending the troops out of the country? That is the question. It seems that no matter how carefully wrought out and studied a law may be, the poverty of language interferes with making explicit its clear intention and with avoiding divers interpretations. Few public measures, not excepting the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution itself, have escaped an analysis that shows the variant meanings and limitations of words."

The old officer looked carefully over the blanks again and insisted that not even modern militia regulations had eliminated the old necessity of first getting information from the surgeons as to the physical condition of the men before any movements are made.

This incident also recalls the great changes of military customs during the last twenty years. No longer do the fife and drum inspire the march with time-honored martial airs. No longer are men trained to march and form in serried files and close columns, for the trained soldier of today must exercise his own initiative, and men are taught to move and fight in small groups, maintaining a certain space apart to lessen the fatalities from rifle fire and that of modern artillery. The command "forward march" seldom rings out nowadays, for the whistle or the bugle conveys nearly all orders. And, instead of wearing sword and scabbard, the officers carry a "swagger stick" and control

the movements of the soldiers by means of whistle signals, in "follow me" style.

The martial spirit of the American people is apparently unquenchable. It is manifested in the boy scouts; and, when looking upon the portraits of the young boys fifteen and sixteen years old who had their place in the great armies of the Civil War, one can hardly believe that such youngsters played a vital part in the conflict. Even with the growth and development of peace sentiment, the American lad cannot drive from his mind the exil-



MISS LEONA CURTIS  
The beautiful daughter of Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas

ation of camp life and of the odor of earth, as well as the fascination of slumbering under a tent.

Now philosophers are trying to determine whether it is the love of warfare or the love of outdoor life and nature that impels this instinct and love of soldiering as expressed among the young men who constitute the country's great militia.

\* \* \*

**L**LOUD-VOICED in their denunciation of prohibition are the tipplers of Alabama, Kansas and Worcester, Massachusetts. Now some student of the liquor



question has called attention to the fact that while in these places there are neighboring "wet" states and cities, yet in New Zealand it is expected that the next election will doom the entire island to perpetual thirst. In a recent election the advocates of prohibition in New Zealand lost by a very narrow margin. The referendum vote taken on a colony wide prohibition showed 55.93 per cent of the total vote cast for the prohibition measure, while 60 per cent was necessary to make it a law. At



MISS BLANCHE CURTIS  
Another daughter of Senator Curtis

the next referendum on the liquor question, to be taken in 1914, it is believed that the opponents of the liquor traffic will win. "Then," remarked the wag, "there will be a great revival among New Zealanders of that classic song, 'How Dry I Am.'"

"Quite so," drily assented the student of prohibition, "and a lusty chorus will be necessary, for the nearest saloon will be some twelve hundred miles distant."

In many of its advance steps in civilization New Zealand is the foremost country of the world, and it now looks as if this enterprising South Sea island

would set the world the example of the most complete, effective and isolated prohibition of the liquor traffic.

\* \* \*

THE movement to place in the Hall of Fame the bust of Molly Pitcher, the only woman sergeant in the United States Army, has the enthusiastic support of former Senator Chauncey M. Depew. In fact, the gallant senator from New York is always a champion for the equal rights of the ladies. The movement for the emancipation of women, he said, in a recent address, beginning in laws affecting their separate property in 1848, has continued until now. There is a wide and almost successful effort to grant them equal rights with men in the suffrage, in office holding, in jury duty, and in Germany this year in militarism, and in every duty of the citizen.

It was in the important movements of the year 1778 that at the battle of Monmouth Molly Pitcher was carrying water to her husband, who was a gunner of a battery at one piece of artillery. He was killed and the lieutenant proposed to remove the piece out of danger, when Molly said, "I can do everything my husband could," and she performed her husband's duties at his old gun better than he could have done.

The next morning she was taken before General Washington, her wonderful act was reported and its influence upon the fate of the battle, which was a victory, and Washington made her at once a sergeant in the army to stand on the rolls in that rank as long as she lived.

It seems appropriate now for us to place among the immortals and in the Hall of Fame this only woman sergeant of the United States army, who won her title fighting for her country upon the field of battle and who is the evangel of woman's rights and woman's enfranchisement.

\* \* \*

UNDER the gilded dome of the State House on Beacon Hill, Governor Eugene N. Foss may be found day in and day out at his desk, beneath the state flags. Looking down upon him is a stately row of former governors of Massachusetts



GOVERNOR AND MRS. FOSS OF MASSACHUSETTS AND THEIR  
TWIN DAUGHTERS

from the time of John Hancock in 1780, and his strenuous executive program has many times caused a shudder among these dignified predecessors. He sits down in his chair with a thud, his jaw juts out like a trip-hammer, and he writes his name with a pressure that ensures a bold signature.

Eugene Noble Foss first entered public life ten years ago, seeking the nomination to Congress on the Republican ticket. He took his platform on an issue which he proclaimed with all the fiery unction of a man of affairs who is accustomed to large business operations. He was at first de-

jority, and every town and city in the district was counted safely Republican. Mr. Foss entered the lists as a Democrat at the earliest stages of the restless protest against the tariff in a district which included large factories making products in iron, leather, cotton and woolen goods, jewelry and cordage, as well as farming and fisheries. He fought his battle vigorously and was elected to Congress, serving out the unexpired term of Congressman William C. Lovering and taking his seat April 7, 1910, his plurality being 5,640.

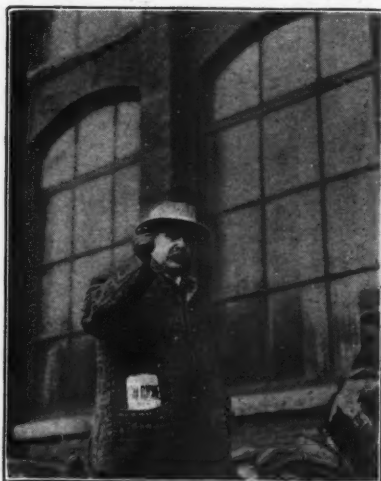
While in Congress he was nominated and elected Governor of Massachusetts by the Democratic party by a majority of 35,000, after a hard-fought battle in which no less distinguished a personage than Colonel Roosevelt declared himself for the opposition in a series of red-hot campaign speeches. He was re-elected after a campaign fought on the tariff, in which the Republican National Committee and the American Protective Tariff League and the Home Market Club exerted all their influence, President Taft himself picking the issue in his speech at Hamilton early in September.

\* \* \*

Governor Foss is a new convert to Democracy, and his friends insist that he is the logical man for the nomination at Baltimore in June. He represents no faction of the party and has not been over-exploited by pre-presidential bureaus. His supporters feel that the Southern Democrats insist upon a Northern leader who will win and who has acquired that habit.

It is also felt that an alliance of the Southern delegates with New England would be more effective than the customary alliance between the South and the West. It is pointed out that Foss hails from Vermont, and it is felt that her sixty thousand voters would manage in September to give a handsome endorsement to the boy from the Green Mountain State, which would influence the vote in other states balloting in November.

The public career of Eugene N. Foss has been characterized by ceaseless activities. He is counted as a candidate who would be acceptable to both insurgents and progressives, as well as to the old line



A CHARACTERISTIC POSE OF GOVERNOR  
FOSS WHEN CAMPAIGNING

feated, but, undaunted, he continued with the vim and vigor which have always inspired the Vermont lad who came to Boston thirty odd years ago. As treasurer of the B. F. Sturtevant Company he has already left his impress upon an immense industrial business. In the very zenith of his success he felt that a public career was not only a privilege but a duty for one in his situation. Accordingly he ran for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, and later was selected as a congressional campaign leader to try out the tariff issue in the Fourteenth District of Massachusetts. This district had been accustomed to giving ten thousand Republican ma-

Democrats who feel history will repeat itself in the election of a candidate who has made a political record in a close state.

Governor Foss withdrew his name from the ballots for the presidential primary in Massachusetts, out of courtesy to avowed candidates who would not otherwise have entered the contest in Massachusetts against him; but it is felt by his friends that "something will happen" at Baltimore when the situation is surveyed.

Governor Foss initiated his political career with a platform written on the back of an envelope while coming into Boston on a train from his home at Cohasset. He felt that he had the work to do and proceeded to do it. While he has met the

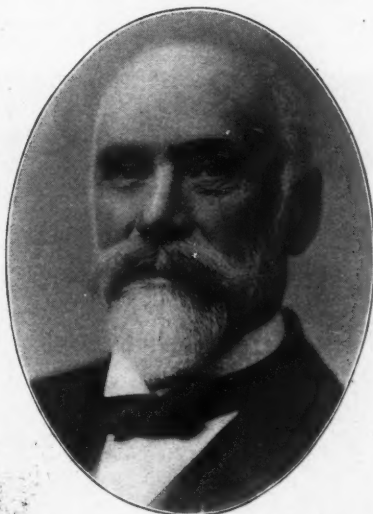
The early predictions that Governor Foss would have second place on the ticket have now crystallized into an insistence among his followers that it will be the first place, for the situation demands a nominee who will command the unanimous support of a party requiring two-thirds of the total vote for a nomination.

When Governor Foss wheels around in his chair and talks with his visitors, his actions imply the energy of a business



THE MOTHER OF GOVERNOR FOSS

most strenuous opposition, he has been successful in twice carrying the State of Massachusetts, in the teeth of Republican majorities. He believes that the predominant issue of the coming presidential campaign will be the tariff, and on that issue his friends feel that he is thoroughly fortified. They insist it is time that men who have made their mark in business development should be called upon to meet public questions in which business sagacity is involved, and that business men rather than lawyers are logical leaders.



THE FATHER OF GOVERNOR FOSS

man reaching a quick decision rather than that of the traditional statesman enveloped in stately and measured dignity. He seems immune to attacks from opponents, and never shrinks from "a good lively scrap."

When the messenger brings him the day's grist of the legislative mill in a huge basket filled with forty or fifty rolls of bills and resolutions, bound about with rubber bands, he examines them as he would the vouchers and documents that are constantly coming up in business life for signature.

It is felt that the New England enthusiasm aroused over the nomination of Governor Foss might draw heavily from his opponents; but, whether nominated or not, the fact remains that political

history in Massachusetts has been most emphatically impressed by the career of Eugene Noble Foss.

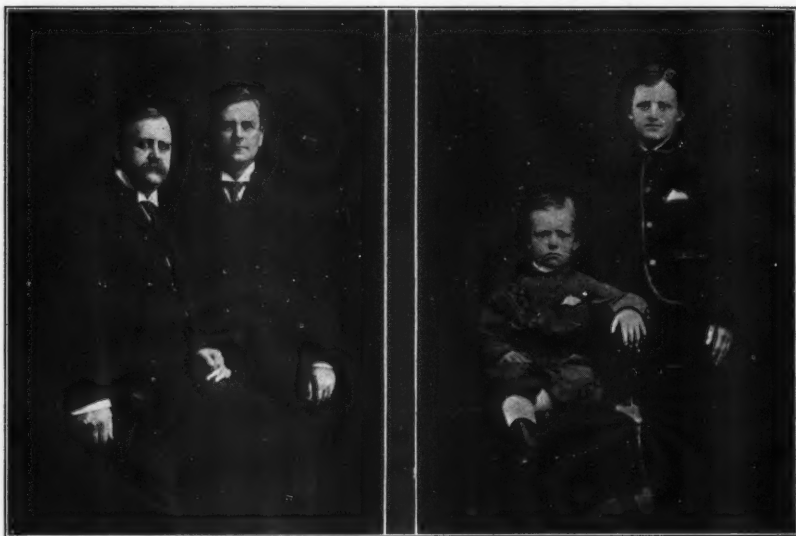
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**T**HE keen interest of Porto Ricans in national legislation was manifested in the appearance of a delegation from that island before the Senate finance committee. With Secretary of War Stimson they came in solid phalanx to protest vigorously against the Free Sugar Bill of the House. The committee was a notable

rule. Attention was also called to the fact that the proposed bill would greatly cripple the coffee industry, and here again was emphasized the affinity between sugar and coffee, the inseparable twin luxuries of the American breakfast.

\* \* \*

**U**NIQUE plans have been hit upon for initiating interest in the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and one was the dedication of the Joaquin Miller cabin in Rock Creek Park at Washington. The occa-



GOVERNOR EUGENE N. AND CONGRESSMAN GEORGE E. FOSS AS BOYS AND AS THEY NOW ARE  
The elder brother is Governor of Massachusetts, and a Democrat; Congressman Foss represents the tenth district of Illinois and is a staunch Republican

representation, including members of the Porto Rican house of delegates and leading members of various chambers of commerce on the island.

The visitors insisted that the bill for free sugar would deal an unjust blow to Porto Rico and would demoralize the thrift and prosperity that have come to the island through American protection. Mr. McCormick, as spokesman for the party, insisted that the passage of the bill would throw Porto Rico into a state of general pauperism, and would return her people to the misery that existed under Spanish

sion has a literary significance, and was the first event scheduled formally to introduce the Panama fair project at the capital. This humble log house was the former home of the poet of the Sierras, and is a picturesque symbol of the spirit of the exposition. Already a commission has been sent abroad to interest foreign nations in participating in an event which it is believed will be more impressively and distinctively American than any that has ever been held.

The completion of the Panama Canal is deemed quite as important by the





JOAQUIN MILLER, THE POET OF THE SIERRAS  
HIS FORMER LOG-CABIN HOME WAS DEDICATED IN ROCK CREEK PARK,  
WASHINGTON, TO OPEN THE PROJECT OF THE PANAMA-  
PACIFIC EXPOSITION AT THE CAPITAL

Pacific Coast States as "driving the golden spike" when the first Union Pacific railroad tracks made their mid-continent connection. It will bring cargoes of the Pacific coast products to the ports of the Atlantic in bulk that will make the route between the two ocean coasts one continuous highway of commerce. The California State Association is keeping alive an active interest in the 1915 Exposition.

Philadelphia, and the animosities of debate were forgotten when two senators whispered with all the eager enthusiasm of boyhood days: "What's the score?"

The great national game will not yield interest even to the presidential election. Philosophers have often insisted that the annual recurring baseball contagion is a safety valve for the explosive energies of the American people, who are otherwise



THE PROGRESS AT PANAMA. LIGHTING AND BUOYING CAÑAL, REAR TOWER, PACIFIC ENTRANCE LOOKING NORTHWEST

RESTLESSNESS was noticeable among the baseball fans in the Senate and the House along about 3.30 P.M. Even turning the button and starting the electric fans was of no avail. Every five minutes during the progress of a debate or between roll calls certain solons could be seen quietly slipping out to get the latest information from the American League Park in Philadelphia. Although this was at the crisis of the convention contests for choosing delegates to the National Republican Convention, interest for the moment centered entirely upon the diamond at

too wrapped up in their business and pleasures. They follow the movements on the diamond and the jottings on the score card with the same nervous intensity, but then it is "play"—not work. The viewpoint makes so vast a difference!

\* \* \*

WHEN it is realized that at Panama the locks of Gatun are nearly ready; that ninety-five per cent of the concrete work is finished at Pedro Miguel; that the work is progressing at a lively rate at Miraflores; and that this year will



COLONEL GEORGE W. GOETHALS  
CHAIRMAN OF THE ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION, WHO IS NOW IN PANAMA FOLLOWING  
AN EVENTFUL EUROPEAN TRIP

see the water of the Rio Chagres filling up the great lake to the fifty-foot level, then are recalled Colonel Goethals' predictions of completing the work in 1913 instead of 1915. Far from being chimerical, his plans are being carried out according to his original schedule; he is simply keeping up his life record established in government work.

Best of all the work will be completed within the time specified and within the

the government's improvement of waterways and drainage, and other projects that will restore millions of acres of valuable agricultural land to cultivation.

The future commercial importance of the Canal is being emphasized by the increasing Isthmian transportation. At present the Tehuantepec Railway is transporting more than a million tons of trans-isthmian freight a year, most of which comes from the packets of the American-



CULEBRA CUT AT CULEBRA. BLASTING ROCK ON CONTRACTOR'S HILL, VIEW LOOKING SOUTH

original appropriation of three hundred and seventy-five million dollars, notwithstanding the heavy and unexpected slides at Cucurache which cost millions, but which had not been included in the estimate. Colonel Goethals steadfastly maintains that it is the efficiency of the plant and the reduced units of cost that have occasioned this great triumph of American industrial genius.

Now it is planned to utilize this great organized army, the like of which the world has never before seen, to push on

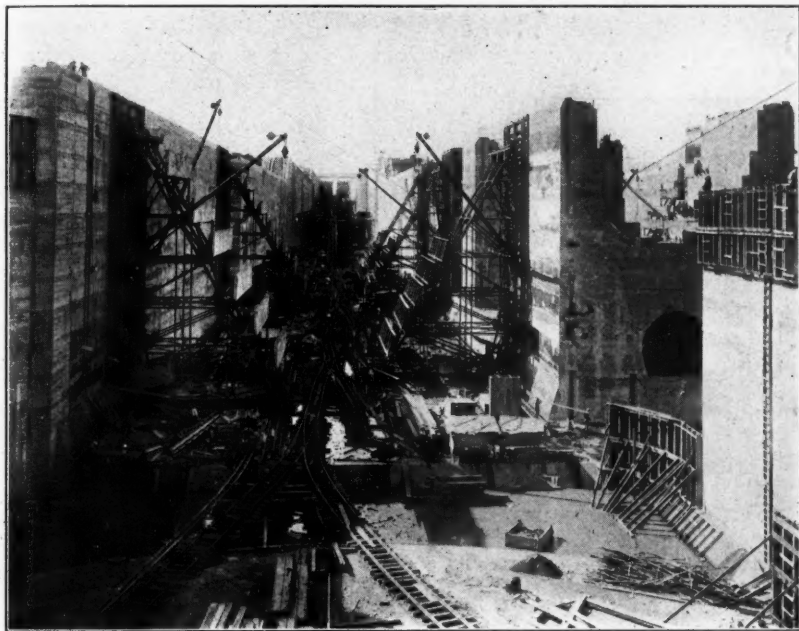
Hawaii Steamship Company. This business will necessarily be transferred to the Canal upon its completion.

\* \* \*

WITH a record of attendance in the Senate for more hours than any other colleague, Senator Carroll S. Page may well be as justly proud as the school-boy is of his card announcing "no marks" for being tardy or absent. The senator from the Green Mountain State pursues his duties in the Upper House with the

same energy that has characterized his business life. He answers more letters daily and keeps in closer personal contact with his constituency of sixty thousand voters in Vermont than perhaps any other man in public life. For some time past he has concentrated his energies upon the Page Vocational Bill, which is considered one of the most important measures before Congress. He has gathered together an immense amount of information and has

The movement is worth billions to the country in concentrating the energies of young men upon solving the great problem of increasing the productions of the soil to meet the greater consumption of food-stuffs required every year. The bill seems to reflect a picture of the thrift and prosperity of the five, ten and twenty cow farms in good old Vermont in the days when the Green Mountain State was famous for its farms. Senator Page has a



GATUN LOWER LOCKS, EAST CHAMBER, LOOKING SOUTH FROM COFFER-DAM, MIDDLE AND UPPER LOCKS IN DISTANCE

secured the support of governors, educators, and prominent people throughout the country in providing for some means of taking the American boy and girl at the formative period of their lives and directing their energies to some vocation before they have drifted away into a haphazard and shiftless scheme of existence.

The bill carries with it an appropriation of \$15,000,000 and especially meets the great needs of the times for intensifying the production of the soil by providing liberally for instruction in agriculture.

profound interest in agriculture, and even as we were talking in the Marble Room, he had to consult the weather map to see if it was good "sugar" weather down in old Vermont. He cannot get away from a deep concern for farming, and the Vocational Bill, the one supreme effort of his life, is an important step in the right direction.

\* \* \*

YEARS ago it was considered not altogether creditable for a scholar to be requested to remain "after school." It



implied one of two things: either that he had not obeyed all of the rules of discipline or that he was one of those earnest and conscientious students who wanted to push ahead of his classmates and keep in touch with "teacher" in those precious after school hours. In other words, he was

crystallized the "new thought" in education, that what is now needed is more practical consideration of the individual problems of life.

The After School Club is an appeal to parents to encourage a national scheme of education that will help them to take a more active part in shaping the lives of their children right from the start; not to turn their education over altogether to the school teacher, but rather to establish an active co-operation between the teacher and the parents.

As Dr. Edward J. Ward of the University of Wisconsin has said, "it aims to tell the future what we expect of it."

The colloquial and hearty letters of "Uncle Nat" have developed a jolly comradeship by correspondence among the After School Club members in all parts of the country. In the "Home Counsel Department," the mother finds in direct correspondence that inspiration which she so much needs, vitalizing the home influences which surround child-life, and stimulating an interest in those things that will be of use in mature years. The correspondence of the After School Club has attained a volume and character that indicates an earnest and active interest of the people in educative matters.

As has often been said, the greatest asset of the nation is the children of today, and the After School Club is an organization of experts in child training who are ready to counsel with mothers and teachers and



WU TING FANG

The former Chinese Minister, who, it was semi-officially announced, would be appointed as minister to represent the new republic. The Chinese government, however, has chosen Mr. Chung Mun Yew for the position

either the "class terror" or "teacher's pet."

It is interesting to learn of the organization of the After School Club of America, with headquarters in Philadelphia, which is sending a concise and concrete message to the parents and scholars of America. Its executive officers have most effectively

to encourage that wise comradeship with the children which inevitably bears good results. It secures the parents' interest in creating and developing among the children a taste for good reading, and helps the parents to forget for a while the cares of life and to join in the spirit of the child's interests and games.



MRS. WU TING FANG, WIFE OF DR. WU, FORMERLY THE  
CHINESE MINISTER

SINCE Hon. Ollie James made his "calling and election sure" as senator from old Kentucky, he is permitting what remains of his flowing locks to grow to senatorial proportions before taking his seat. The tall and powerful form of Ollie James has always been a distinctive feature in democratic national conventions, and early and late he has felt that fate points insistently to the nomination of the Kentucky boy, Champ Clark, who changed his domicile to Missouri, and is now "being shown" just how it feels to become a popular presidential candidate.

The greatest president of the United States, declares the indefatigable Ollie, came originally from Kentucky in the person of Abraham Lincoln, and he now contends that the good old Blue Grass State is again willing to honor the nation with a president.

\* \* \*

ON a bright afternoon Speaker Clark was at the White House attending a meeting of the Lincoln Memorial Commission. As he came out, there were divers comments as to the significance of his visit. It was just after his handsome endorsement in Illinois, and the broad smiles wreathed upon his countenance were sheltered by the broad-brimmed hat which his admirers claim distinguishes the headpiece of a popular presidential candidate. Champ Clark always was popular in Washington, and it seems that at this time everyone has a nod and a greeting for him. His firm lips and blue eyes become more and more familiar to the people as the campaign progresses to its close.

He does not conceal himself from public view by a closed automobile—in fact, he does not use a motor car once a month.

Champ Clark rides in the plebeian street cars and often hangs to a strap. The other day he was riding down from the capital on an Avenue street car, with his arms full of newspapers. Blue pencil marks were in evidence, and there were slugheads and editorials in the magic circles, from St. Louis, Chicago, New York and metropolitan papers. But it was when he came to the home papers from Pike County that the Speaker put on his glasses and read with painstaking care the comments in the "personal mention" column. This still

further emphasizes the fact that whatever distinction and honor may come to a public man, he instinctively wonders what "the folks at home" think about him. Their confidence and support mean more to him than any other one thing.

\* \* \*



HON. OLLIE JAMES OF KENTUCKY  
The tallest man in the United States Senate. He will have a prominent part in the Democratic national convention at Baltimore

BUREAUS seem to be propagated at a lively rate in Washington these days. Now comes the Child Bureau, backed by Secretary Nagel, the outgrowth of five years of earnest and enthusiastic agitation. The Secretary rightfully insists that the protection of the child is necessary to

the protection of the state and that much depends upon the way the child is started upon the ledger of life. If he lands on the debit side, he will be a source of trouble for all time, while if he is entered on the credit side, he will be a source of progress and substance to the state and nation. This epigrammatic statement comprehensively defines the object of the bureau, which is especially charged with investigating infant mortality, the birth-rate, orphanage, juvenile courts, dangerous occupations, and diseases of children—in fact, all legislation affecting children

in the several states. With his usual benign and fatherly interest, President Taft signed the bill and gave Secretary Nagel his blessing by initiating the campaign with a request for a congressional appropriation of \$25,000 for the first year.

Secretary Nagel's tall form dilated as he rose from his chair and told the visitors about his own family at home and how deeply interested, in common with all thoughtful fathers, he was in this project. A touching incident of 1908 is related

**H**AVING a father, a husband, and a son in the United States Senate consecutively representing two political parties and a continued service of nearly half a century, is the rare distinction which falls to the lot of Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins. Her father, Hon. Henry Gassaway Davis, served in the Senate from 1871 to 1883, and in 1904 was Democratic nominee for the vice-presidency. He is now living at the ripe old age of eighty-eight and is a staunch adherent to the principles of



THE PRESIDENT SIGNING THE BILL FOR THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU

of the tiniest chick in his brood coming to his library when about to retire, with her little contribution for the work of assisting fatherless children—adding her little mite to the Taft campaign fund. The one thing necessary to bring about a remedy is information, because no father's or mother's heart would permit of suffering among the children if they only knew the facts and just how to better conditions, and the one thing necessary to bring about authentic information is an official Bureau such as is contemplated in Washington.

the Democratic party. Mrs. Elkins' late husband, Stephen B. Elkins, was Senator from West Virginia from 1895 to the time of his death, when he was succeeded by his son, Mr. Davis Elkins, who served for the remainder of his father's term. When the political wheel in West Virginia turns again toward a Republican majority, young Davis Elkins will again be candidate for senator from the state of his birth. He has followed in the footsteps of his father, and is doing much toward developing the great resources of West Virginia,

which for so many years lay dormant until the energy of his father and grandfather took so prominent a part in elevating the Panhandle State to her rightful place as one of the most enterprising and substantial commonwealths in the union.

**S**TARTLED Senators were notified by the Senate calendar on a bright April morning that Mr. John Wesley Jones would submit some remarks on "Former President Roosevelt's Recent Advocacy of a Progressive Rule of Action as Announced and Followed by Pontius Pilate about Nineteen Hundred Years Ago."

There was much craning of necks in the

from Washington, given with something of the old-time Wesleyan spirit. As the warm days approach, the "pepper remarks" are sprinkled more and more freely in the Record.

\* \* \*

**I**NSIDE the limits of the new Potomac Park on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 17, was dedicated the beautiful memorial to John Paul Jones. It was a most impressive patriotic demonstration and in sharp contrast to the ceremony incident to the interment of the sailors of the "Maine" at Arlington a few weeks ago. Here, instead of funeral dirges, there were paeans of victory. Most fittingly Admiral Dewey unveiled the monument,



HALL OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN WASHINGTON

A scene of unusual activity during the annual session for the election of officers

gallery and a glint of interest in stern senatorial faces when Senator Jones began in full, rotund, oratorical tones to recall the trial of Christ before Pontius Pilate, drawing a vivid comparison with today. His remarks, he said, were intended to depict a condition of affairs that recalled the intensity of feeling among the Jews eighteen hundred years ago, and the attitude of Pilate toward an innocent man. While some hinted that his remarks were almost sacrilegious, yet he certainly put forth a most dramatic address on the floor of the Senate, discussing the tendency to consider the world entirely crooked instead of symmetrically "round like a ball," as the school geographies used to say. The usual rapid fire of interrogations served to intensify the remarks of the Senator

and General Horace Porter, former Ambassador to France, who discovered the remains of John Paul Jones in an abandoned French cemetery, paid a touching tribute to the great sea-fighter.

This monument, the first to be erected within the limits of the new Potomac Park, constitutes a most inspiring memento of naval achievements. A massive granite pylon forms the background for a bronze statue of heroic proportions, sculptured by Charles H. Niehaus of New York.

This is the first purely naval monument unveiled in Washington, since that of Admiral Dupont was placed in the circle of the same name.

The orations were delivered by President Taft, Secretary of the Navy George von L. Meyer and General Horace Porter.



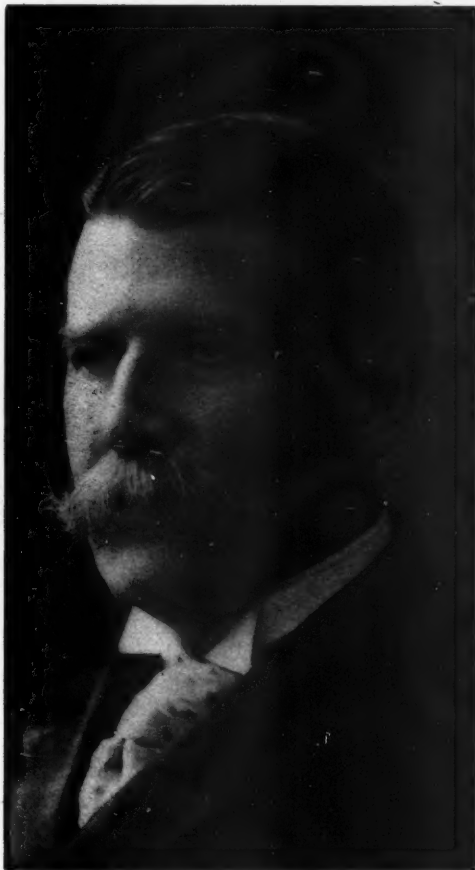
The occasion recalled the brief but eloquent speech of President Taft on the occasion of the burial of the "Maine" sailors in Arlington cemetery:

"It is well that we should halt the wheels of government and stay the hum of industry to take time to note by appropriate ceremony the debt we owe to those who gave up their lives for the nation. We raised the ship from the muddy bottom of Havana harbor and gave her remains honorable burial in the blue waves of the ocean. We now consign to the sacred soil of Arlington the recovered bones of those who gave the Maine her personality and made her a living weapon for the protection of national honor and vital interest. We have given to these ceremonies all possible solemnities that are included in the honors of war, and we shall fail if they do not express in unmistakable tone and sign the deep and lasting gratitude of a nation to her martyred defenders."

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**M**OVING pictures are now utilized to show the maneuvers of the Boy Scouts. This will enable the scouts in one portion of the country to have a view of their soldierly brethren in another part when being reviewed by Vice-President Sherman. The pictures will do much to show the boys how a soldierly bearing is not altogether associated with the carrying of guns. The Boy Scout movement is getting into the very blood of young America and there could be no more enthusiastic leader of the movement than President Colin H. Livingstone. The story of his association with the Scouts came about in rather a roundabout manner. Two years ago in Washington he was visited by Mr. W. D. Boyce, who asked his active interest in the Boy Scout movement. Mr. Livingstone suggested several men whom he felt were better qualified than himself to take hold, but he promised to help out as best he

could, if it was not possible to get anyone else. Not long after he received a peremptory message to come to New York, and before he could catch his breath he was elected President of the American Boy Scouts.



**GENERAL HORACE PORTER**

Who had a leading part in the ceremonies at the dedication of the John Paul Jones memorial statue in Washington. General Porter instituted the fight to have the remains of the great naval hero brought to America

The national charter was secured from Congress and the application filed at the time of the agitation in reference to the Rockefeller foundation fund. This deferred it for a time, but Mr. Livingstone was not to be discouraged, and he stuck

to it with all the perseverance of his Scotch nature. He was right on hand at the organization of the American movement, was placed in the chair as president without ceremony and has never been able to get out of the office since. The organization was first supported personally by Mr. W. D. Boyce, who was later joined by some few hundred who were interested in the movement. In this country today nearly four hundred thousand boy scouts march under the banner of the American Boy Scouts, with the stirring motto "Be prepared." An impressive picture it was when in a New York armory three thousand five hundred boy scouts sat down at

sense of honor and chivalry, such as is nurtured in organizations like the boy scouts.

Although Colonel Livingstone is interested in ten or twenty corporations and is one of the busiest men in Washington, at mention of "Boy Scouts" he drops everything. His boys, he insists, are at all times entitled to first consideration. He is heart and soul in the great movement, and in speaking of its vital import to the world, he related a touching incident which took place at the banquet given to General Baden-Powell at the Hotel Astor. Seven or eight hundred guests representing the prominent busi-



ADMIRAL DEWEY PULLING THE CORD WHICH UNVEILED THE STATUE OF JOHN PAUL JONES AT WASHINGTON

ness and educational interests of New York City had gathered there to pay tribute to the distinguished guest. There was a vacant chair between General Powell and Mr. Livingstone, and leaning over, the American suggested: "Doesn't this splendid tribute to the idea inspire you? Does it recall the picture of Mafeking?"

General Baden-Powell has gone on to Australia and insists that the time is not far distant when world peace will be assured, not by bayonets, battleships and gigantic armaments, but by the highest

ness and educational interests of New York City had gathered there to pay tribute to the distinguished guest. There was a vacant chair between General Powell and Mr. Livingstone, and leaning over, the American suggested:

"Doesn't this splendid tribute to the idea inspire you? Does it recall the picture of Mafeking?"

"I was just thinking," said the General slowly, "that if I could have my heart's desire just now, I would wish that my dear old mother might sit in this vacant seat and look upon this scene, which inspires a feeling far exceeding anything known in martial pageantry. For here are the real scouts and the valiant men of the future."

Then Baden-Powell told Mr. Livingstone of his conference with King George. Naturally it was desired by his sovereign that he devote his life to the army, but when he had returned from the war, a hero of the battlefield on the African veldt, he felt that his real life must be devoted to the boy scout movement. He so informed the king, but as a loyal subject he bowed as he said, "I leave it to you, your Majesty, what shall it be?"

of Colonel Colin H. Livingstone, the President of the American Boy Scouts, lately published a stirring article which calls attention to the fact that American Boy Scouts visiting in England and tramping about with English, Scotch and Irish boys, even extending their tramps to the continent of Europe, would promote a popular education and understanding that might make international peace something more than a dream, and the subject of



WATCHING AN EXHIBITION OF THE BOY SCOUTS

The lady without a hat is Mrs. Taft; Col. Colin H. Livingstone, president of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, is on the extreme right of the picture; the gentleman with the silk hat is A. Mitchell Innes, general counsel, British embassy

"The army," replied the King.

"Then I am to abandon the English boys. Who is going to take up the task?"

The King reflected a moment and then replied: "Stick to the boys, Baden-Powell."

In that moment by the wish and command of his sovereign, the life work of Baden-Powell was determined, consecrated and confirmed.

Already the Boy Scout movement is taking on an important international significance. Mr. Hugh N. Livingstone, editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and a cousin

perennial discussion. Friendships formed in the heyday and enthusiasm of youth would eradicate forever the possibilities of war. Through the influence of such men as Baden-Powell, Boy Scouts are learning that war is best understood by those who have served on the battlefield. The experience of the centuries is bearing fruit in forming ideals that are not based entirely upon the idea of military action and the taking of life, either as hunters or as soldiers. For as the great British General said: "I learned to love peace by seeing the atrocity of war."

# The Loss of the Titanic

&

Mitchell Mannering

**I**N this, the nineteen hundred and twelfth year of the Christian era, the great White Star Line of transatlantic ferriage launched the Titanic, the hugest and the most nearly perfect passenger and freight steamship that the world had ever seen. Money, invention, skill, experience, were invoked without limitation to secure strength, speed, safety, luxury, comfort, and, as far as might be, superiority to the discomforts and annoyances of sea travel. No one dreamed that the great ship could find in mid-ocean a danger that she could not surmount; or, if a few did recognize that the eternal majesty of the seas still held possibilities of terrible fatalities for anything of human construction, they breathed a prayer for God's mercy, and kept their thrilling recognition of possible horrors to themselves. Among these, it appears, was the veteran commander of the Titanic, chosen among all the gallant captains of a magnificent fleet, to hurl this unrivalled "Sovereign of the Seas" from Great Britain to the city of New York, in presumably the quickest time ever made by a steamship on her maiden transatlantic voyage, and who, having done his best to lessen the terrible fatalities, went down with his ship, trying to the last to be worthy of the record of the Anglo-Saxon captains of many centuries.

Sometime ago in bygone decades—when no one will ever know—a great glacier in the Arctic Seas slowly and almost imperceptibly thrust out of an ancient valley, long since covered hundreds of yards deep with the accumulated ice-layers of many winters, a great tongue of flinty ice, to gather bulk in the colder months and

part in hot summer days with its snow-crests and less solid superstructure. At last a day came when its mighty bulk, hanging unsupported or perhaps buoyed up by the deepening sea, brought a breaking strain to bear that even the enormous strength of the glacier could not resist. Then with a tremendous commotion the great iceberg came to the surface of the Arctic sea, and rolled, ponderously churning the depths, until at last the newly-born iceberg sailed majestically away from the scene of its stupendous birth.

Grim walruses and spotted seals dove and splashed around it; the white ranger of the ice-floe, the terrible polar bear made it his temporary lookout or resting-place; myriads of gulls and ducks, auks and tern flew, swam and rested about its massive shelter, while it floated on, now driven northward by savage storms, and again swept southward by the tremendous pressure of tempest and tide, but all the time yielding something to the ceaseless ocean current, which carries to the Gulf-stream the infinite variety of the northern ice-pack.

Hundreds of miles wide, and of infinite variety of tenuity, size, shape and color, is that eternally mobile yet irresistible ice-stream. Here it presents a pool of icy particles, swiftly melting, or as swiftly congealing into flinty floes; there a procession of fantastic pinnacles, islets, weird simulacrae of royal architecture, or inanimate and animate things; massive fields of bluish-green, adamantine ice, formed in still havens during the six-months winter night, and amid it all the fated leviathan of these Arctic navies, the great iceberg.

Over its sides and peaks and the floes

around it, the beams of the sun and the hues of the sea, the reflection of the glories of dawn and sunset, the fierce glare of unclouded noonday, and the softening shades and mystical curtains of sea-mist and frost-veil, throw changing hues and shades of color, that beggar the skill of the painter and the coiner of apt description. Pearl and emerald, chrysoprase and tourmaline, alabaster and the iridescence of the margarita shell; every gold-tint of the jeweller, every silvery gleam of woven tissue or reflected light, and at times even fiercer gleams of ruby-red or diamond-white burst for brief moments upon the startled eye and then are gone again. But when the drizzling rains and chilling fogs shut down upon sea and floe, or the darkness of night covers berg and pinnacle, the chill night air seems heavy with impending death, and the gloom of thick night and fog-veiled day give only a wraith-like, shimmering, ghostly outline of the great ice mountain.

But always, through whatever glory of sunlight or gloom of darkness and sea-mist, the great ice squadron works steadily southward, bearing the herds of newly-born seals, safely voyaging on the great level floes, around which the mother seals fish by day, returning to suckle and fondle their white-coated babies, until they, too, are able to care for themselves. Of these herds, thousands of hunters take toll of skins and blubber, from Esquimaux hunters and Danish half-breeds of Greenland to the crews of the powerful sealing steamships of Newfoundland, which, plunging into the heart of the great ice-field for booty and safety, sometimes make shipwreck, but seldom heavy loss of life, as long as their crews could land on one of the huge floes, or lofty bergs. On such a life-raft, years ago, a part of the crew of the exploring steamship *Polaris* drifted in safety over thirteen hundred miles and were rescued, as many a crew of shipwrecked sealers had been before.

So the great berg came southward, past Hudson Bay, the Moravian Missions of the Labrador coast, the berg-blockaded Straits of Belle Isle, the rugged, broken coastline of Newfoundland, until at last on Sunday, April 14, 1912, night found the great iceberg about 450 miles south of

Cape Race, in latitude 41.43 north, and longitude 50.14 west, right in the track of the *Titanic*, which, making nearly five hundred miles a day, came rushing onward, as if to put to the proof the claim of her builders and owners that she was too strong and too big to fear the starkest dangers of the open seas.

Nearly nine hundred feet in length; rivalling a nine-story building in height; with a burden of over 66,000 tons, and a registered tonnage of over 46,000; and propelled by engines whose size and power were the crowning triumph of marine engineering, she represented the utmost that man had been able to perfect in the way of sea-going comfort, luxury, speed, and, it was thought, safety. Nearly eight millions of dollars were expended in building and furnishing the *Titanic*, when on Wednesday, April 10, she lay at her dock at Southampton, bound via Cherbourg, France, for New York. Nine hundred and eighty officers, men, women and boys, formed her crew, and complement of waiters, stewardesses, bell-boys and miscellaneous assistants, necessitated by the variety and completeness of the equipment of this floating city, or rather immense ocean hotel.

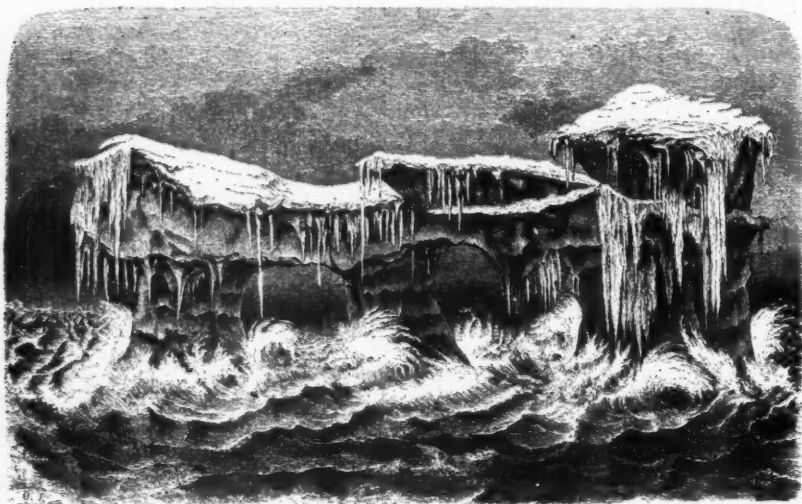
Two hundred and eighteen passengers, quartered within the limits of the first cabin, undoubtedly found themselves surrounded by such luxury and convenience as had never before been attained even in the (perhaps mythical) royal argosies of the Ptolemies, or the great house-boats of Caracalla and Domitian, whereon, it is true, gold and gems may have been lavished, but in real luxury could never have rivalled the perfection of this last and greatest of great ships. Scarcely less luxurious was the lot of two hundred and sixty-two passengers in the second cabin; and comfortable in a high degree were the seven hundred and ninety passengers, who in the third cabin knew nothing of discomfort, hunger or neglect, and counted themselves fortunate in being able to cross the Atlantic in the maiden passage of the *Titanic*.

From almost every land and clime that great convocation of America-bound pilgrims had come together. From far Cathay, and distant Armenia, the plains





THE BIRTH OF AN ICEBERG



A TYPICAL ICEBERG

of Syria and the holy places of Jerusalem; from luxurious voyaging on the storied Nile, and leisurely loiterings among the bazaars of Cairo and Constantinople; from love-enchanted nights among the palaces and upon the canals of storied Venice, or never-to-be-forgotten love-trysts by Como or Lugano; from reverential pilgrimage to the fountain head of Catholic authority and belief, and visits to the remains of "the glory that was Rome," and the beauties of Naples, Florence and Genoa. Others were returning from golden days amid famous galleries, ateliers and schools of music and sculpture; some from the wilds of the Hartz ranges or the flower-harvests of the south of France; here and there came a pleasure seeker from Monaco, Vienna or Paris, and withal men and women whose travels and whose labors have had for their goal the happiness of mankind and the greater glory of God. Ancestral and acquired wealth, pronounced mercantile success, military, civil and social position, literary and scholarly repute—all of these distinctions pertained in no little degree to the passengers of the Titanic, when at ten o'clock on that fatal night, the Providence of God brought the great iceberg to a point exactly intersecting the course of the Titanic.

The first officer was on the bridge, in charge of the great ship; two lookout men at their posts above him scanned sea and sky; in the engine-room the engineers and their helpers watched the smooth play of the gigantic engines and moved busily about with cleansing waste and oil-can; and in the tartarean gulf below sweating stokers, naked to the waist, faced the fury of scorching furnaces, and tore away tons of fuel from veritable coal-mines of supply, for the Titanic was gaining fast on her previous day's record; the mileage item would look well on the bulletin board Monday at noon. The officer in charge seems to have had no special anxiety about icebergs, although three separate warnings of their presence in his path had been received that day, and the lookouts were evidently anxious to detect and announce their first appearance. Meanwhile the lights gleamed, the band played; music, laughter and brilliant converse filled the chief cabins, and men ate, drank, smoked and played cards to

round out a pleasant Sabbath. In forty minutes more Fate claimed that majestic ship, that splendid company.

Out of the gray sky ahead, the lookouts saw a darker outline traverse mid-heaven and cried a warning. Once, twice, they called it before the officer heard or comprehended the danger, and he scarce had time to act before the tremendous monster beneath him would dash her steel cut-water upon the ice mountain now dead ahead. He tried to make a sharp curve; stopped one engine and swerved the Titanic as far as possible out of her course. He appears to have averted a direct head-on collision, but as the ship paid off the underhang of the iceberg crashed against the side of the vessel.

Tremendous as was the shock it was little felt in the cabins of the Titanic, for such impacts in awful, relentless, resistless silence often shear away like cheese plates of steel, frames of iron and immense timbers and braces. It was like the ripping stab of the swordfish when he charges the whale, laying open the great viscera with a scarcely-felt incision. A few pieces and scales of ice fell on the decks from the heights of the berg, but little was thought of this, although an officer was sent below to ascertain the damage done, if any. It is said that he never returned, engulfed in waters whose presence and depth he never suspected, and the ship kept on her way until the stokers came rushing up on deck, driven from their furnaces by the inrushing waters.

Then at last men knew that their splendid ship was doomed, and that twenty-two hundred men, women and children stood face to face with death; a death that more than half could not hope to escape. With boats for only eleven hundred persons, and no vessels in sight, or likely to arrive in time, the outlook was enough to appall the stoutest heart. That it did not, all know, and that Briton and American alike provided as far as might be for the safety of the women and children; lowering the boats, almost forcing some of the devoted wives and mothers into the little argosies, and keeping back men insane with the desire for life and fear of death, who in some cases tried to fight their way into the life-boats. Prominently named among the men who saved others

and did not save themselves are Colonel John Jacob Astor, head of the millionaire family of that name, who sent his young wife and unborn child away in safety and stayed by the Titanic to die; Major Archibald W. Butt, aide to President Taft; Jacques Futrelle, the popular feuilletonist, whose wife was saved; William T. Stead, the great journalist; and unnamed men by the score, who awaited patiently the inevitable plunge which no man, however strong and skilful he might be, could long survive.

Who shall judge the men who died rather than leave the innocent and helpless to perish, or the few who out of we know not what considerations of care for loved ones, impending ruin to vital interests, failed to observe the hard, stern decree of self-abnegation, and utter self-sacrifice? Men have died willingly to defend and preserve such interests as undoubtedly unfitted many a man to sacrifice himself on that fatal night.

Long since the thrilling danger-call of the Marconigraph had gone flying to the four quarters of heaven, finding speedy recognition as it was fated by the Carpathia, which was not the nearest steamship to the disaster, but from a hundred miles away came flying to the rescue. Slowly but surely the deadly flood welled up through deck after deck, submerging priceless goods, and treasures beyond the dreams of avarice, and ever the survivors waited; helplessly as all must do when a great ship is disabled and her officers and crew have no initiative or resources beyond the conventional apparatus of their profession, for the sailor of the long voyage is seldom able to effectively use his boats and life-saving apparatus, still less to originate any new means of safety.

Far away to the northeast the great berg, the cause of this calamity, drifted majestically to its own dissolution in the warmer current of the Gulf stream, and around it many a floe on whose level surfaces ten thousand men could have found safety in that calm weather and almost pulseless sea.

Her victim, with extinguished fires, hissing boilers, fading light and deserted cabins, lay helplessly listing in the seaway, beneath which she was to find a tomb.

There was no welcome glow of red and green and white from approaching vessels, no answering rocket or roar of siren out of the gloom of the southeastern sea-line. The boats were gone, and the temporary glow of physical exertion and generous self-devotion had given place to that strange, wordless calm with which brave men condemned to death review the past and contemplate the end of life.

Women there were left unsaved; boys too manly to be saved, and yet over-young to die, faced the inevitable; the band, which a few hours before were receiving the plaudits of merry auditors, now lifted up their hearts and music to seek the favor and mercy of our Common Father. The glow of a cigar or pipe shed a fitful light here and there on pale faces, and the cruel, relentless sea crept up and on.

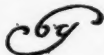
Why prolong the agony of even imagining the last sidelong roll, the final submersion of the lofty bows, the supreme plunge of the massive stern as cabin-roof and deck-house blown up by the compressed air lost their last atom of buoyancy and descended into the almost unfathomable abyss?

When morn came, there had been added a very few stalwart swimmers to the tenants of the boats, who ere long saw the Carpathia rushing to the rescue of the wounded Titanic, coming too late to do aught but succor less than half of her great and splendid company.

What more can be said than to express the hope that the lesson of this ever-present ocean-peril intersecting the established lines of ocean ferriage, and the need of adequate life-boats and boat inspection and drill, may never again need repetition, and further that despite all instances of less manly and selfish weakness, we recognize with sorrowful pride the spirit of true courage and self-sacrifice, which still dwells in the hearts of true Americans and Englishmen, as it did in the bosoms of their common ancestors who in the days of Drake, Hawkins, and Grenville sang:

When the sun is slain in the dark;  
When the stars burn out and the dark night  
cries  
To the blind sea-reapers and they rise  
And the water-ways are stark;  
God save us when the reapers reap?

# Except for the "Bonehead"



Harrison C. Morning

THE cigar drummer from Memphis, having an hour to wait for the train north, was being entertained by Abe Skinner, proprietor of the Shelbyville Hotel.

"You may speak of hoss-racin' in this town, friend," remarked Abe, confidentially, "an' baseball, but if you don't want to start a riot, don't ever mention the word 'football'!"

"How's that?" asked the drummer, scenting a story, and passing Abe a prosperous looking cigar. "Why must I refrain from mentioning a sport so universally popular the whole country over?"

"Because it *ain't* popular hereabouts, and here's the reason: There's a family livin' here by the name of Ferbus, about four miles out of town. Ol' Deacon Ferbus be purty well fixed—both in property an' boys, havin' seven big strappin' specimens of the last mentioned, an' one little runt of a feller named Lew, his youngest boy.

"Well, Lew he wasn't much 'count to help work the farm, so the ol' man sent him off to college, over to Bakersfield. Lew spent a year or so over there, livin' at his Uncle Phil's place, an' then he come back home.

"Well, Lew," says ol' Deacon Ferbus, 'what hev yuh done fer yerself over there at college—is

it worth while keepin' yuh there any longer?"

"'Dad,' said little Lew, 'I'm the best quarterback they ever had at Bakersfield!'

"The Deacon looked over his spec's at him, sort of disgusted. 'Quarterback!' he snorts. 'What's a quarterback?' Then Lew gets out a football, lines up his seven big husky brothers, an' sets 'em knockin' each other aroun' somethin' awful, showin' 'em how to dive on the ball, an' tackle each other goin' at full jump, an' how to kick the everlastin' stuffin' out of that football, so that it'd go soarin' end over

end down the field screamin' for mercy! The ol' Deacon took to that there game like a visitin' presidin' elder takes to fried chicken. Seems like he wasn't able to cuff the boys aroun' much hisself, an' it jes' naturally done him good to see 'em lambastin' each other, an' fightin' like mad over that football.

"As I say, the Deacon be purty well fixed, an' farmed more land than even his seven boys could take care of; so he had three hired men. Two of 'em were jes' plain American, an' the third was a big husky Swede named Ole Bjorsen. Lew he got the hired men mixed up in it, too, an' then he had the full eleven—the number it took to play the game—an' you'd die laughin' to see the stunts



Ole Bjorsen

little Lew had the ten, big strappin' men goin' through, jes' as soon as the ol' man would let 'em knock off from work—which got to be earlier an' earlier each day, till finally it got so there wasn't no work



*Was being entertained by Abe Skinner*

done at all on the Deacon's big farm after twelve o'clock noon.

"By this time Lew's seven big brothers an' the hired men thought they knew jes' about as much football as Lew did hisself; an' they'd get to arguin' an' janglin' about the way the game orter be played out in the lot back of the barn, noisy as a flock of Eye-talian hens, an'—"

"One moment, please, Abe," broke in the drummer, "what do you mean by 'Eye-talian hens'?"

"Why, *Guinea* hens, of course; an' those big wallopers would argue by the hour out there behin' the barn, when they wasn't kickin' an' maulin' the everlastin' daylight out of that ornary ball; say, friend, you'd died laughin' jes' to watch 'em; all except Ole Bjorsen; he couldn't make head nor tail out of what it was all about, so he didn't try to pull any of the chin stuff; jes' so they let him *play* was all he wanted. 'I tank dis haer football baen fine game!' said Ole Bjorsen; 'it beat huskin' corn, you betcha!'"

"Along about this time a young feller—Oswald T. Carpenter—whose folks own nearly half of Shelbyville, came back home from Yale or Harvard, or some one of them big eastern intellect factories, an' Oswald T., he got busy gettin' up a football team from among the young fellers belongin' to the best families aroun' town here. They wasn't much for bone an' muscle—but, say, them young bloods Oswald T.

had lined up sure did have the 'science' of the thing cinched down tight an' copper-rivvetted to a fare-ye-well! Man, those slim-jims of his moved aroun' like streakin' flashes of light.

"Well, one day when ol' Deacon Ferbus was over in town, he saw this football squad of Oswald's out practicin' in the big lot back of Pinders' store, an' the longer he watched 'em, the more he got to feelin' like a Herford bull does when somebody shakes a red cloth in his face! Finally he couldn't stan' it any longer an' he calls out to Oswald T. who was sprintin' aroun' in a big red sweater, 'Say, young feller, come over here, will ye?' an' Oswald goes over to hear what the Deacon has to say.

"'Out in the medder east of the creek,' went on the Deacon, 'I've got a gridiron smooth an' level as a floor, all marked off, an' with goal-posts an' all the necessary trimmin's.'"

"'Oh, have you, indeed?' says Oswald, sort of languid an' bored-like.

"'Yes, sir, I hev!' says the Deacon, not likin' the other's tone an' manner, 'an' if you'll come out there with these here shoe-string line of sand-plovers of yours, an' play a game—'

"'But whom shall we play against?' asks Oswald, turnin' an' laughin' in the



*"Say, young feller, come over here, will ye?"*

direction of the other slim-jim players now comin' up from all sides to listen.

"'Play against!' says the Deacon, 'why, play against the *Ferbus Football Family*, the greatest aggregation of football players that ever kicked a pigskin!'"



"'Forget it,' says Oswald, an' starts to move away.

"'Come back here, you,' the Deacon shouts after him.

"Oswald stopped an' turned aroun'.

"'Oh, I don't think you can say anything to interest me,' he said, 'come on, fellows, get in the game again.'

"The Deacon was wild.

"'Can't interest you, eh?' he yells out. 'Say, young feller, I'll jes' tell ye what I'll do; I'll drive a stake in the groun' back of our goal-posts, an' I'll pin a thousand dollar bill to that stake, an' if your team of angle-worms can get a man to that stake with the ball, the money is yours; *now* what do ye say?'

"Oswald looked at him more bored than ever.

"'Fade away, Deacon,' he says, 'you don't interest me in the slightest.'

"Then the members of Oswald's team came crowdin' in fast; *they* didn't have as much ready spendin' money as he had, an' the proposition looked mighty good to 'em. 'It sure does interest *us*, Deacon,' someone on the team shouted, 'do you really mean what you say?'



*He bought him a dinky little cap*

Oswald, an' coixin' him 'til at last he says: 'Well, have it your way. If you want to play this team of hay-makers, why all right. I don't want to stand in the way

of your picking up one hundred bones apiece.' They gave a great cheer when they heard this, an' inside of a few minutes it was all fixed up with the Deacon—



*"He took the trimming like a thoroughbred"*

the game to come off the followin' Saturday in the Deacon's medder east of the creek.

"The news of the game between the Shelbyville Stars and the Ferbus Football Family spread like wildfire all out through the country an' to the neighboring towns; by one o'clock Saturday afternoon there was a steady stream of people an' vehicles pourin' into the Deacon's medder, edgin' up close to the sidelines to be sure to see the whole show.

"The Deacon had fixed up a long row of seats. An' before the game started he brought aroun' a wagon loaded with apples, free to one an' all, an' had two big barrels of fresh cider on tap for the crowd, too; an' ev'rybody had a fine time—that is, ev'rybody 'ceptin' the Stars an' their nearest relatives an' friends."

"'Didn't the Stars win that thousand dollars?'" queried the drummer, with evident concern.

"Win it? Say, friend, Oswald T. an' his Stars never got nearer than forty yards to the Ferbus Football Family goal the whole game! Those big husky Ferbus boys jes' knocked 'em over right an' left. The busiest man out there was little

Doctor Bean—who went out to see the game—an' had more practice in fifteen minutes than he'd had in fifteen years up to that time. You see, this 'science' stuff was all right, like Oswald's team had, when he was up against a team that had



"Dad," said little Lew, "I'm the best quarterback they ever had at Bakersfield"

a sprinklin' of science, too; but the Ferbus Football Family didn't have none of that in their outfit—jes' brawn, an' bone, an' muscle; consequence was, when Oswald's team was tryin' to pull a little of that 'science' stuff, here was one of the Ferbus Football Family messin' aroun' somewhere he had no business to be—'cordin' to the 'science' of the game—an' Oswald's man would run slap-dap into him; an' when one of Oswald's men runners went slam-bang into some big husky like Ole Bjorsen, it was easy to see that partic'lar runner slowed up a bit durin' the rest of the game. An' big Ole was the hero of the day—jes' because he was always standin' aroun' somewhere he didn't belong, with the Shelbyville slivers bumpin' into him an' gettin' sent over to little Doctor Bean for repairs. If you tol' Ole Bjorsen jes' what to do he'd do it or bust a hame-strap; but if you didn't tell him what to do, he'd sorter stan' aroun' on one foot an' look as though he was wonderin' what was goin' on, anyhow, an' how long it was before supper. Then somebody carryin' the ball would run into him an' get bowled over, so you see Ole was a valu'ble man to have on the team, only he was what you'd call a—a—"

"A bonehead?"

"Yes, a bonehead, only Ole Bjorsen's head was solid ivory! An' so the Shelbyville Stars got beat by the Ferbus Football Family by a score of 20 to 0, an' ol' Deacon Ferbus was the happiest man in Spicer County. He took one of them five hundred dollar bills an' he gave it outright to the Stars, for the game fight they put up, an' to sort of repay 'em for the awful mawlin' an' physical beatin' they took without a whimper."

"And Oswald T?"

"He took the trimmin' like a thoroughbred. He goes up to the Deacon an' sticks out his han' an' he says: 'Deacon, you've got a team that no 'science' trained team on earth can beat, for the simple reason they're always doing something you don't expect, and bobbing up somewhere they don't belong. I want to know if you'll give the job of manager of your team and let me arrange a schedule of games to be played around over the country?'"

"Well, the Deacon was that tickled he jes' jumped up an' down. He hired Oswald on the spot for manager, an' he says to him, 'Now, Oswald, they're yourn to do with as you please; do you think it would be a good plan to teach 'em a little more inside play an' some of this here 'science'?'"

"'Not a bit of it,' says Oswald."

"'Why not?' asks the Deacon."

"'Because they're more valuable as they are,' answers Oswald. 'Now take that Swede person, for instance, Ole Bjorsen; why, Deacon, that man is a tower of strength in himself.'"

"'Is he?' says the Deacon."

"'Sure he is. Now when you're up against an opponent who uses his think tank, why you sorter take into consideration what he's going to do and prepare for it, don't you?'"

"'Sure.'"

"'Well, then, when you are up against one who uses his head only to *butt* with, how are you going to plan any sort of defense against him, except to put on armor-plate and say your prayers?'"

"'How indeed,' says the Deacon. 'I hadn't thought of that, but I've turned 'em over to you now, an' understand, it's my team—the Ferbus Football Family—"

an' my heart's wrapped up in 'em. I'm goin' to hire an overseer an' another set of hired men to look after the farm, an' I'm goin' to take this trip aroun' over the country with you an' the boys."

\* \* \*

"The trip begun.

"Oswald had a fine schedule of games lined up, an' the Ferbus Football Family started in at the head of the list an' trimmed 'em to a frazzle as fast as they could get around to 'em! High schools, colleges, military institutions, it was all the same to the Ferbus Football Family—they showed no favorites; they served 'em all alike—jes' backed 'em up in a corner an' spanked 'em 'til they yelled for help!

"Ole Bjorsen, bein' the hero of nearly ev'ry game, began to swell out fore an' aft and put on college airs. He bought him a dinky little cap he wore over one ear, an' wore his trousers turned up half way to his knees, but when he got in the game—well, Ole was a regular stone wall; you'll have to han' it to Ole Bjorsen for bein' *there*, especially if it was somewhere he hadn't ought to be from the stan'-point of the opposin' players.

"Well, they cleaned up that whole list of Oswald's—jes' a glad, triumphant massacre from beginnin' to end—then they come back home, for it looked as though the football season had about tuckered out. All of Shelbyville turned out to welcome home the heroes—the Ferbus Football Family, the aggregation that had placed Shelbyville on the map, had made the little city down from Texarkana to San Antone. An' there was a banquet for 'em in the town hall, an' the Mayor made a speech, an' the fire company gave a parade in their new red flannel shirts—an' run themselves half to death to put out a fire in a barrel of tar set for the occasion. An' Ole Bjorsen was honored an' praised on all sides. 'I tank it baen fine game—dis haer football,' said Ole, 'it beat milkin' cows, by heck!'

"Well, things were jes' about to settle down to normal again, when along came a letter from Atchison, Kansas, statin' as how they've got a team over there that 'd trimmed ev'rythin' they'd been up against all season, an' that if the Ferbus Football Family didn't come over an' play 'em, they—this Atchison team—would claim the

championship of the South-Middle-West—which title they said they were more than apt to claim *after* they'd played the Ferbus Football Family—for there was nothin' that could stop 'em or even make 'em hesitate!

"Oswald took the letter out an' showed it to the Deacon. 'What had we better do about this, Deacon?' he says.

"The Deacon read the letter.

"'Do!' he snorts. "'Why, we'll go to Atchison, that's what we'll do; we'll show 'em who's champions of the South-Middle-West, an' we'll show 'em in a way they'll remember long as they live!'

"All of Shelbyville agreed with the Deacon, an' half of the town began makin' plans at once to go over with the team, an' them that couldn't go drew their money from the bank to send over to bet on the Ferbus Football Family.

"Well, the next Saturday found us all over in Atchison—yes, I went along, too—an' so did ev'rybody in Shelbyville who makes any pretense at amountin' to anythin'. Those people over there treated us mighty fine 'til the game started, then it was war to the knife between us. They had a purty football park, all hemmed aroun' by rows of seats, from the groun' high up to the top of the fence; an' more people turned out to see that game than I ever knew was in the whole state of Kansas.

"It wasn't a ny trouble at all for the Shelbyville folks to put up all the money they wanted to on the Ferbus Football Family, which sort of surprised us, seein' as how our team had made such a massacre record all season; but if they wanted to give us their money, why, it was all right, was the way we looked at it.

"A mighty cheer went up from the home crowd when the Atchison team came out—an' they sure were a fine husky lot



"I lost my hat the first thing"

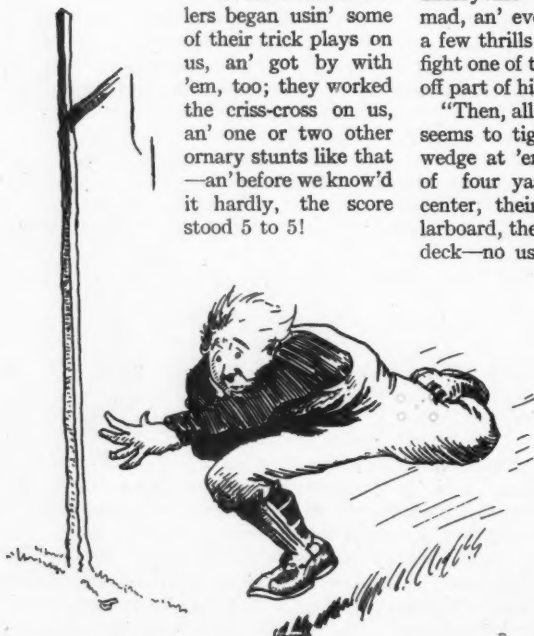
of players; then our boys came boundin' out on the field, an' Shelbyville yelled fit to kill—an' that Atchison crowd cheered *our* boys, too, which I thought was nice of 'em—an' then the battle started.

"Friend, that was some game, right from the whistle!

"I lost my hat first thing, an' jes' hopped aroun' an' hollered an' cheered for the Ferbus Football Family 'til my voice give out, an' I had to go aroun' jes' whisperin' what I wanted to yell! Our boys were goin' tight after 'em, pushin' down the line, walkin' over 'em, shovin' 'em aside, or jes' steppin' on their faces—anyway, seemed like, jes' so they kep' gettin' the ball nearer an' nearer the Atchison team's goal. About the last of the first half, our boys made a touchdown; then Sam Ferbus kicked goal, an' it seemed as though the Shelbyville crowd had gone crazy, whoopin' 'er up, an' huggin' one another—an' there was *me*—jes' havin' to *whisper* what I thought about it all."

"The second half wasn't so good.

"Them Atchison fellers began usin' some of their trick plays on us, an' got by with 'em, too; they worked the criss-cross on us, an' one or two other ornary stunts like that—an' before we know'd it hardly, the score stood 5 to 5!



"That blooming bonehead—Cle Bjorsen—was running in the wrong direction"

"When Oswald T. come home from Yale or Harvard, or wherever it was he learned football, he brought back a real, genuine, blowed-in-the-bottle football yell. I don't jes' remember how it went, but it was somethin' like this:

Oo-ski wow-wow!  
Skinny wow-wow!  
Dig 'em up—rip 'em up!  
Eat 'em' up—some how!  
Rack-a-tack-tack!  
Hagen-sack-sack!  
Pe—ru—na!

"Of course, that *may* not be jes' the way that yell went, but it was on that general line of thought.

"Seein' how things was goin' now with us, Oswald came down close to the sidelines an' he turns loose that war-screach. Man, you should have seen the Ferbus Football Family get together when they heard that ringing cry!

"They jes' naturally tore the linin' out of the Atchison defense, an' went plowin' down the field, five yards at a time. The Shelbyville crowd begins cheerin' like mad, an' even Ole Bjorsen begins to feel a few thrills of real emotion, an' wants to fight one of the Atchison players for spikin' off part of his left ear!

"Then, all at once, the Atchison defense seems to tighten up; we hurled a flying wedge at 'em—an' came out with a lose of four yards. We tried buckin' their center, their left guard, their port side larboard, the upper bulwarks of their poop deck—no use; steady an' sure they was pushin' us back over the storm-tossed battlefield. An Atchison man on my right began hollerin' in my ear, 'Back to the corn field for the Ferbus Football Family now!' I made signs to him on my fingers that if he didn't cut out such remarks as that I'd knock his block off. He hollered back, 'Start right in, ol' billy-goat, if you're feelin' lucky!' Then we both got interested in the game again an' forgot all about each other's bein' there at all.

"Then little Lew Ferbus, who's playin' quarterback, gets hold of the ball, finally on downs, and he gets down, with his neck stretched out like a little bantam rooster, an' then he sings out, 'Nineteen—thirty-six—seventy-two—eight!' then, *blim* goes the ball to big Sam Ferbus, then *bam*, he shoots it over to Zeke Ferbus, playing left guard, an' aroun' the end goes big Zeke, huggin' the ball tight under one arm, an' mowin' down with straight-arm jolts any player who tries to stop him! Oh, it was great—*great!* Then, all of a sudden, a big Atchison player comes hurtlin' through the air like an express train. He catches big Zeke aroun' the knees; they both come crashin' down together! The ball gets away from Zeke—it goes rollin' off over the groun'—it goes straight on 'til it comes to where Ole Bjorsen is standin' on one foot—an' it stops. Ole, he sees the other players all makin' a mad rush toward the ball, so he grabs it up, waitin' for someone

to tell him what to do with it! Oswald is down at the sidelines yellin' like mad, '*Run, Ole, run! Run, you big Swede bonehead!*'

"Ole don't know what a 'bone-head' is, but from Oswald's tone he knows it is somethin' no Swedish gentleman should be called, an' it makes him mad.

"Run?" he shouts, 'you betcha I baen make *gude* run,' an' he starts off down the field hard as he can tear, with the ball under his arm, an' knockin' over three Atchison players who chanced to be standin' right in his way! Now he had a clear field—on, on he flew—the crowd in the stands howling like mad; ten yards from goal—five yards—now past the goal, an' he planted the ball on the groun' behin' the posts, an'—"

"And won the game for the Ferbus Football Family?"

"Won the game! I should say not! That bloomin' bone-head, Ole Bjorsen—was runnin' in the *wrong direction!*"

## HELLO!

THERE'S a world of hearty cheer  
In the little word "Hello!"  
It will banish every fear,  
Chase away the deepest woe.

Then greet your fellow-man and say  
"Hello!" and take him by the hand,  
"How are things with you today?"  
It will give him lots of sand.

Greet the man who passes by  
With this word of happy cheer;  
Say "Hello!" and see his eye  
Brighten and gloom disappear.

Greet the man with heavy load  
Of misfortune on his back;  
Say "Hello!" and then his road  
Will be smooth, and light his pack.

Greet the stranger, neighbor, friend,  
Say "Hello! how do you do?"  
And the little word will send  
Them away with courage new.

—J. Andrew Boyd.





## MARK TWAIN

(An Appreciation)

THE dying rays of setting sun  
Illumine a spectral slab of white  
And burn into the opaque night  
A bleeding heart's sad orison:

"Warm summer sun, shine kindly here!  
Warm southern wind, blow softly here!  
Green sod above, lie light, lie light!  
Good night, dear heart! Good night! Good night!"\*

Within God's acre's restful shade  
The raging winds to zephyrs turn;  
The lowly weed and regal fern  
Entwine to shield a mound, new-made.

The nations all, their labors cease,  
And pause, unshamed, to shed a tear,  
That falls unchecked upon his bier—  
Their white-winged harbinger of peace.

A man of men, from dust to dust—  
The destiny of each, of all;  
A brief sojourn, a single call,  
No respite—like for like doth lust.

Immortal man! Thy genius traced  
A smile where all was pain and care;  
And caused a tear to sparkle where  
A lightsome heart had care effaced.

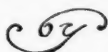
Within the desert's golden flare;  
Among the peaks, or heather's bloom;  
In palace grand, or obscure room;  
Adoring hearts breathe forth thy prayer:

"Warm summer sun, shine kindly here!  
Warm southern wind, blow softly here!  
Green sod above, lie light, lie light!  
Good night, dear heart! Good night! Good night!

*William Edward Ross.*

\* This tender and touching prayer was written by Mr. Clemens and inscribed upon his wife's tombstone.

# A Rare Burnsianist



HENRY C. HANSBROUGH\*



It is a considerable accomplishment to have collected a modest library of interesting miscellaneous books for one's own enjoyment and the pleasure that it brings to family and friends; it is much more to have gathered copies of quite every edition of a great poet's works with a view to giving the public free access to them for all time.

Such has been the life task, the controlling ambition of William Robertson Smith, a sturdy Scotchman who, at the age of eighty-four, is under the care of doctor and nurses at his residence in Washington City, confident and hopeful that he is soon to be well enough to return to his native land that he may fetch away additional rare volumes of Robert Burns and add them to his already remarkable collection—the largest of the kind in the world.

This American Burnsiana comprises nearly 5,500 volumes all told, including seven hundred copies of the nine hundred editions of Burns poems, songs and letters. Of secondary importance to these is a collection of two hundred volumes, minus twenty books, an exact duplicate of Burns' own library, so certified by the poet's son—the works which Burns studied and from which he drew his great fund of knowledge. The other four thousand and odd volumes of the Smith library comprise Burns biographies, criticisms, eulogies and quotations, showing the immense influence of the great poet's mind on mankind, the world-wide recognition of the incomparable genius that slowly brought him into public favor.

Supplementing these bound tomes is perhaps the most extensive assortment of newspaper clippings pertaining to the Scotch bard and his works to be found anywhere.

Altogether it is a very rich treasure, this American Burnsiana, the fruit of much laborious exploration and scrutiny. Mr. Smith declares his work would have been a failure but for the helpful aid of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whose financial assistance during the past fifteen years has been very generous.

As an example of the deep universal interest in Robert Burns, Mr. Smith relates an incident of his visit to the poet's birthplace in 1907. While he lingered about the Burns museum at Ayr the greater part of an afternoon, one thousand people came and paid admission to see the "big ha' Bible" that belonged to the father of the immortal bard. The trustees of the collection at Ayr gave eight thousand dollars for this famous copy of the Scriptures. From the small fee that visitors are charged the corporation has been able to pay one thousand dollars for a copy of the original Kilmarnock edition of Burns' poems (1786). It was on the flyleaf of a copy of this first print, presented by him to an old sweetheart, then married, that the poet wrote these tender lines:

Once fondly loved and still remembered dear,  
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,  
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere:  
Friendship, 'tis all cold duty now allows.

The following year, 1787, appeared the first Edinburgh edition, two of which are in Mr. Smith's collection. A contemporary copy, costing one thousand dollars,

\* The writer, as chairman of the Senate Committee on the Library, which exercises quasi jurisdiction over the Botanic Garden at Washington, had exceptional opportunities to study the subject of this sketch. Readers of the NATIONAL will remember Senator Hansbrough's long service as Senator from North Dakota.

is now owned by a St. Louis Burnsianist. One of Mr. Smith's treasures is a copy of the first Dublin edition (1787), reprinted from the first Edinburgh edition by William Gilbert of Great George Street. It is considered very rare.

There are some sixty Irish editions thus far. A few of the earlier ones, it is claimed, were smuggled into Scotland and

1788, and at a recent sale of rare books brought \$115. Two months later a second edition, a reprint of the first, with the addition of a portrait of the poet and selections from the works of Robert Ferguson, was issued from the same press. This is known as the George Washington edition, a copy of it having been found in our first President's effects after his death. This



PORTRAITS OF MRS. M'LEHOSE (CLARINDA) AND ROBERT BURNS (SYLVANDER)

From the volume presented to Mr. Smith by Mrs. Andrew Carnegie

sold in violation of the copyright laws; which may account for the discriminative prayer attributed to a Scotch divine of that day, who, approaching the throne of grace, petitioned for the blessing of "Thy ain people the Scootch; but, O Loord, dinna gi'e it to the Airish."

\* \* \*

One hundred and thirty-eight editions of Burns have been published in the United States. The first of these was brought out by a Philadelphia printer in

edition sold for \$350 a few weeks ago in New York. Another copy of the Washington print, with Andrew Carnegie's autograph in it, was purchased in Scotland two years ago for \$250. Recently, by direction of Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Smith procured a copy of this edition and presented it to the Mount Vernon Association, in whose keeping it now is.

In time, no doubt, as Mr. Smith hopes, someone will enrich his extensive collection with the original Kilmarnock edition,

thus broadening the basis of this the most complete Burnsiana in existence.

Of the many edition-copies in Mr. Smith's library none is more highly prized by him, perhaps, than the very rare "suppressed" 18mo forty-eight page print of "Burns' Letters to Clarinda," published by T. Stewart, Glasgow, 1802. The vagrant volume was "bagged in a wayside cottage" in Inverness-shire by Craigie

words written underneath Mr. Angus' dedication:

Presented to her friend, William R. Smith,  
by

LOUISE W. CARNEGIE  
(Mrs. Andrew)

May 4th, 1911.

At this writing Mr. Smith is slowly recovering from a long illness, and is able to be up during a few hours of the day.



COTTAGE WHERE BURNS WROTE "TAM O'SHANTER"

It is from the only negative in the United States, as Mr. Smith believes, obtained from Burns' biographer at Tarbolton, never before published

Angus, a celebrated Burnsianist, now deceased, who presented it to Mrs. Carnegie with this inscription on the flyleaf in the hand of the donor:

This booklet, which I obtained in a cottage at Kingussie on my way from Cluny Castle, where I enjoyed her generous hospitality, I present to Mrs. Andrew Carnegie with all good wishes for her own and her husband's happiness.

W. C. ANGUS.

Glasgow, Jan'y. 9th, 1889.

The little volume, rebound in mottled board, came to Mr. Smith with these

His mind is clear and he suffers no pain; nor has his native humor deserted him.

"Your physician, very properly, no doubt, is not disposed to dwell upon the nature of your malady," said I to the interesting old gentleman; "and yet I, having spent many delightful hours with your Burnsiana, have arrived at a diagnosis for myself."

"Aye, I'm glad o' that," he replied with a smile. "These doctors are so very mysterious. What is it, my friend?"

"Burns bibliomania," I answered humorously. "But you will recover."

"Not from the disease, I hope," was his laughing retort. "I've had it more than fifty years. And although it may prove fatal, even so I cannot imagine a sweeter excuse for death when the time comes for me to go."

\* \* \*

Of Burns, his poems, prose and songs, there is nothing new to be said. They have been celebrated in every land and in nearly every tongue. Long ages after the numerous monuments that have been

spark of hope that survives, that never dies, in the breasts of down-trodden humanity. It cheers the hearts of the forlorn, rekindles confidence, strengthens the claims of justice, inspires patriotism, fixes our trust in God. Its impressions are lasting and eternal. In the simplicity of its reasoning the scoffer is rebuked, the malcontent is calmed, the revolutionist made to pause. It is the bulwark of ratiocination, of the principle of deductive philosophy, the anchor of the reposeful



SMITH COTTAGE, THE HOME OF THE AMERICAN BURNSIANA, WASHINGTON, D. C.

erected to the great Scottish poet the globe around have crumbled away to dust, the worth of the bard of bonnie Doon will continue to be recounted and extolled. His fame is indestructible. It will outlast granite, marble and bronze. Monarchies and republics will arise only to decay, but the glory of Robert Burns will endure forever to thrill the hearts and light the way of catholic mortal kind.

It is a distinctive feature of Burns' poetry that it appeals particularly to the lowly, to those in humble walks of life, to the oppressed. It revives the glimmering

mind, the healing balm of the soul. There is nothing in it of the ephemeral; there is everything that suggests the immortal.

Reading "The Cotter's Saturday Night," one readily understands why it is that the sons of Caledonia the world over deify their country's bard.

From scenes like these Old Scotia's grandeur springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

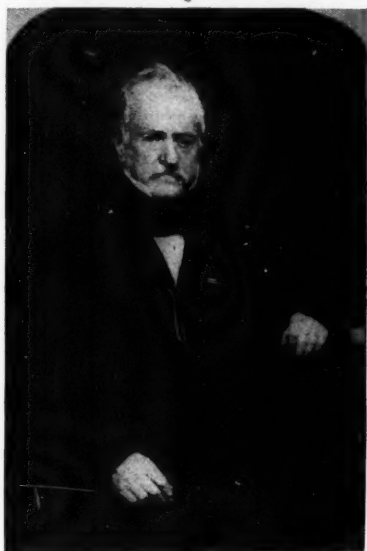
In this poem particularly is found an



explanation of the ever-spreading enthusiasm of Scotchmen—of the deep-rooted nature of Burns bibliolatry. The secret of it is well marked in the heroic purpose of the living subject of this sketch of whom, to use a paradox, it may be said that he is an idealist of the practical sort.

Standing at his bedside and listening to him as he discoursed rapturously anent the worth of Burns, involuntarily I raised my hand to uncover my head. It was like a voice from the very "banks and braes and streams around," an impression that

His title to recognition in this respect is derived from his long service as the superintendent of the Botanic Garden, located at the foot of Capitol Hill, in the shadow of the great dome. When he came to Washington the site of the garden was a miserable swamp draining into Tiber Creek, at that date the Capital's foul, infectious, open sewer. It was the abode of slimy snakes and other "crawlin' things," the breeding ground and hot-bed of malaria. He has transformed it into a thing of beauty, filling it in



SECOND AND THIRD SONS OF THE POET

I had arrived suddenly before some distant shrine where pilgrims come to renew their faith; or that "the simple bard, rough at the rustic plough," himself were pouring out his tender human solicitude for the tiny mother mouse in the furrow of the field, the "wee, sleekit, cow'ring tim'rous beastie."

William R. Smith was born in Scotland in 1828. He came to the United States in 1855, while Franklin Pierce was President, and has known intimately quite all the leading statesmen since that period. He is the government's arbiculturalist, though there is no such federal office.

with fertile soil, planting it to trees and shrubs.

Mr. Smith has been a professional gardener from his youth. Before coming to America he served two years in this capacity at the famous Kew Garden near London. Like many others of his calling he is a lover of nature. As Burns is the poet and champion of the struggling poor, in like measure is W. R. Smith the propagator and friend of plant life. During the half century and more that he has plied the husbandman's art in Washington and elsewhere in every state and territory of the Union, he has set out in this re-

claimed morass and miasmatic fen thousands of rare, scarce and valuable trees and other plants gathered from every latitude and clime. From this arboretum millions of useful shoots and seeds have been disseminated over the land.

The Botanic Garden has come to be one of the most interesting of the several historical places in and about the nation's Capital. The many sightseeing visitors who regard it a great privilege to tarry for a time amidst these traditional scenes enter here with reverential feet, for the place has its hallowed memories. And at this late date to be permitted to grasp the hand of the aged gardener and listen to his broad Scotch accent—the dialect made classic by the genius of a single man—is to enjoy association for the moment with the dead and dying past.

One hesitates even to disturb the peaceful quiet that pervades the little brick mansard-roofed house that shelters the precious Burns' collection and its modest collector. Mrs. Ramsey, a comely middle-aged woman, who observes the biblical injunction and "gives everything to the poor," answers the doorbell. At once the visitor is made to feel that he has been expected; that the ancient thumb-worn tomes on their enclosed shelves, the yellowed prints and engravings on the walls, the busts and other mementos pertaining to the bard of Ayr, have been waiting for his curious inquiries and admiring gaze.

It is an unpretentious structure; of no greater value, perhaps, than any of a thousand cotter homes in the rural districts of Scotland, and not unlike them architecturally. I venture the prophecy that when time has dealt with this quaint habitation the transplanted sons of Scotia will not neglect the sacred spot, nor the memory of its present distinguished occupant.

Near by is the great greenhouse where the garden's products are nurtured. Here, too, tradition breathes its challenging message to the wayfarer. The very ferns reach out their arms like presiding spirits to remind us that we are on consecrated ground. The greenhouse owes its existence to Senator William Pitt Fessenden of Maine. He was chairman of the committee on appropriations, a warm friend

of Mr. Smith, and when the latter asked for eleven thousand dollars with which to extend the old greenhouse and make of it a fit shelter for his plants against winter's blasts, Senator Fessenden inquired: "How much will be needed to complete it?" "Thirty-six thousand dollars," was the answer. "I'll give it to you in a lump," was the Senator's business-like reply.

It was here in the presence of Mr. Smith that Senator Fessenden told Senator Grimes of Iowa that the attempt to impeach President Andrew Johnson was "a dirty business." And it was in the Burns library that Mrs. Jefferson Davis, looking at Fessenden's picture, which has hung over the old gardener's desk full fifty years, said to Mr. Smith that, owing to his great ability, William Pitt Fessenden was "the most dangerous man in the North." Here it was, also, that Commodore Wilkes, the famous explorer, made the statement, in the presence of Senator Pearce of Maryland and Senators Fessenden and Morrill, that George Washington himself having created and located the Botanic Garden it must never be despoiled.

Among the most cherished objects of the place, a little way to the northeast of the great greenhouse, stands the celebrated Crittenden oak, the product of an acorn brought from a Kentucky forest in 1861 at the instance of the patriotic Scotch gardener, and put in the ground by Crittenden himself. It was planted on the spot that, soon after the breaking out of the Civil War, had witnessed an impromptu meeting between Senator Crittenden, Representatives John A. Bingham, Robert Mallory, Mr. Smith and others. Peace was the subject of discussion. Senator Crittenden had introduced his now historical compromise resolution prohibiting slavery north of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes, while on the other hand Mr. Bingham was pushing his force bill in the House. Mr. Smith, who loves peace, if it can be had on just terms, and equally a fight if it cannot be avoided, besought Mr. Bingham, at the instance of Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, to withdraw his bill and accept the Crittenden compromise. The effect of this would have been to leave the slavery question in abey-

ance until peace could be restored on equitable grounds. Both Bingham and Crittenden were anxious to do what they thought was right, but the war disease

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,  
But feels his heart's bluid rising  
hot,  
To see his poor auld Mither's pot  
Thus dung in staves,



AT DOORWAY OF COTTAGE WHERE BURNS DIED

From left to right, Mr. Brown, his wife, Mrs. Brown, granddaughter of the poet; Jean Armour Burns Brown, great-granddaughter, and W. R. Smith, taken in 1907

in the House and elsewhere was so virulent that the *modus vivendi* fell through.

Is not the scene of such traditions as these worthy of preservation? What promoter will have the heart to disturb it?

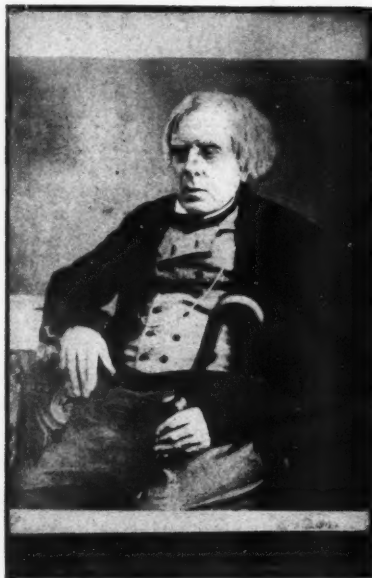
And plundered o' her hindmost groat  
By gallows-knaves?

I have said that Mr. Smith, now recognized as the foremost American Burnsianist, is a lover of nature. It is equally true that he is a lover of his fellow-man, proud of

the achievements of the great body of the people. It could not be otherwise with one who is wedded to the memory of the lyric wizard of the winding Ayr, as if it were a thing of human sentence. Next to his love of Burns, the sublimest of poets, the old Scotch naturalist venerates the name and fame of our own majestic Lincoln, the matchless American. Both were of humble origin, and in their respective spheres they attained to the loftiest eminence. One struck the shackles from millions of slaves; by his simple, poetic appeals to reason, the other stripped religion of its prejudice and set the nations singing. That they were divinely appointed, each in his own field of usefulness, it were well to forego serious argument to the contrary with our Scotch friend or any of his clan.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Mr. Smith entertains a fine concep-

variety of native trees assembled from American forests far and near:—first a mile of red oaks, the next of white oaks, another of Jefferson oaks, and so on to the very spot that Mr. Lincoln stood upon when he delivered his memorable



ROBERT BURNS THE SECOND  
Eldest son of poet



COTTAGE IN DUMFRIES WHERE BURNS DIED  
Jean Armour Burns Brown, his great-grand-daughter, in doorway

tion of a suitable monument to the immortal liberator. Enlarging upon the plan for a national highway leading north from Washington to the battlefield of Gettysburg, already proposed in Congress, he would hedge it on either side with a

address in 1863. In furtherance of his patriotic project, with the planting of thousands of arboreal and ligneous decorations to adorn this American Appian Way, he would name the larger trees for the notable men who have made the history of our Republic, and have a record kept for the instruction of and as an inspiration to future generations. He has no doubt that in time a national sentiment would attach to a forest such as this, and that the endless throng of visitors coming to the nation's Capital as the years roll on would gather the seeds and carry them away to be cultivated lovingly at the four quarters of the globe. In his opinion it would turn out to be the grandest memorial ever erected to man, a fitting monument to a true representative of the "plain people," thus excelling

in extent and grandeur the famous Kew arboretum in England, the only thing that could begin to approach it without really doing so. I have referred elsewhere to Mr. Smith as being a practical idealist. Does not his suggestion for a "Lincoln Road" justify the title?

\* \* \*

By the terms of Mr. Smith's will Andrew Carnegie and his trustees will fall heir to this exceptional Burnsiana.

The collection is to remain in Washington forever, "as an aid to preserving the Republic in pure democracy—with demagogues left out."

This was the terse answer of the zealous and learned bibliophile when asked about the future of his precious collection. "I would be glad," he went on "if arrangements could be made to house it permanently in the substantial brick residence of my late friend, Senator Justin S. Morrill, on Thomas Circle, as an appreciation of a man who, next to the Scotian poet himself, did more for rural life in America, in my opinion, than any other citizen within my knowledge.

"Rural life is the mainstay of the nation, and it received its greatest impetus on this side of the ocean in the enactment of the Morrill law providing for an agricultural college in every state and territory of the Union."

These sentiments readily identify William R. Smith with the most ardent of patriots, a lover of his native land and alike of his adopted country. They reveal his true character, his deep devotion to a cause. As a worshipper of Burns, he revels in the fine posthumous incense that

belongs to the influence and fame of the sweetest lyrist of them all. He believes with Lord Morley that Burns has done more for democracy in its broadest sense than any other mortal. "I believe, too," said the interesting invalid, as he adjusted his pillows, "that he has done still more for religion, for the consecration of prayer. Family worship of God, the kneeling at the family altar, has been the grandest thing for Scotland."

Then kneeling down  
to Heaven's Eternal King,

The saint, the father,  
and the husband prays:

Hope "springs exulting  
on triumphant wing,"

That thus they all  
shall meet in future days.

Compared with this  
how poor Religion's pride,

In all the pomp of  
method, and of art,  
When men display to  
congregations wide  
Devotion's every  
grace, except the heart.

He has no patience with the  
"Holy Willies," and  
on my hinting at  
his idol's tender dalliances he gave  
vehement expression to his indignation, quoting these well-known lines:

Thou knowest that thou hast formed me  
With passions wild and strong,  
And listening to their witching voice  
Has often led me wrong.

"This, mind you," said he, "is a public confession of man's weakness. It is a direct appeal to the Throne for mercy. And as for Burns' alleged disbelief we have but to recall this immortal stanza:

"When ranting round in pleasure's ring,  
Religion may be blinded;  
Or if she giv'e a random sting  
It may be little minded.  
But when in life we're tempest driven,  
A conscience but a canker,  
A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven  
Is sure a noble anchor.



JEAN ARMOUR BURNS BROWN

Very latest picture of Burns' great-granddaughter,  
taken about two months ago



"It was such sublime utterances as these," he declared, "that checked Voltairism, and saved Great Britain and America as well to Christianity."

It is said by Burns' admirers that when he died (not in poverty, as some of his traducers have claimed, but as a poor man, like many another Scot) the only debt he owed was the price of a suit of military clothes which the poet had purchased to be worn by him in the service of his country as a loyal soldier—as a crusader against French infidelity. This historical fact is cited by Mr. Smith as a refutation of the charge that he was a disbeliever.

O Thou Great Being, what Thou art  
Surpasses me to know.  
Yet sure I am that known to Thee  
Are all Thy works below.

"Herbert Spencer," he exclaimed, "occupied two volumes on 'The Unknowable' in saying as much as Burns says in these four lines."

It must be that the prime stimulative which spurs this resolute Caledonian in his noble work is reverence of the Supreme Being, this and his earnest devotion to his fellow-creatures of earth. His optimism is unbounded. The petty discords of men have not been permitted to obstruct his hopeful view concerning the future of

the human race. His guide to the divine understanding is the Bible; the poetry of Burns his rule of mortal action—the two agencies that have brought sunshine into dark places and will continue to light the way for the advancement of the deserving. While old age may have dimmed his eye, it has served nevertheless to strengthen his faith in mankind.

He is leaving a priceless legacy. And, in stipulating that it shall remain at the Capital of his adopted country under the trusteeship of the world's greatest institutional founder, he has chosen wisely. For it is here that the endless generations of Scotchmen will come to worship; that lovers of liberty, the devotees of individual freedom and national independence, will assemble throughout the years to testify their affection for the genius who has "pondered deeply the mystery of life and of death," who teaches that—

To make a happy fireside clime,  
To weans and wife,  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
Of human life.

And, humbly admitting his own and the frailties of our kind, has left us this inspiring solace:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp:  
The man's the *goud* for a' that.

## MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

Many and sharp the numerous ills  
Inwoven with our frame;  
More pointed still, we make ourselves  
Regret, remorse and shame;  
And man, whose heaven-erected face  
The smiles of love adorn,  
Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn.

*Robert Burns, in "Heart Throbs."*

# THE ROYAL ACADEMY

*Behind the Scenes of London's  
Famous Art Gallery*



OSCAR FRICHET

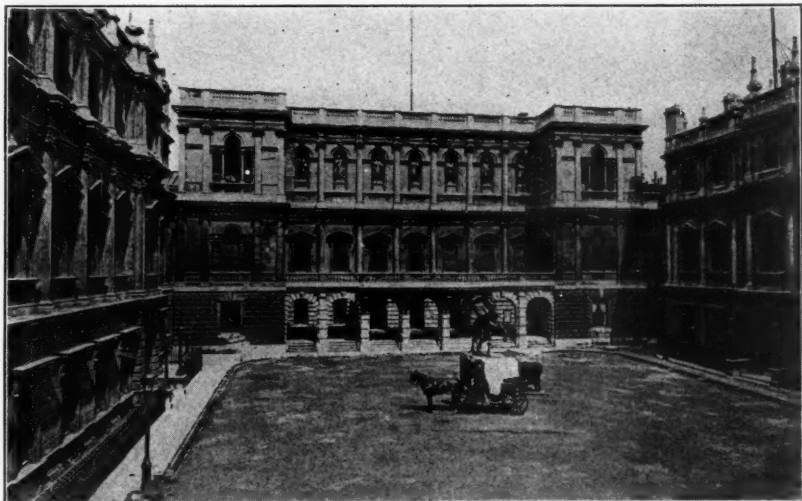
With Illustrations by the Author



VERY few visitors to London fail to make their way to Piccadilly, which extends from the top of the Haymarket to Hyde Park Corner. History tells us that this street of wealth and splendor derives its name from the Piccadilla Hall, which, when James I wore the British crown, stood at the corner of Great Windmill Street, and was so called because it was the favorite resort of young gallants who affected fantastic "pickadils" or "peccadillos"—pointed ruffs which at that time were worn around the necks of ladies and gentlemen who moved in fashionable circles.

Undoubtedly the greatest attraction

Piccadilly possesses today is Burlington House, about a minute's walk from St. James' and Bond Streets, where the Royal Academy of Arts has been located since the year 1869. The yearly "show" of works by living artists which is held here from the first Monday in May to the first Monday in August owes its existence to a meeting of painters which was held at the Turk's Head, Soho, on November 12, 1759. The knights of the brush and palette resolved that "once a year, on a day in the second week in April, at a place that should be appointed by a committee for carrying the design into execution, to be chosen annually, every painter, sculptor,



BURLINGTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY, LONDON, THE HOME OF BRITISH ART

engraver, chaser, seal-cutter, and medallist may exhibit their several performances." It was also resolved that "the sum of one shilling be taken daily of each person who may come to visit the said performances."

The first exhibition of works under these rules was held from April 21 to



THE OLD SCHOOL

May 8, 1760, in the Adelphi, in the Strand, which, by the way, stands on the site of Durham House where bishops of that see held court till Royalty appropriated their palace, and where the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey was married. In an apartment rented by the Society of Arts one hundred and thirty paintings were hung, and prominent amongst them were Conway's portrait of William Shipley, who is said to have been

the founder of the Schools of Art; Wilson's "Niobe"; and the picture of the surrender of Calais to Edward III, painted by R. E. Pine, which was awarded a premium of a hundred guineas by the committee. A. Casali carried off a premium of fifty guineas for his "Story of Gunhilda"; George Smith, of Chichester, was awarded fifty pounds for the best original landscape, and his brother John received twenty-five pounds for a similar canvas. One of the most striking exhibits, however, was the model for Roubiliac's statue of "the immortal Shakespeare."

There were two exhibitions in the following year, the most famous artists displaying their works at Spring Gardens as the Society of Artists of Great Britain, while the lesser fry made a bold show in the rooms of the Society of Arts. The Spring Gardens' exhibition was opened May 9, 1761, and noteworthy amongst the canvases were Hogarth's much-discussed "Sigismunda," and five paintings by Reynolds, including his portrait of Laurence Sterne.

The Society of Arts' exhibitions continued until 1764, when the young artists migrated to Maiden Lane, in the Strand, and afterwards to Cumberland House, Pall Mall. Their shows finally ended in St. Albans Street, the site of Waterloo Place, in 1775.

The Society of Artists of Great Britain continued their exhibitions at Spring Gardens until 1769 when the first "Royal Academy," under the protection of King George III, was opened at the "Print Warehouse," in Pall Mall. For ten years exhibitions were held there, and then, in 1800, a grand show was thrown open within Somerset House. To inaugurate the installation of the Royal Academy in this historic building a dinner was given to which ninety of the most distinguished people of the day were invited. The great Dr. Johnson sat down to the table, and afterward he wrote to Mrs. Thrale: "The exhibition is eminently splendid. There is contour and keeping, and grace and expression, and all the virtues of artificial excellence. The apartments are truly very noble. The pictures, for the sake of a skylight, are at the top of the house; there we dined, and I sat over against the Archbishop of York."

Thousands of persons flocked to the exhibition hall, which, according to Horace Walpole, was "quite a Roman palace, finished in perfect taste, as well as boundless expense."

\* \* \*

Some of the pictures exhibited are now worth small fortunes. There were six paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, including portraits of Sir William Chambers, the designer of Somerset House, which was built on the site of the palace erected by Protector Somerset, in the reign of Edward VI, and Lord Richard Cavendish; while Gainsborough was represented by no fewer than fifteen canvases, of which



THE NEW SCHOOL

six were landscapes, pronounced by Walpole "admirable as the Great Masters."

The original officials of the Royal Academy were Sir Joshua Reynolds; Sir William Chambers, the treasurer; George Michael Moser, the keeper; Francis Milner Newton, the secretary; Thomas Sandby, professor of architecture; Edward Penny, professor of painting; Samuel Wale, professor of perspective; and Dr. Hunter, professor of anatomy.

Michael Moser died in January, 1783, and Reynolds wrote the following obituary notice which was published in all the papers of the period: "Long before the Royal Academy was established George Michael Moser presided over the little art societies which met in Salisbury Court and St. Martin's Lane, where they drew from living models. Perhaps nothing that can be said will more strongly imply his amiable disposition than that all the different societies with which he was connected have always turned their eyes upon him for their treasurer and chief

manager, when, perhaps, they would not have contentedly submitted to any other authority."

The galleries at Somerset House remained open for about ten years, then the Royal Academy removed to Trafalgar Square until the present palatial quarters at Burlington House were erected.

The King and the members of the Royal Family visited Somerset House in state at a select private view in 1788. A prominent feature of

W. A. WYLLIE, R. A.  
The famous marine painter

that year's exhibition was Reynolds' huge canvas, "The Infant Hercules Strangling the Serpents," painted for the Empress of Russia. Horace Walpole was invited to the private view, a ticket having been sent him as "a tribute to his connoisseurship and infirmities."

George III was a great lover of art and

artists, and he was constantly putting his hand in his pocket to help along a poverty-stricken painter. His Majesty's death on the twenty-ninth of January, 1820, was a sad blow to the whole of artistic England. "All the world knows the story of his malady," writes Thackeray, "all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen the picture, as it was taken at the time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple

gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast, the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God were taken from him. Some lucid moments he had, in one of which the Queen (Charlotte) desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn and accompanying himself at the harpsichord."

Burlington House is built in the Italian Renaissance style, and has picturesque entrance gates and an expansive quadrangle. It was erected on the site of the original mansion of Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, which cost the Government £149,000, while the Academicians furnished about £120,000 for the construction and completion of the galleries. Of these there are thirteen, accessible from the vestibule or Central Hall.

\* \* \*

There are, probably, no better-abused men in Great Britain than the gentlemen to whom is intrusted the task of deciding



SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER  
President of the Royal Academy

which pictures and works of sculpture shall be publicly exhibited in the galleries of the Royal Academy during the summer months.

Young artists are under the impression that the Selecting Committee take but little notice of work submitted by unknown men, and when they learn that their pictures have been rejected they do not hesitate to bring forward

charges of personal animus, selfish haste, and the like. As a matter of fact the Selecting Committee are only too pleased to recognize new talent, and they carry through their work in an extraordinarily careful manner.

The Selecting Committee consist of ten members, with the President of the Academy, *ex officio*, as chairman, and they settle down to work before artists and carriers have finished delivering pictures at Burlington House. The President and his secretary are fixtures, that is to say they have to assist year in and year out at the tedious, ungrateful, and painful duty of judging. The other members of the Committee, however, "go off"

five every year, each serving two years in succession. Associates are not eligible for the duty of judging, but by the laws of the Academy the latest elected member of the year is called upon to serve on the Committee.

The Selecting Committee take up a position in Gallery III of Burlington House. The members sit in a semi-circle, with the president in the middle, his secretary close at hand. Then the Academy carpenters come in one by one, each

carrying a picture. They come to a standstill about four yards from the judges, resting the larger works on the floor and the smaller on a stool. The majority of the pictures that are brought in are so poor from an artistic point of view that a mere glance suffices to determine the verdict, and "No," "Out" are the cries that come constantly from the Committee. If a promising picture is brought in the carpenter carrying it is stopped, and the work is very closely examined by each individual member. If the canvas is considered excellent it is accepted outright, its back being marked with the letter "A." The carpenter then carries it to another room for the attention later of the members of the Hanging Committee—men who decide which pictures shall be placed on the line and which shall not.

Doubtful pictures—paintings that are not good enough for immediate acceptance—are marked with a "D" (doubtful)—a sort of decree nisi which might be made absolute later on. If a picture is not worthy of any consideration the carpenter carrying it is told to mark its back with a "cross" (X), and convey it to the academic hades—to the cellars.

Many of the pictures that are taken to the cellars every spring are never claimed by their owners, and it has been surmised that the painters of one or two rejected and unclaimed pictures have committed suicide on learning that the verdict of the Selecting Committee has gone against them.

The Selecting Committee judge for many days from ten o'clock to six, with an hour for luncheon and half an hour for tea. The members judge the oil-paintings first of all, then the water-colors, the black-and-whites, the architectural drawings and the works of sculpture. The works of foreign artists are examined last of all, and, as a rule, judgment is passed upon them within half an hour. When the last foreign canvas is removed from Gallery III, the work of the Selecting Committee is at an end.

The Hanging Committee practically take up work where the Selecting Committee have left off. The "Hangers" usually consist of the latest elected Acad-



MR. SARGENT, R.A.  
The great portrait painter



emician of the year, and a selection of the members of the Council of ten, who take their turn in rotation. By this rule the Academicians are called upon to serve only once in eight or nine years. There is, however, no Academy law to compel a man to assist in the "hanging," but no R. A. has yet been known to shirk the task.

The "Hangers" first of all proceed to "hang" the two hundred odd works by members of the Academy, and when these have been placed in satisfactory positions, the huge stacks of "accepted" and "doubtful" canvases are dealt with. The "accepted" are placed in the best available spots, and it often happens that the whole side of a gallery will be hung and rehung three or four times so that the "accepted" will be justly placed.

The "doubtfuls" stand a poor chance after all the "accepted" have been put up, for by that time the remaining space is limited. A large canvas sometimes has to be returned to the cellars because there is no room for it, while a smaller picture, of inferior merit, will be squeezed in to fill up. This injustice cannot always be avoided, but the "Hangers" are as generous as they can be, and now and again they will order the carpenters to remove the frame from a large "doubtful" and procure a narrower one so as to allow of its being "hung."

Sympathy with the absent artist often amounts to generosity, and a single champion of a "doubtful" is occasionally allowed to carry his point against the majority.

"Hangers" of the present day are not so severe as they were in the early days of the Academy, and they cannot be accused of "favoritism." Once when Wilkie was serving on the Hanging Committee he was observed wandering around the Academy galleries with a small canvas in his hands, looking in vain for a place to hang it. He wanted a "line" position, he told a fellow "Hanger," for a picture by Bourlett. "But that's a picture by Black, Wilkie," answered the man addressed. "Black!" gasped Wilkie in astonishment, "eh; I thought it was Bourlett!" and placing the canvas against the wall he left it to its fate. When Bourlett, a noted

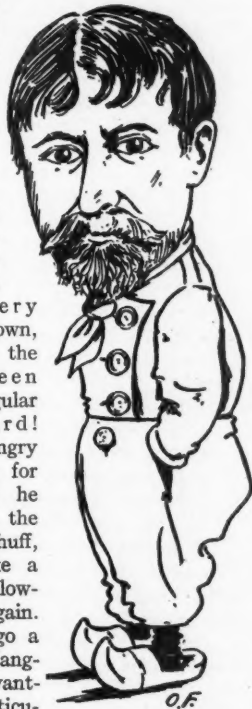
Scotch artist of the period, heard of the story he is said to have remarked that Wilkie deserved hanging with his own braces.

On another occasion Roberts, a Scotch "Hanger," felt that the pictures of his countrymen were not being fairly dealt with by the Hanging Committee, and during the luncheon interval one day he covered all the

"line" space in one of the galleries with the canvases of artists who were born in the Highlands. When Mulready, a member of the Committee, saw what Robertshaddone he had every picture taken down, remarking that the place had been turned into a regular Scotland Yard! Roberts was so angry with Mulready for interfering that he walked out of the Academy in a huff, and never spoke a word to his fellow-committeeman again.

Some years ago a member of the Hanging Committee wanted to hang a particular picture, and finding that it would not fit in anywhere he procured a plane and calmly pared down the frame. Finding that the picture was even then too large for the niche, he planed down the frames of the pictures already "hung" in order to get his favorite in.

A more eccentric man never lived than J. M. W. Turner, R. A., and true it is that his life was woven of a mingled yarn of good and evil. At a meeting of the Royal Academy at Somerset House it was decided to purchase Turner's two



SIR L. ALMA TADEMA;  
R.A.  
Is a Dutchman

great pictures, the Rise and Fall of Carthage, for the National Gallery. A Mr. Griffiths was commissioned to offer five thousand pounds for them. "A noble offer," said Turner, "a noble offer indeed; but no, I cannot part with them. Impossible." Mr. Griffiths, disappointed, left the artist's house. As he was striding up the street he heard someone running behind him, and, turning, found that it was Turner. "Tell those gentlemen," gasped the great painter, "that the nation will, most likely, have the pictures, after all."

Turner served on the Hanging Committee, and one day when he strode into the picture rooms he was struck by a picture sent in by an unknown provincial artist of the name of Bird. Turner took it into his hands, and examined it this way and that. "A fine work," he exclaimed; "it must be hung up and exhibited."

"Impossible," responded the other members of the Committee, "the walls are full and the arrangements cannot be disturbed."

"A fine work," repeated Turner, "it must be hung up and exhibited"; and finding his colleagues to be as obstinate as himself, he hitched down one of his own pictures and hung up Bird's in its place.

\* \* \*

When the Hanging Committee has completed the work of "hanging," the artists whose pictures are exhibited on the Academy walls are forwarded a piece of pasteboard, known as a "varnishing card." This card is the first intimation the artist receives that his picture has passed triumphantly through the processes of judging and "hanging," and it allows him to visit the Academy on a particular day—"varnishing day"—just before the galleries are thrown open to the public. Hundreds of knights of the brush are to be found in the galleries of Burlington House on "varnishing day," and here and there are flights of steps and improvised platforms covered with artists putting the last, loving touches to their canvases. Here, perched on the top rung of a pair of steps, is a young lady with smiling face scraping her picture with a palette-knife and putting in fresh spots of paint occasionally, while on the floor at

her feet is a young man whose features are the picture of misery, his eyes roaming toward the ceiling. His canvas is hopelessly skied, and he is silently abusing the members of the Hanging Committee for their lack of judgment.

There are many happy faces at the Academy on "varnishing day," and many sad ones. And the artists are of all ranks and classes and ages. The old school as well as the new is conspicuous, and the modern painter in immaculate frock-coat and tall hat is to be seen conversing with a white-haired, bent old man in a faded velvet coat. The former has yet to tread the long and arduous path trodden by the latter, and his sudden success has swelled his head and he is thinking of the day when he will be elected President of the Royal Academy and have the whole of artistic Britain at his feet.

"Varnishing day" brings many surprises to the exhibitors. One man will find his canvas wrongly named, and another, an impressionist, may be startled to discover that his glorious sunset, over which he has taken so much pains, is upside down. And for the first time he realizes that an impressionist's pictures can be turned about any way without greatly endangering the effect.

Turner had one of his paintings "hung" upside down, and old Academicians well remember that a little canvas, "A Sleeping Naiad," was once, owing to lack of space, placed on the wall in an upright position, and renamed "The Waking Naiad!"

\* \* \*

The majority of the people who visit the Royal Academy are under the impression that the pictures they see there have one and all been produced in well-appointed and comfortable studios. As a matter of fact a very large number of the canvases which appear on the walls of Burlington House are painted in the open air, and often under exceedingly trying conditions of weather and environment.

Few of the many admirers of Mr. Holman Hunt's painting "The Scapegoat" know that the canvas was painted in an Eastern desert. Mr. Hunt spent many months in the desert, and the very goat that is portrayed in the picture was taken there by the artist for that purpose. For

many years Mr. Hunt lived in a house he had specially built for him on the outskirts of Jerusalem, and it was there that he painted the majority of his Eastern studies, notably his "Triumph of the Innocents."

Mr. Luke Fildes' masterpiece, "The Doctor," which has attained fame all over the world, was only painted after the artist had spent months searching for the cottage interior and the characters he wished to depict. After tramping through all the most out-of-the-way places in England he at last discovered the cottage that suited him. Having found the cottage he had a room built at the end of his studio which was a copy in every detail, even to the massive rafters, of the interior of the residence he had discovered.

Several Academy pictures have figured in matrimonial romances. That memorable picture, "Ophelia," exhibited at Burlington House in 1852 and painted by Millais, provided Dante Gabriel Rossetti with a wife. Millais found the model for his painting in the person of a charming young lady in a milliner's establishment. Her name was Elizabeth Siddal, and she was the daughter of a Sheffield tradesman. Young Rossetti straight away fell in love with the fair model, and eventually married her.

"The Black Brunswicker," another painting by Millais, represents a stalwart soldier embracing the form of a young girl. The model for the female figure was Charles Dickens' daughter Kate, and it was while at Millais' studio posing for the picture that the daughter of the world-famous novelist first met her future husband, Mr. C. E. Perugini.

Mr. E. A. Abbey, R. A., was born under the Stars and Stripes, and went to England first for Harper Brothers, that firm having given him commissions for many drawings. On his arrival in England he was in need of ready cash, and he spent his first few weeks in an hotel at Stratford-on-Avon. When the bill was presented he received a shock, and he had to leave his trunk with the landlord and go on to London.

Abbey passed through many struggles before his talent was recognized, but eventually he became the foremost of British illustrators. His first oil painting exhibited at the Royal Academy was called "A May Day Morning," and was painted for the 1890 show at Burlington House.

Mr. Abbey is not the only foreign artist whose name is a household word in Great Britain, for about half of her leading painters have foreign blood in their veins. The inimitable Du Maurier, the great cartoonist of "Punch," had a French strain; Gustav Mayerheim, the leader of British water-color painters, was born at Dantzic; and Sir L. Alma Tadema is a Dutchman, he having first seen the light at Dronryp in the Netherlands.

To those outside the ranks of artists the election of a Royal Academician means little, but to exhibitors at Burlington House it means a great deal. The artist who wishes to become an Academician must first become an Associate. This being the case it will be well first to enlighten the reader as to how the budding painter or sculptor wins an Associateship. The artistic genius who has an eye on the honors of the Academy must exhibit works of art at Burlington House year after year and win the favor of the art critics. The young artist having

achieved a certain amount of fame and success, and desiring to become an Associate of the Academy, approaches one or two of the Academicians and politely requests that his name may be put down on the list of candidates for election at the first vacancy.

A vacancy may occur through the death or retirement of a Royal Academician, resulting in an Associate being raised to full honors. When the vacancy occurs a list of candidates for Associates is set up in type, and printed copies are sent to all the members of the Academy. At the same time the members are requested by letter to attend Burlington House on a certain evening—the evening when the election is fixed to take place.

The members having arrived at the



THE ANCIENT ACADEMICIAN

Academy each marks out on the list of candidates previously forwarded to him the name of the artist which he desires to be made an Associate. When all the lists are marked they are gathered together and placed in the hands of the secretary, who goes through them and takes notes of the number of votes each candidate has received. The names of each candidate receiving more than four votes are then written in chalk upon a blackboard, and the members are asked to vote again for the men whose names appear on the board. The two leading men in the second voting have a further ballot to themselves and the one who finally comes out on top receives the honor of an Associateship of the Royal Academy.

When a vacancy occurs among the Royal Academicians a similar election to the one already described takes place in order to decide which Associate shall fill the vacant post.

The man who becomes a full-fledged Royal Academician may live to see the day when he is voted President of the Academy. The Presidentship is well worth having, for it carries with it a good income. The president's salary is taken out of the interest of one hundred thousand pounds which the late Sir Francis Chantrey bequeathed to Burlington House, or rather the Royal Academy.

A membership of the Royal Academy carries with it numerous advantages. In

a word the Academy is a benefit society founded on a very generous scale. The pension fund of Burlington House is a splendid one. Any Royal Academician who falls upon hard times or who is prevented by ill health from following his profession may claim a pension, and the pension sometimes runs into as much as four hundred pounds a year.

The Royal Academician who dies in straitened circumstances and leaves his widow and children insufficiently provided for is not thought any the less of for his ill fortune. The Royal Academy shows its sympathy by generously allowing those who were dependent on him a liberal sum for their maintenance. And the wife and the children of a deceased Royal Academician receive many kindnesses and acts of charity from the hands of the living Royal Academicians, which are quite distinct from those given by this Academy.

The Associates of the Academy have a benefit and pension fund all to themselves, but the sums handed to them when the wolf creeps to their doors are not so large as those granted to Royal Academicians. Similarly the pensions paid to their wives and children are on a smaller scale.

Finally the Royal Academician has a peculiar advantage over his fellow-creatures, and that advantage is this: He can enforce his correspondents, even if those correspondents are the highest people in the British Isles, to address him as Esquire.

## DARKNESS AND LIGHT

HELL can be nothing but the dark, they say;  
The pall that covers hope, drowns the bright day,  
Takes from the vision all its splendid sky,  
Denies the lark  
Inspiring dawn,—ah, verily,  
Hell can be nothing but the dark!

And yet some seem to love the darkness best.  
To these—ah, pity them—who know no rest  
Striving to hide some soul-defacing mark,  
Who need the night  
To cover scenes the better dark,  
Hell can be nothing but the light!

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

# New England's Textile Turmoil

*And Some of the Problems Involved in the  
Recent Labor Troubles*

By JOHN N. COLE



HO built the mills? "We," said the workers, "we, with our labor, we built the mills."

Who built the mills? "We," said the stockholders, "we, with our money, we built the mills."

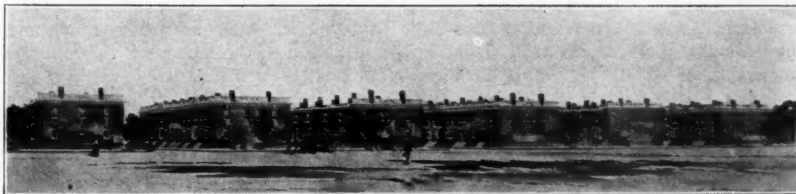
Who built the mills? "We," said the public, "we, with our patronage, we built the mills."

In that issue, raised for the first time by an organization, by that new factor in the industrial life of the country, the I. W. W., is a problem to be prominent for a long time unless something shall happen that it is impossible to foresee now, and unless some arrangement shall be made to control the industrial life of the country more effective than any system yet devised in any country.

Out of the strike at the Lawrence mills, which, directly and indirectly, has finally been settled for a time by the readjustment of wages affecting nearly 150,000 operatives in New England, people are today drawing the lessons and making the deductions upon which may be based the possible solution of the great issue between the capital of labor and the capital of money.

For nine long weeks, thirty thousand operatives on the one hand and as many stockholders on the other, the one represented by self-appointed leaders, the other represented by chosen officials, were engaged in a struggle which some people have called an industrial struggle, which those nearer at hand have frequently felt was a revolution, which those with closest acquaintance have known was the assertion of a new force in industrial life demanding recognition for an organization that had not before held any conspicuous place in the industrial life of the United States. With the strike at Lawrence adjusted, the next move has been an advance upon many of the other prominent industrial centers of New England, and the closing strike in Lowell, which ended by a renewal of business on the 22d of April, would seem to mark for a time a cessation of hostilities.

More than three millions of dollars have been lost in wages, practically as much money has been lost in the attack upon general business. The state has expended nearly \$200,000 in extra police and the calls of the military, while cities and towns that have been involved have contributed thousands of dollars in an effort to main-



GROUP OF AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY'S BRICK APARTMENTS  
(42 in number) for its employees at Lawrence, Massachusetts. 4 and 5 rooms with bath rent at \$2.50 and \$2.75 per week according to location and size



tain peace and preserve proper relations between the different interests involved.

The result of this struggle in which the police have attempted to maintain law and order, in which the military of the state have joined with local police to enforce peace and quiet in the community, in which reformers and observers, uplifters and critics of all sorts and degrees have had a part, has meant vastly more to the nation and to the world than any simple problem of hours of labor, or wages to be paid, around which most strikes have heretofore waged their contests.

The immediate cause of the strike, so far as the public was concerned, was the

centered around the initial contest in Lawrence. The real reason for the strike there will be found in the peculiar situation of the city of Lawrence itself, and in the ability of those who lead the I. W. W. in the United States to recognize every effective aid to a propaganda which they felt might wisely be begun in the eastern states at this time. Lawrence was ripe for the message which Joseph J. Ettor brought to the strikers on the day after the strike began, when he assumed charge of the conflict. The enactment of the law by the legislature had hardly become a reality in June of 1911, when Ettor and his associates, who included only four other men,



TYPE OF AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY'S DETACHED COTTAGES  
For operatives at Lawrence, Massachusetts. Six rooms, bath and pantry. Rents at \$4.15 per week

enactment of a law by the Massachusetts Legislature making fifty-four hours a week's labor for women and minors in textile factories. The relation of women and minors to the textile industry was such that the law compelled the same hours for all other operatives in the mill. This resulted, when it went into effect on January 1, in making the working time for textile mills in Massachusetts a lesser working schedule by from two to six hours per week than the time in any other important textile state in the country, and less than the working time in any other state in the country, excepting several western states in which the textile business has little hold.

Practically all of the serious trouble has

Vincent St. John, the head of the syndicalistic movement in the United States, Big Bill Haywood, William H. Trautman and William Yates, began their plans for what was to take place six months later. The plans included the planting of various men, coached in the doctrines which are now familiar to many people in the United States, but which will become more familiar unless the plans of these people fail in the near future, one or more in each of the important mills of Lawrence, who should be there as spies for their superiors, as well as agitators for the peculiar doctrines which have so prominently asserted themselves during this conflict.

Lawrence, Massachusetts, is a city of over eighty thousand population. Its

entire life covers less than three quarters of a century, but in that time it has seen a development of the textile business which makes of it a remarkable city in many ways. A water power of great magnitude was the beginning of the development of the present industrial life in which more than thirty thousand people are employed. The textile mills line either side of the Merrimack River for more than a mile, and one after another has been added during the last few years, emphasizing the importance of the city itself as a great textile center, even when general

and by a worse management of affairs than almost any American city has been obliged to endure. Its financial affairs were at a low ebb when a new government modeled on a commission plan took hold of city management the first Monday in January of the current year.

Notwithstanding all this, it numbers in its citizenship many men of high character, not only descendants of the early settlers, but from those who have come there either as immigrants or as sojourners from other parts of the country. It is estimated that there are thirty thousand of the Irish



A GATHERING OF LAWRENCE STRIKERS IN THE PARK

business has not enjoyed expansion. Its population, while originally made up of a few settlers who were early residents of the towns of Andover and Methuen, occupying the territory out of which the city was made, one on the one side, and one on the other of the river, gradually brought into the city people of many nationalities, so that today it is probably one of the most cosmopolitan cities of America in the character of its inhabitants. Forty odd tongues are spoken by the people who walk its streets. A dozen or more distinct languages must be understood if one would treat with the people who make up the population. Its official life has been clouded by more misdeeds

people in the city, who have become large factors in its business life, the most prominent owners of its real estate, many of them citizens of which any city could well be proud. Eight or ten thousand English people, as many Germans, nearly as many French, several thousand each of Italians, Armenians, Lithuanians, Poles, Syrians and many other nationalities complete the population roll.

The very cosmopolitan character of these people made one of the most serious problems to be dealt with in the recent conflict, and largely because the city was in the financial condition that it was at the time explains the necessity for the state militia to ensure the public safety.

Some people have insisted that the problem shows that the entire question of immigration in America must be radically changed if we are to retain control of not only the business life involved, but even the protection of our homes and families,



STRIKERS' WIVES AND CHILDREN IN LAWRENCE

from this foreign invasion which has been so prominently in the public eye in its association with the Lawrence affair. But the very weakness of the city of Lawrence and its people in the past crisis brings out some of the strongest features that give encouragement in considering the great problem of assimilating all these people into American life. The Irish people of Lawrence, the English people, the German, French, Italian, the other nationalities, can all point (some of them to hundreds, and some of them to only a score or so) to men and women who have proved that American life means to them just what it means to the most intelligent American born boy or girl, by the manner in which they have taken hold of it and by the success they have made of their part in it.

More than \$10,000,000 of the property of Lawrence is owned by the Irish people of that city. Nearly a quarter as much by the English, nearly the same by the French, more than a million by the Italians, many thousands by the Poles, and quite a generous amount by the Syrians. These are property values that represent homes established, business developed, and a grafting of the people themselves into the life of Lawrence, of Massachusetts and of the United States that holds out much hope. The disap-

pointing and disturbing factors cannot be ignored, but while they have been given so much prominence in all that has been written about this disturbance, little has been said about the encouraging things briefly touched upon in the foregoing.

The mills represent more than half the valuation of the entire city, and an employment of more than three quarters of the laboring class of the city. Few of the owners have ever lived there, the mills being developed by large corporations with central authority in Boston, directed by local agents. Considerable emphasis has been placed upon this condition of affairs by many writers and observers, as proving that there has been no personal

contact between the employer and the employee to keep conditions and relations agreeable and happy. In a measure this is true, but it is no more true of Lawrence and its mills than of every other large business in the world today. The men who have been agents of the mills in Law-



STRIKERS' CHILDREN DURING THE LATE LAWRENCE STRIKE

rence have practically all of them been loyal citizens of the city and state, and as loyal citizens have never failed to keep in as close touch as large business would allow them, with every need of the people who were serving them.

Striking examples of welfare work mark all of the most recent development of

textile manufacturing in Lawrence. The biggest corporation doing business there has been the most prominent influence to be found anywhere in the state in working out plans for betterment of its people. In constructing its more recent mills, this corporation, the American Woolen Company, has devoted thousands of dollars to such improvements as should make easier living for the people and make them more comfortable. The two most recently built factories of this company, the Wood and the Ayer Mills, are probably the best equipped and the most efficient, from a sanitary standpoint, provided with more conveniences to aid public health, and all in all, worked out along the most approved sanitary lines of any textile mills to be found in the world. They have not been able to change the Syrian, the Armenian, the Polander, the Lithuanian, and some of the other classes, who are late comers to the American shore, from their natural tendencies in living, in working, in enjoying themselves. If they were changed, it is probable that the hundred and more model homes that they have built today would be a thousand, but the old adage of

that are required of their minor children in public schooling is largely looked upon as a loss and a waste. Of some of them, however, this is not true, and it is encouraging that it is not true, for there are known to be many cases where the ambi-



MILITIA MEN ON DUTY DURING THE LAWRENCE STRIKE

tion of these nationalities that their children shall be educated is leading to many sorts of self-denial, and to results that are bound to tell in the problem of making American citizens.

The mill wages were low in some cases, but averaged higher than the wages paid in several other of the great industries of the country. The talk that the average wage of all the workers in the mill was less than six dollars a week was never founded on proper information, or on any of the facts in the case. The average wage in the mills of Massachusetts exceeds \$9.50 a week, and the average wage of all the mill workers in the city of Lawrence was over \$9.25 a week at the time of the strike. It is true that there were some "heads of families" in Lawrence at a wage a little less than a dollar a day, but they were never employed as adults or as skilled labor. Their work was that previously done by minors before the stringent education laws of the state operated as they did to lessen the number of minors employed in the mills. It is a striking fact that from a percentage of nearly thirty per cent of minors thirty years ago, there are today less than ten per cent of minors on the pay rolls of an industrial city like Lawrence. The boys and girls, American born and American trained, are no longer satisfied with the work done by their



FRONT VIEW OF A FEW OF THE AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY'S APARTMENTS (42 IN NUMBER) AT LAWRENCE, MASS.

4 and 5 rooms with bath. Rent at \$2.50 and \$2.75 per week, according to size and location

providing the water for the horse, but not being able to make him drink, is just as true of the welfare work that may be planned by the philanthropic business man as it was in the original fable.

These new races are herders in living, as they are in their working. They want their entire families to work, and the days

fathers when they were children. They are devoting their lives to the pursuit of education and to the important labor of fitting themselves for the more attractive duties coming to the trained and skilled men and women of the present day. The mills of the country have long been the refineries for American citizenship. The low-priced labor in the textile mill is an inheritance from the conditions surrounding the textile centers of older countries. It is just as much an economic necessity in the present age and under the existing competition in textiles between countries, that there shall be a certain amount of low-priced help, as is any other question involving the cost and selling of any product.

People should not overlook, however, the marked increase in wages that has come to the low-priced help during the past thirty years, marking practically double wages as compared to the wages paid thirty years ago for all the labor under a ten-dollar a week wage schedule. Foreign competition, with its wage less than one half that of the American, with its living conditions such that the net returns to the American laborer is more than forty per cent greater than the return which comes to his English cousin, and larger still than the return that comes to the German and other foreign workers, must ever be recognized as a factor in determining the success of the mills either for the workers or for the owners.

Probably no great industrial upheaval in the business of this country has ever been accompanied with so much misrepresentation as was the strike at Lawrence. The methods of those in charge of the strike must be understood if one is to judge fairly

of the attitude of mill officials and city officials in dealing with the turbulent element. Women and children were at all times the vanguard of the parades; the buffers for the cowards in the rear, the ones put in front to taunt the soldier, to arouse the antagonism of every kind of authority with which they might be dealing. The sending away of several hundred of the children from Lawrence was bitterly resented by those in authority and undoubtedly was unwisely objected to.

There is little question but that it would have been much better to have allowed the parents of the children, who were being made ambassadors to other cities to secure funds and arouse sympathy, to have full sway. The people who were most largely involved, however, well knew the purpose for which the children were sent away, and the attempts that were going to be made thereby to exploit them for the benefit of those in charge of the strike.

The money question early became

a problem not only for those who had charge, but for those who realized that a great deal of it was being wasted. The injunction placed upon the funds, following the strike, found only a few cents of the fifty thousand dollars that had been subscribed and acknowledged by the leaders. There is a widespread opinion that much of the money contributed failed to be used for the results for which it was contributed. The demand has been met by legal action to secure the income and outgo of the large amount of money contributed by Americans to relieve a situation of which they knew practically nothing.

The sidelights upon this great struggle will not cease to be written for many



GROUP AROUND THE PARK MONUMENT  
IN LAWRENCE DURING THE STRIKE



months, if they are for many years. A new force in industrial warfare has found its place in the United States, and a place which is as secure for some time as is the place that similar organizations have found in France, in England, in Belgium, and other important nations in the Old World. The I. W. W. are a part of, with methods copied from, the Syndicalists of France and England, who for several years have been powerful factors in those countries. They see no relief for conditions affecting the working classes save the relief that may come from actual revolution. They prohibit collective bargaining. They insist that the modern trade union is not an effective force in bettering the conditions of the working people, and have their combat with the organized labor people, but a little less bitter than that they have had toward the so-called capitalistic class.

Without hesitation, the I. W. W. insists that not until they are in possession of the businesses which they claim to have created will they stop their warfare. They have but one motto, and that is to fight, and they have no place to surrender short of that point from which they drive the owner out of the office into the factory and place their own men from the factory in the offices. It troubles them not at all that they have had no training in that phase of the business that they attempt to get control of. They do not attempt to show how they are going to work out the problem. They simply do know that they are going to work it out by becoming the men in charge, instead of the men who are under direction. They have no

respect for law, for order, for property, they know only one phase of the Constitution, that "all men are equal," and which gives them a right, as they believe, to free speech and license to do anything unrestrained, if the result shall be a bettered financial condition for those under and around them.

"We own the mills," they cry, "and some day we will have possession of them." "We own the shoe factories," they cry, "and some day we will have possession of them." "We own every productive force in the world, and some day we will control them."

Under the present leadership, with the lack of intelligent direction and of moral responsibility which they now show, the advocacy of revolution by these people presents one of the most striking problems that American people have for solution.

"The Lawrence strike is settled." Out of it has come a larger weekly wage for nearly two hundred thousand working people in New England. On the surface, the results are good, from their standpoint. Away underneath are tucked great unsolved problems growing out of that strike and out of its "solution," which lead the thinker and the observer to appreciate that the problem is far from settled, that the issue is yet an acute one, that the problem will not be solved until all kinds of people who are sharers in it understand that the American Constitution still breathes the spirit of liberty and justice, freedom and right, protecting first the human life, but almost equally the right of every man to the property which he has honestly acquired.





*Bradbury's reverend father had journeyed West with his son, that he might officiate in the happy event!*

# Henry Holman's Pilgrimage



M. R. UMBERHIND

DAVID BRADBURY



HE Holman family at Bethmar consisted of Hiram Holman, his wife and two children, Henry and his sister Caroline, or "Cad" as she was called when a girl.

It was during those old academy days that David Bradbury, the son of a clergyman in an adjoining state, came to Bethmar to attend the famous old school. He went to board with the Holmans and so congenial was this new home of Bradbury's that it was but a short time before he felt himself one of the household. He would often relate how after the long, tiresome ride in the stagecoach he had arrived at the Holman home and when the stage driver looked around and called out, "Hey, you young feller that's to stop at Hi Holman's, here's the place," and no sooner had he got off the stage than Mrs. Holman was there at the gate to meet him and to ask him if he wasn't Rev. Thomas Bradbury's boy. He informed her that he was Dave, and while walking up the path to the house, Mrs. Holman said in a cheery, motherly way: "Now you come right into the house and I'll get you something to eat, as I know you are both tired and hungry." He said it was but a short time before the meal was ready and he was free to help himself without the observation of others. He often wondered whether it were by chance or on account of a tactful knowledge of a boy's nature, which caused the absence of Mrs. Holman while he was eating. He believed it was the latter. He said that when he had finished that first meal in the Holman home, he wondered what he would do or how he would let Mrs.

Holman know that he had finished. Suddenly a door slammed and he heard a voice call out: "Marm, is the minister's boy here yet?" He told how he heard the mother say "Hush" and how he listened intently to catch the whispered conversation, but could not catch a word. He made up his mind, though, that it was the voice of one who would be his schoolmate.

As later events proved, Bradbury's years at old Bethmar were the happiest of his life. He and Cad Holman at once became inseparable companions, and, as the time approached for Bradbury to leave Bethmar to enter the theological seminary to prepare for the ministry, it was generally conceded that eventually they would be married.

It was only about a year after Bradbury left Bethmar that Hiram Holman decided that the West offered better opportunities than his New England farm did. So he gave ear to the alluring prospects and went West.

Bradbury had been installed in one of the leading churches in a city in central New York. After about a year he started one day for the Western city where he was to claim the girl of his happy schooldays as his bride.

During all the long years of separation that the preparation for the future had necessitated, both Bradbury and Caroline Holman had waited with patience for this long cherished event. On the day of the wedding, no happier coterie of friends ever gathered together in a little home than on this occasion.

Bradbury's reverend father had journeyed West with his son, of whom he was

so justly proud, that he might officiate in the happy event.

The wedding was over, and the good-byes had been said. The happy couple entered the carriage to be driven to the railroad station to start back to their home in the East. Without a moment's warning the horses took fright, and before they could be controlled by the driver both occupants were hurled into the street.

Bradbury, who was only slightly injured, rushed to his bride only to find her unconscious. The body of the stricken girl was carried back to the home which a short time ago had been one of so much happiness and which in a very few hours was to be one of mourning, for Bradbury's bride never recovered consciousness.

During the time which intervened between the death of Mrs. Bradbury and the funeral, Bradbury's condition was that of one struck dumb. His grief was such that no friends could console him, and on the night after all that was mortal of Caroline Bradbury had been laid away in that far Western cemetery, David Bradbury passed out of the Holman house into the night and became a wanderer on the face of the earth.

#### THE RIDE

For more than two hours old Chub, the fattest, laziest and best-natured horse in Riley's stable, had been in his element. For during these hours old Chub had been permitted to assert his predominant quality, that of laziness.

Earlier in the day an old couple had called at Riley's and inquired of Jim, the general all-around man at the stable, if they could secure a rig to take them across the country some twelve miles to the old Bethmar Academy.

"Hain't got only one horse an' that's old Chub, but I guess he'll git ye thar sometime if ye prod him up some," said Jim.

"You may harness up old Chub, as you call him; we'll risk he'll get us to our destination, as we have plenty of time," answered the old gentleman.

Jim smiled and muttered to himself, "You'll need the time all right."

For the first time in over half a century

Henry Holman found himself, with the aid of old Chub, slowly wending his way over the picturesque New England hills to the scenes of childhood.

This was Mrs. Holman's first visit to her husband's boyhood home. They had married many years before in her native city in the middle west, which at that time was only a small hamlet, where the older Holman had settled when Henry was but a youth.

As the old couple slowly wended their way along the quiet country road, Holman pointed out to his wife many objects and places that were reminders of the long ago.

At the top of a long hill old Chub deliberately stopped, looked around at the occupants of the carriage and seemed to say, "Here is where I rest."

The old horse, whose ability had been for many years a livery stable asset, had grown wise by his experience, and he knew that he had that day an easy master.

He was not urged to move on, for the familiar, yet vastly changed scenes of his boyhood days were so crowding the mind of Henry Holman that some minutes passed before he realized that old Chub was not continuing his usual snail pace.

While the old horse was enjoying a breathing spell, Holman turned to his wife and said, "Right on the other side of that fence you notice that old cellar. Over that cellar once stood the home of Deacon William Wilson and his good wife, Aunt Polly, as everyone lovingly called her."

A smile of pleasant recollection passed over Holman's countenance as he said to his wife, "This spot recalls to memory a prank that I never told you about, which sister Cad and I cut up when I wasn't more than a dozen years old. It was at a time when there was but one meeting house, as the churches were then called, in the neighborhood in which we lived, and that was the Hardshell Baptist.

"As we belonged to the Freewill branch of the Baptist persuasion when Sunday morning would come around, instead of our going and worshipping with the Hardshellers near home, father would harness our old carriage horse, take mother, Cad and myself to Deacon Wilson's, who

was also a staunch Freewillier. With the Deacon and Aunt Polly we would go to the old schoolhouse, which at that time stood about a half a mile down the road. There we children, with the rest of the faithful, would have to sit for more than two hours and listen to Elder Hiram Pike discourse those sulphur and brimstone sermons, upon which rested his reputation and whose manner of 'serving up' had made him famous.

"This particular Sunday that I recall

were idle, seemed to feel it her religious duty to find something for us to do and calling us to her she said, 'Children dear, after meeting is out brother Pike is to come home with us for dinner, and if there is one thing that the Elder is more fond of than another, it is rhubarb sauce. I want you two children to go down to the patch near the corner of the barn and get some of the finest stalks of rhubarb that you can find. We'll make him some of the best sauce he ever tasted.'



*At the top of a long hill old Chub deliberately stopped, looked around at the occupants of the carriage and seemed to say, "Here is where I rest"*

we got down to the Deacon's a little earlier than was our custom. Instead of going right down to the schoolhouse, father and the Deacon took a stroll in the pasture to look over the Deacon's cattle. Mother and Aunt Polly were busy in the house preparing dinner, the anticipation of which made those meeting hours seem doubly long.

"This custom of joint preparation and mutual enjoyment of the Sunday dinner was of no little importance and was accepted as a part of the day's program.

"Aunt Polly, noticing that Cad and I

"At that moment Cad looked up at Aunt Polly and in a most pleading tone of voice asked the old lady if we couldn't prepare the rhubarb for stewing, as it would help her and mother so much toward getting dinner. The poor old soul, little suspecting that within our young hearts there existed enough of the original sin to prompt a betrayal of trust, even though the means came easily to suggest the deed, willingly consented.

"As we started away to get the rhubarb I recall how Aunt Polly bent over and kissed us both, saying that we were



little angels for being so willing to help.

"Cad with a dishpan and I with two old case knives started out to obtain the sauce material. When we were scarcely out of the hearing of the older people, Cad recalled an experience we ever remembered.

"Turning to me she said: 'You remember last winter when we had the big snow-storm and the snow was so deep that old "Spouter Pike" (this was the name that Cad and I called the Elder when no one else was present) couldn't get home and had to stay at our house over night.' Then she recalled that mother had served for dinner that day the only jar of grape preserves that she had put up that year, because an early frost had killed nearly all the vines. We remembered how we had waited for the second table and to our sorrow and disappointment learned that there were no grape preserves left for us.

"Mother attempted to pacify her youthful but indignant children by calling their attention to the undisputed claim, then accepted as a just one by the adults, that the best and all if he wanted it belonged to the representative of the church.

"He was given the choicest bits of everything, and when he came to share our home's hospitality the unusual delicacies were brought from the dark recesses of safe keeping in the old cellar and placed upon the table.

"It was a time to which we children looked forward with pleasure. The waiting for the second table seemed to whet our appetites for the special dishes to be served, and no explanation of duty could justify to us Elder Pike's liking for those grape preserves and the passing of his dish for three helpings.

"By the time we reached the rhubarb patch we were not in a too friendly frame of mind toward the Elder and as we were busily engaged Cad called to me and said, 'Look Hank, see what you are doing.' I had gathered, along with the rhubarb, several stalks of burdock. My mistake at once suggested to Cad a way to even up with the Elder for his gourmandizing feat.

"We gathered rhubarb and burdock

about half and half; we cut off the leaves and peeled the stalks and cut them into inch lengths. When we had prepared what we thought would be a sufficient amount, we started for the house.

"If the 'Cloven Footed One' ever worked in collusion with two willing assistants, it was on this occasion.

"When we reached the house with our pan of sauce material we found the folks all ready to go to meeting and mother said, 'You children needn't go to meeting this morning. You may remain here and have dinner ready for us when we get home.'

"We certainly had dinner ready when they got home and right near where the Elder was to sit at the table, we placed a huge dish of our sauce so that he could help himself, a privilege which he freely exercised. When we were seated at the table the Deacon called on the Elder to ask the blessing, which he did in his own stereotyped way, not forgetting to offer thanks and praise to the ones who had so carefully prepared the nourishing food before us.

"This ceremony being finished, the Elder was not long in getting into action. His first move was to reach for a slice of Aunt Polly's buttermilk bread, which he covered with a liberal coating of butter and then added a layer of our sauce.

"Not daring to even peek at Cad for fear of exposing my guilt, I cast a quick glance around the table at the grown-ups, and I recall, even to this day, the staid Sunday expressions that were on all their faces.

"How soon it all changed! Just at that moment the Elder got his first and only taste of our sauce. Dropping the slice of bread that he had so carefully prepared, he jumped from his chair and rushed to the kitchen, gagging in a way that caused all but Cad and me to believe that he was choking to death.

"Very naturally, everybody followed the Elder to the kitchen, to ascertain, if possible, the cause of his unusual conduct. In a moment, when the Elder had gained his equilibrium, he glared wildly at poor Aunt Polly, who was nearly frightened out of her wits, and in a voice which made those low ceilings in that old farmhouse almost vibrate with an echo he said,

'Sister Wilson, who is the instigator of this plot to poison me?'

"Aunt Polly stared at the Elder in a dazed sort of way for a moment and then gave way to an outburst of tears. This was more than mother could stand; above all things she would not allow a harsh word said to her dear old friend, even if it was uttered by an authorized dispenser of Freewillism.

"Turning to the Elder and in no gentle tone of voice, mother demanded to know of him why he had seen fit to address so good a woman as Aunt Polly in so harsh a manner.

"Seeing the attitude that mother had assumed, the Elder at once realized that he had lost his self-control and had given way to a fit of anger. He attempted to make amends by explaining the cause of his outbreak; he told of his fondness for rhubarb sauce and his humiliation upon finding what he supposed was one of his favorite dishes a concoction more bitter than gall.

"Elder Pike's explanation caused an investigation to be made, and very soon the exact cause of his discomfort was known.

"Things were beginning to look decidedly squally for Cad and me when dear old Aunt Polly came to our much-needed assistance by taking all the blame to herself. She said that she should have attended to the preparation of the sauce herself, as it was such an easy matter for children of our age to make mistakes.

"The dish of sauce was removed, and the dinner was finished in almost silence. It seemed that our minds were all on the same subject, but no one cared to open the conversation.

"I recall the stern expression on mother's face when the true cause of the commotion was known, though all she ever said to us

children was never to mention to a living soul what had happened in the Wilson home that day. We never did.

"I always had an idea that mother knew well enough what kind of a 'mistake' it was and really enjoyed the joke as much as we did, though she was in no position to show it."



*He had not thought of Ezekiel Gordon, the old blacksmith at the "Four Corners"*

During Henry Holman's recital of this little incident of his carefree days, old Chub had voluntarily resumed his pace and was now within a mile of the old Bethmar Academy.

After a moment's silence, Holman turned to his wife and in a voice indicating a more serious thought said: "My dear, I want to walk down the path there that leads through the 'silent village yonder.'"

## THE OLD GRAVEYARD

The day that Henry Holman entered the old country cemetery, or the "silent village" as he chose to call it, his heart burned within him. Like the disciples of old, he considered himself on sacred ground and he felt the presence of the spirit.

Near the entrance to the cemetery was a stoneless mound of blue clay. On this grave was a wreath of withered flowers.

The newly made grave brought to mind the first funeral that Holman could remember, and it had left such an impression on his mind, he could recall it even to the most minute details.

He told his wife how a playmate's mother had died and how, on account of childish superstition, he and his sister had preferred to remain at home and watch the carriages from within as they passed slowly along the road to this cemetery.

He told of the many questions they had asked their mother, all of which she had answered with a knowledge of truth and faith.

"We could not understand," said Holman, "why the doctor had not made this little playmate's mother well as we knew he had done with our mother. We believed it was in his power and ability to do so."

He went on to relate how that afternoon and evening were passed without play. When it was time for them to go to bed he told how the mother lighted the tallow candle and they followed her to the old open chamber where both he and his sister had a bed.

After hearing their prayers of "Now I lay me down to sleep," his mother kissed them both good-night and bade them go right to sleep. He told how he wished the tallow dip could be left burning in the chamber, as the light would lessen their fears. He then recalled how he pulled the covers over his head for the better protection from the creative beings of his imagination, and how he expressed the wish that his mother would never die and with a childish faith in the power of prayer, believed that the Lord would grant his request.

The true meaning of an absence of fifty years was now fast dawning on Holman;

as he slowly wended his way through the old cemetery, he read from the marble and slate slabs the names of nearly all whom he could recall at the time he went to his new home in the West. When he had reached a remote corner of this sacred lot, it was by curiosity that he was led to push aside the weeds and brush to see whose name was recorded on a yellow, weather-beaten, moss-covered slab which stood at the head of a long-neglected grave.

He had not thought of Ezekiel Gordon, the old blacksmith at the "Four Corners," the one at whose forge he used to watch the flame and from whose anvil he dodged the sparks.

"Uncle Zeke," as all who knew him called him, was always to Holman a little old man. So bent forward was he from hard work that he could place the hoof of a horse between his knees and work in almost his standing position.

This old blacksmith was so naturally diplomatic, yet so frank and honest in everything, whether of his own interest or that of the community at large, that he was loved and respected by both the "Freewillers" and the "Hardshellers," though he was considered by the former as one of the latter.

In his shop Holman, as a boy, had heard many discussions and arguments that at times left enmity and ill-will, but Uncle Zeke was never a party to these arguments. He thought much and solved the problems to his own satisfaction, but seldom gave to anyone his own opinions.

Having known "Uncle Zeke" as Holman did, there was both humor and pathos in his words as he turned to his wife and invited her to read the following epitaph at the bottom of Uncle Zeke's gravestone.

My sledge and hammer are declined,  
My bellows have lost their wind;  
My iron is spent, my coal decayed,  
And in the dust my vice is laid.

As the old couple left the grave to return to where they had left old Chub, Holman smilingly said to his wife: "The dear old soul carried his trade to his grave with him, didn't he?"

## THE ACADEMY

During the earlier decades of the last century, there was no more cherished educational institution than the old academy. In small hamlets, far back among the hills and away from the busy centers of industry, were many of these famous old temples of learning.

Seldom was the style of construction of the old academies deviated from. They were high-posted, two-story buildings with two large rooms. One of these rooms was so constructed that it could easily



*Baker was a man over six feet tall; straight as an arrow and a disciplinarian in every sense of the word*

be converted into a place for social amusements. On the roof, over the front entrance, was a belfry in which there always hung a large bell. This bell was not only used to call the attendants of the academy to their duties, but its clear, sweet tone always rang out on occasions set aside to celebrate any great achievement in the Nation's history.

Attendance at one of these institutions of learning was a marked distinction not only for the sons and daughters found there, but for their parents also. The problems there presented and solved were no more difficult to the young minds

than was, many times, the problem of finance to the old ones.

They whose parents were able to send them were considered fortunate children indeed. Others, who went by parental sacrifice and strict economy coupled with industry and determination, were none the less favorably received, for favoritism found no abiding place there.

It was really to their credit that a patch of potatoes or corn had been planted, cultivated and marketed with this end in view; for there existed in the minds of the New England parents a high estimate of the value and the necessity of an education.

The stagecoach made travel so difficult that the scholars, who lived afar, often remained in the community, where one of these academies was located, during the whole of the academic year without returning to their homes. Thus were the conditions favorable for the success of these cherished institutions toward which the paths of the young focused and from which the memory roads of the old diverged.

During the years that youthful Holman attended Bethmar Academy he knew but one teacher, Master Hugh Baker, a teacher of the old school. Baker was a man over six feet tall, straight as an arrow and a disciplinarian in every sense of the word. His manner of dress was in keeping with the period of time. He always wore a long, black, frock coat, a high collar with a long, black, stock-like scarf around his neck. He never wore other than a tall, bell-top beaver hat.

Master Baker had characteristics that he never failed to demonstrate. He would never enter the schoolroom until all the scholars were seated at their desks. Then, with the dignity that his position demanded he would walk into the room and if in the winter time, would invariably go to the big drum stove which stood a few feet from the entrance, take off the lid and look in, presumably to see if he who had charge of making the fire was faithful to his duty. He would then go to the platform and stepping behind his desk, which faced the school, he would reach around to the pocket in the tail of his long coat, draw forth a red bandanna handker-

chief and vigorously blow his nose. He would then take off his tall hat and place it on the desk, top side down, with the handkerchief inside it.

That he should think of this old academy and its master was a natural sequence as Henry Holman neared the town of Bethmar, after visiting the cemetery.

Those stately elm trees, which bordered the main highway of the settlement, seemed but a little larger than when he last saw them. To see them now, the personified friends of his early childhood, was like the greetings of long absent friends. The swaying of their tops and the rustling of their leaves seemed to bow him a welcome and to applaud his return.

Through the branches of these trees Holman tried to look, and hoping for a better view he leaned over the dashboard of the buggy. His anxiety to see something aroused Mrs. Holman's curiosity and she inquired: "Henry, what are you looking for?"

"I will show you in a moment," was the reply behind which was a look of anticipated pleasure.

A few rods back of those border elms on a slight elevation, itself shaded by other elms, stood a building at which the elements had directed their forces for many years and then withdrew, leaving it an object of pity.

With the shaking of his head, Henry Holman approached the building of which he had once been so proud and with disappointment he sadly gazed upon a ruin that stood before him as a monument to its former usefulness.

The small panes of glass that once ornamented those tall windows were broken; this testified that the younger generation held not this place in reverence. The old bell, whose peculiarly sweet tones Holman remembered so well, was gone.

The great gathering of the people the day it was hung and the cheering of the throng when its clear tones first vibrated the air were all forgotten.

The opening days, that the natives looked forward to when the old stagecoach would come loaded with scholars, were no more. The whistle of the locomotive had sounded the death knell of the stagecoach. The centers of education

had shifted to the great travelled highway.

Henry Holman did not reckon with time, the great eliminator of creation and also of destruction. He had wished to see Bethmar Academy as his memory pictured it and so great was his disappointment at that moment that he silently wished he had not come.

#### UNCLE RUFE

In the little hamlet of Bethmar "Hopkins Lane" is the only thoroughfare that is designated by a name. Other thoroughfares, or byways, are just plain roads. At the extreme end of this lane stood a rather wide, low-posted, story and a half house. In the center of this house was a large old-fashioned chimney that one sees only in houses built during the early part of the last century. The ravages of decay and dilapidation, that so often embellish old homesteads of this kind, were not in evidence around these premises. The usual empty window frames stuffed with discarded wearing apparel were not to be seen; for the occupant, though having reached that age when life's span must soon be severed from earthly cares, still retained that inborn pride for the place that had always been home to him. During the summer months the grounds around this home were always in a state of almost perfect floral repletion, which further demonstrated the fact that he who dwelt in this humble abode found time each day to give attention to the soul-inspiring beauties of nature.

To Henry Holman, the most disappointing hour that he ever spent was the hour he spent in and about the old academy the hour following his arrival there. He was prepared to face many changes; but to see the old institution, about which there were so many pleasant memories, a mere relic that a few years would entirely obliterate was more than he anticipated.

For fear of a still greater disappointment, it was with great reluctance that Holman asked a rather uncouth looking individual, who was sprawled on the steps of the only store at Bethmar, if he could inform him where he could find some native in Bethmar who was about his (Holman's) age.

This town "oracle" exerted himself



enough to shift a quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other and after quizzically surveying his questioner for some little time drawled out: "'Cordin' ter ther looks o' ye thar hain't many natives 'round these parts thet's old's you be; mos' on 'em shuffle off 'fore they git thet old. 'Bout ther only one I know is Rufe Hopkins that lives in ther little house down ter the foot o' 'Hopkin's Lane.'"

When he heard the name of Rufe Hopkins spoken, a smile of perfect contentment passed over the venerable countenance of Henry Holman. He felt his very fondest hopes were to be realized; to be back again among the scenes of his early boyhood and in a few moments to be with him who, as a boy, was his closest companion made Holman feel that he was about to be compensated for the disappointments that had marred his happiness during the past hour.

These two old men, who had each lived life's allotted span, were about to meet again after a separation of more than half a century. How great a contrast these two old men presented.

As a young man one had ventured into the mercantile life where from the first he had made a success, and when the time came that he retired from active business life his name was embellished in the history of the business world as one of its most successful participants.

The other had remained within the little hamlet where he first saw the light of day. By owning his humble little home, that had come to him by inheritance from his father, and living a frugal life that his daily compensation necessitated, he was able, with the aid of a small government pension, to enjoy the short "Indian Summer" period of life with comparative ease.

A very few minutes elapsed after Holman learned that his old schoolmate still lived before he, accompanied by his wife, was on his way down the lane to the home of Uncle Rufe.

More cheerfully and hopefully, Holman turned to his wife and said: "There is no possible way of Rufus knowing who I am, so for a little time after I meet him I am going to keep from him that I am his

old schoolmate, Hank Holman, as he always called me." With this plan in mind, the old couple reached the little home of Uncle Rufe.

Approaching the front door Holman knocked, but received no response. He then lifted the latch and found that the door was locked. Noticing the key protruding from the outside of the big old-fashioned lock, he was convinced that the occupant was not far distant.

While his wife busied herself admiring the beauties of the numerous artistically arranged flower beds, Holman strolled to the far corner of the yard where he had noticed a vine-covered arbor. Noiselessly approaching he peeked within and there sat an old man fast asleep.

The gentle expression on the kind old face showed that the material things of life were not harassing his dreams.

For some time Holman stood, as if spellbound, gazing at the old man and trying, if possible, to recall one familiar boyhood look in that placid face that the inroads of time had not effaced, but he could not.

Feeling sure that the sleeper could be no other than Uncle Rufe, Holman stepped within the arbor and gently touched the old man on the shoulder.

As Uncle Rufe awoke, he looked for a moment with wonderment at the stranger who stood beside him; then quickly gaining his self-possession he remarked: "Wal, I swan! ef ye hadn't cum 'long 'bout es ye did I ain't so sure but ye'd found me 'sleep."

Holman could hardly suppress a smile at the manner in which the old man attempted to apologize for being caught in the "Land of Nod."

Wishing to allay all possible doubt in his mind as to the identity of Uncle Rufe, Holman asked him if his name was not Mr. Hopkins.

"Rufe Hopkins, yes," answered Uncle Rufe.

"I am very glad to know you, Mr. Hopkins," continued Holman. "I have been informed that you are a lifelong resident of this little town and, without doubt, can tell me of some of the old residents that once lived here."

Uncle Rufe was at once all attention,

for nothing so pleased him as to be given a chance to get reminiscent.

Rising from the bench where he had been sleeping, he stepped out and noticing Mrs. Holman turned to Holman and said:

"Guess as the woman is with ye it might be a good idee ter go inter ther house; it would be cooler in thar. Ye won't find anything ciftied in thar, but 'twas good nuf fer Mandy an' me fer over forty years, an' I guess you won't complain."

So pleased was Holman at finding his dear old boyhood chum, he was obliged to exert every particle of the power of resistance that was within him to keep himself from throwing his arms around the old man and proclaiming his identity.

Realizing though that the sweetest essence of the reverie must come from the source where there is unadulterated innocence, he allowed the situation to remain as he had planned for the time being.

When Uncle Rufe reached the house he turned to his guests and said: "I'm goin' ter take you people inter ther parlor; 'tain't so cluttered as ther other room is. Yer see I hain't used ther parlor much since Mandy left me two years ago. Everything in thar is jest as she fixed it fore she went."

Thinking that Uncle Rufe lived alone, Mrs. Holman asked him if it was not lonely for him to spend his time without a companion. Turning to her the old man went on to explain the situation in his own way:

"When Mandy left me I was pretty much left 'lone. Yer see we never had eny children. I used ter tell Mandy ther reason we didn't have eny wus 'cause ther Lord was afeared they wouldn't be like her an' thar wus nuf sech as I wus in ther world as 'twas.

"One evening 'bout sundown, 'bout a year ago, I wus out in ther garden kind o' fussin' 'round ther plants when young Jim Morton come runnin' down ther lane an' sed that thar wus an old man up ter ther post office thet sed he wanted ter see Rufus Hopkins. I asked him who 'twas, but all he knowed wus that he wus an' old man an' wanted ter see me.

"I didn't think when I wus trudgin' up ther lane thet night thet I would find

thar one o' ther biggest s'prises o' my life waitin' fer me, but I did.

"When I got thar, I found an old man, older'n I be, waitin' ter see me.

"I walked up ter him an' sed, 'Did ye want ter see Rufe Hopkins?'

"An' he sed, 'Yes, Rufus, I do, but I don't s'pose yer know me.' I 'lowed I didn't an' then he sed:

"Do you remember ther time, when you wusn't more than knee-high to er grasshopper, thet you fell inter ther Cardin' Mill pond an' you wus goin' down ther las' time when somebody pulled yer out?'

"Yes,' says I, 'but thet wus Dave Bradbury thet pulled me out o' thet pond an' he left here long 'fore ther war, and I heard afterwards thet he wus a big preacher out in York State sumwhar.'

"He 'lowed 'twas true thet Dave Bradbury left here 'fore ther war an' hed preached in York State, but he sed thet he wus thet same Dave Bradbury thet pulled me out o' ther Cardin' Mill pond.

"O' course ther wusn't anything left fer me ter do but ter believe him; but I didn't think thet time could play sech havoc with one's looks 'cause, 'sides bein' old an' bent, Dave's almost blind.

"Wal, we got ter talkin' an' he went on ter tell how one day long 'bout two years 'fore, he run acrost a feller out in Californy by ther name o' Steve Todd an' somehow he found out thet Todd lived here in Bethmar some twenty years ago.

"When Todd tol' Dave he wus from here, he sed he got interested right away an' begun ter ask fer ther old folks 'bout here. As near as Todd knew, 'bout ther only old ones thet wus left here wus Mandy an' me.

"So Dave sez, when he found hisself gittin' blind an' no kin nowhar he longed ter git back ter Bethmar where he sez he spent ther happiest days o' his life.

"Dave says he tol' Todd thet he knew thet Rufe Hopkins an' Mandy Wheeler would let him spend his few remainin' days with them.

"Mandy wus er Wheeler 'fore I married her. Thet wus ther reason thet Dave called her thet.

"When I tol' Dave thet Mandy had gone home I tell yer I felt sorry fer him. He

wus so disappointed thet he cried like he felt he hed no home on earth an' God wusn't ready ter take him ter heaven.

"An' ter see Dave feelin' as he wus made er lump come up into my throat, so I sez ter him:

"Now Dave Bradbury, you stop thet blubberin'. Even though ther Lord has called Mandy home ther old house is still down ther lane an' ef you can put up with what I can, we'll jest have a little kingdom thar all our own 'til we git er call from ther great kingdom, an' thet won't be long.' So Dave hes bin here ever since.

"This mornin' he went up ter spend ther day with ther new Methodis' minister; but he'll come pickin' his way down ther lane pretty soon.

"Thar has bin somethin' in Dave's

life sometime thet's left er black spot. Some days he'll jest sit 'round an' not say er word for hours at er time. One day he an' I wus talkin' an' I asked him ef he ever got married. Ther minute I asked him he got up an', without sayin' a word, he went out o' ther house an' he didn't come back 'til mos' dark. When he did come back he looked as if he'd been sick er month; so I never sed nothin' to him 'bout it agin'."

The interest that Holman displayed while Uncle Rufe was telling of the re-appearance of Dave Bradbury was very marked. It had vividly brought back to him a tragedy by which one life was sacrificed and another, a shining star of humanity, was so enveloped in a shroud of despair that he disappeared from the scenes of his wonderful success, as if the earth had opened and engulfed him.

*(To be continued)*

## PAOLA AND FRANCESCA

*(Dante's Inferno, Canto V)*

WHAT matter though the bitter blast of hell  
Enwraps our souls, and all the hideous band  
That in this Pit for their foul deeds must dwell.

Howl in our ears? Within this coil we stand—  
We two—alone, and no fierce breath of flame  
Can touch to wither us. Upon this strand

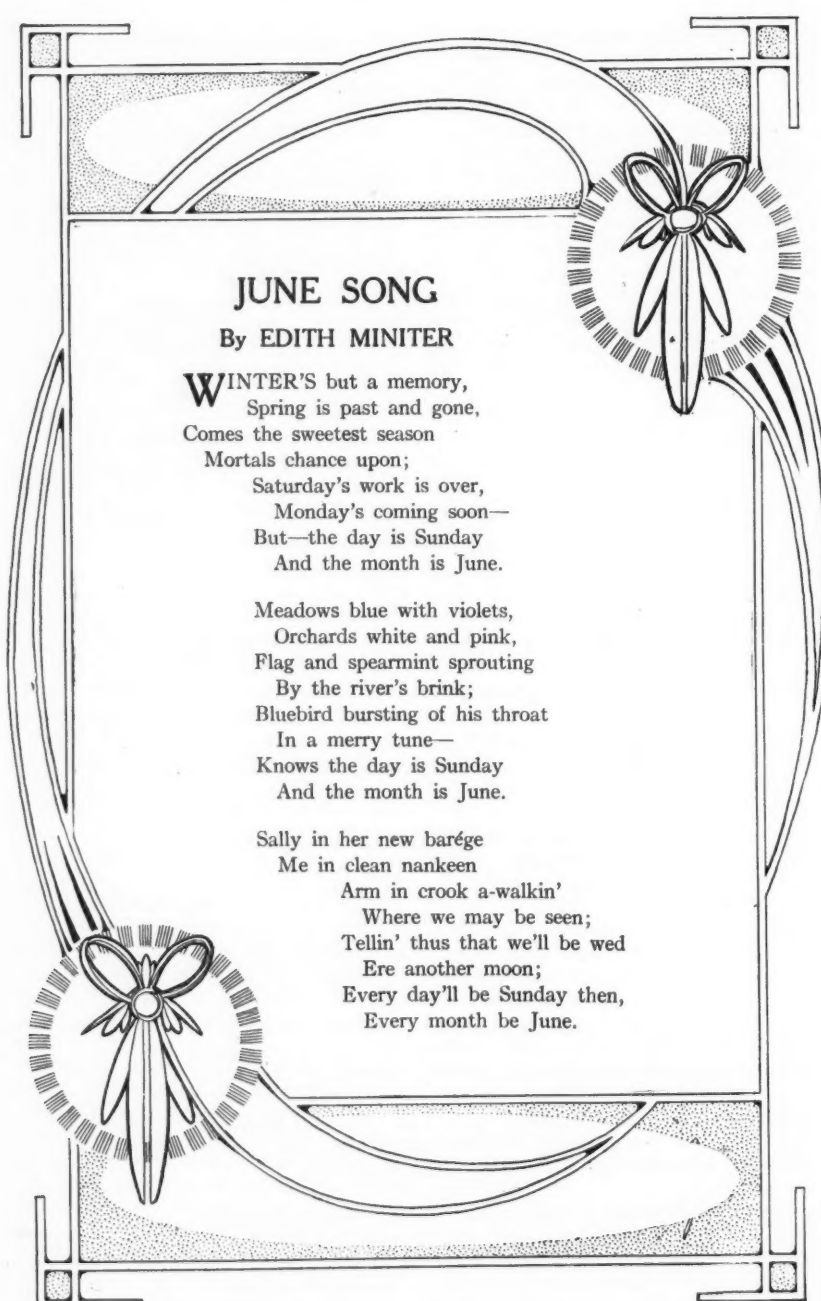
Where upward-lifting Hope for us who came  
Through yielding soft to wicked-sweet desire  
Lives not, we two, whose hearts remain the same

As on that blissful-bitter day, when fire  
Flowed through our veins as in a book we read  
Of Lancelot and Arthur's Queen, and dire

Confusion seized our senses, that time sped  
All unawares, the book now flung aside—  
We two, divided never, crimson-wed,

Wander at peace and let the whole world slide.  
For what to us is all this wail and woe  
As long as Love shall with us twain abide  
And on our hearts his precious gifts bestow?

—M. Jay Flannery.



## JUNE SONG

By EDITH MINITER

WINTER'S but a memory,  
Spring is past and gone,  
Comes the sweetest season  
Mortals chance upon;  
Saturday's work is over,  
Monday's coming soon—  
But—the day is Sunday  
And the month is June.

Meadows blue with violets,  
Orchards white and pink,  
Flag and spearmint sprouting  
By the river's brink;  
Bluebird bursting of his throat  
In a merry tune—  
Knows the day is Sunday  
And the month is June.

Sally in her new barége  
Me in clean nankeen  
Arm in crook a-walkin'  
Where we may be seen;  
Tellin' thus that we'll be wed  
Ere another moon;  
Every day'll be Sunday then,  
Every month be June.

# F A T H E R

By EMMA BATES HARVEY

**D**EER Mr. Farther pleze ive got ter have a toofoe yank out. pleis cum to, Bess." The clergyman smiled as he read little Bess' letter. How many similar ones he had already received in their years' acquaintance!

Long ago he had first found Bess, crying and clinging to her mother's skirts as she was bending over the weekly wash-tub to help Jane, and it only required the magic of his Father's heart, five minutes' time, and a bunch of jingling keys to have a transformed kitchen while a happy baby crowing with delight was ensconced on a fur rug in the minister's study. From that time they had been friends, and hardly a day went by now but what he was the recipient of some childish note from his tiny friend. Jane could do her best at playing dragon over his study hours, but however successful she may have been in keeping grown people away, between him and the children there seemed to be that rare understanding that defied even her vigilance.

Like the famous early missionary, he never retired to his room for study or rest, but what he would say, "Remember, if any child wants me, be sure to tell me." So this morning when told that the minister was busy and mustn't be disturbed by little girls, the midget not at all abashed had hastily torn off a piece of brown paper from a bag of potatoes on the kitchen table, whipped out of her pocket an ever-



*The clergyman smiled as he read little Bess' letter*

present stub of pencil and had written her little appeal for sympathy that never yet had been given to him in vain, knowing that in spite of a grunt of disapproval, Jane would eventually carry it to him!

Let's see! Her last note had been only yesterday and had conveyed the valuable information that her doll had lost one of its blue glass eyes, and that her wounded child refused to be comforted until she had seen "Mr. Father,"—Bess' favorite

name for her friend—a resultant of religious environment, and also of a little heart flowing over with love and devotion.

He was very busy, this big-hearted clergyman this morning, for it was Saturday and his sermon was but yet in a foggy outline. Then, too, the morning had been full of interruptions, and already his heart was tired with the heart-aches of his callers. He had but just returned from comforting a poor widow whose son had been arrested in a drunken disturbance. It was his first offence, and when the minister found he was only twenty years of age—just the age of his Billy—it didn't take him long to furnish the requisite one thousand dollar bail to give him another chance.

This one thousand dollar bail of the minister was a very peculiar thing and had been much enjoyed by his friends. It was years ago when in a similar case "Mr. Father" had been called upon to appear in behalf of one of his faulty parishioners. The man had done wrong, but he was the



father of a large family. He had no security, and there were none to furnish bail.

Then "Mr. Father" with the unconscious air of a millionaire had said, "May it please your honor, I will go bail for my friend." Surprised, the Judge asked him if he had any property, and to the amazement of all he admitted he had a little cottage by the sea!

"For how much was it assessed?"

He had paid two hundred dollars for it, but it was on one of those lots that twenty years before had been given away to any one who would build upon it, and the property had so risen in value that this last summer he had been offered for land and cottage eight hundred dollars, so it was with a peculiar gratification that he answered, "Eight hundred dollars, your Honor!" If his honor would only consider that sufficient bail!

His Honor would like to know if the gentleman ever lived in this cottage?

No, he had rented it to two old ladies with a crippled grandson. How much rent? How much *rent*? His Honor didn't suppose that one could take rent from two homeless old ladies and a crippled child? No, certainly not. He took no rent.

The Judge smiled, and in a peculiar voice had said, "Defendant admitted to bail!"

Eight times since for one or another unfortunate town disgrace, when no other bondsman could be found, he had appeared with the same security, and only once had the defendant defaulted. In this special case, ten days before the case had been called, the defendant had run away!

When the minister as bondsman was summoned before the Court, no thought of personal loss seemed to trouble him, but rather he had a great anxiety in regard to the coming fate of the old ladies and crippled grandson!

The case was called, and the Judge waited a moment, and then drily said he guessed a certain crippled boy and two old ladies had more claim on a certain cottage than even the court of the land! And then what do you think this minister did! Breaking all court precedents he stepped quickly up to the Judge, and giving his hand a regular Methodist

shake, he said, "Judge, you are a great man! I wish I could help people the way you do!"

And now once more it had been his privilege to offer up his little all in the service of a fellow-being. "Did ever cottage bring an owner such delight before?" he thought.

And yet that delight today was tinged with sadness—the sadness that a telegram received two hours before had brought.

\* \* \*

He sighed as he took up Bess' note. Bess wanted him. That was enough. Without hesitation he arose, re-read that yellow telegram, closed his Bible, pushed back his papers, and reached for his hat. Gently brushing it with an old silk handkerchief he started for the door.

"O Mr. Father, I knew you would come," and two swimming eyes looked up to him with a devotion that even swollen cheeks could not disguise, knowing that he would understand how hot and achy the little face felt, and how awful it was for little girls to be dragged to the dentist's chair!

"And shure, yer riverince! it is after being ashamed meself to trouble yez—and Saturdays, too, but yer Riverince knows this yer Bess, and the doctor man was after saying the tooth must be pulled right off or she would be that sick with the pizen, and Bess, there, the spalpeen, just screamed and screamed that she wouldn't go unless 'Mr. Father' went, too! The saints bless yer! but I am that ashamed of the darlint!"

Bess' mother with one sleeve still rolled up started back to her Saturday's baking, but as she turned the corner, she stopped a moment to watch Bess trudging along with her one-eyed doll under her arm, while one hand was smuggled into the minister's big warm palm, and her own eyes grew tender, for she knew because of that warm hand-grasp her little girl although on her way to the dentist's was smiling. "The saints bless the old heretic! Shure he is the father to the whole town, is Mr. Father!"

It was an hour later when the minister walked up the parsonage steps. His sermon was not yet written, and somehow

he was loath to return to the task. He had intended to preach about the Prodigal Son, the next day, but memory was too busy with his heart to allow room for study. Perhaps the telegram was the reason. Perhaps it was something about the love-light in little Bess' face that made him think of the long ago when little faces of his own looked so trustingly into his.

Why should he remember just then Billy as he used to run down the walk to meet him, shouting at the top of his voice, "Faver's cum! Faver's cum!" while he hurled his whole little weight against the loved one's frame?

He remembered those nights when once a quarter he would bring home the quart of ice-cream for Mother, Father, the four children and Jane, and old Dusky on the hearth. Did ever a king receive such ovations! New clothes might not be realized, salary could be withheld, but Father never failed his children that quarterly treat—and now all were gone, all but Jane—and Billy!

But he had so much to thank God for, he had Billy still, yes, and Jane, the dear old housekeeper—and most of all there was always somebody left to be helped everywhere. The richness of many years of loving world service had taught him this.

"Billy," he used to say, "That's what our Lord meant when He said, 'The poor ye have with you always'—never forget, my boy, you and one person poorer than yourself whom you can help, can make a heaven for any man."

That was months ago when Billy first went off to school! How he dreaded sending him, and how he missed him! And Billy had longed to come right home again to Father, for the school was big and rich, and Billy was poor and small.

When Father got that first homesick letter how his arms ached for Billy and how he wanted to take the very next train and fetch Billy home, but instead he sat down and wrote to him, and in the letter he said, "Billy, find some one, find some one quick to help. It is the only way. It is God's way. Some day when Father gets the 'big city church,' he and Billy will have nice clothes, and give to other fellows nice clothes, and have big dinners

and have all the poor duffers like Billy and Father come to them, too—when Father gets the big city church! Meanwhile, Son, Father sends you his stylistic pen. To tell you the truth Father is tired of it. I guess *it* is tired, too, of writing sermons, and will do better work in a college than in a parsonage."

And Billy never knew how that same pen was missed, and how almost indispensable it had become to Father's Saturday morning's task.

"When Father gets the big city church," how it had been the family watch-word through the years!

He had wanted it so for the sake of the dear wife—the dear mother. He had wanted it so for the whole family. He had wanted it for Billy, but most of all he honestly had wanted it for the great Master's sake, for its increased opportunities of service, because he loved his appointed work, and longed for recognition from the leaders of his faith. He had prayed for that great city church passionately at times, at times tranquilly, but always seeking in his prayer for that strength and wisdom that would make him more worthy to serve his fellow-man wherever he might be called.

His sermons, not brilliant from rhetorical flights or profound as to doctrinal dogma, were yet in such perfect harmony with his life that all who heard him were strangely drawn to the preacher himself? He did indeed become at once the dear father friend of all who heard him.

\* \* \*

With a sigh he opened his Bible again, and read once more the yellow telegram that unconsciously was lying face to face with that wonderful glimpse of heavenly love, the story of the Prodigal Son.

Billy was coming home tonight, and through some strange twist of adolescence, or some black feather of past generations, or perhaps indeed his own weakness of character, the Billy that was coming home that night was not the same Billy that had first left the little parsonage for school so many months ago.

Billy was coming home for good, but Billy had not graduated. His Billy, no, he couldn't preach on the Prodigal Son the next day. Billy had always made fun

of it for some perverse reason. The last time he had heard it, he had actually got up and left the church. His Father had never referred to this act, but he was troubled. How strangely the boy had acted in several ways on that last visit home. At prayers Father found his own and Jane's the only voices as they read, "I believe in God the Father." He had even begun over again, hoping to hear Billy's voice, but in vain. Perhaps the boy had not felt well, and he was placing undue stress on the whole circumstance.

Father was not yet quite fifty, but surely he was getting old. He couldn't seem to collect his thoughts that morning in any direction. Of course a city church would never come to him now, and Billy, his Billy, was coming home, but it couldn't be in disgrace. It must all be just from some misunderstanding. He had never been able to have the University Course himself, but he had always planned it for Billy.

An overcoat, veteran in service; a somewhat vegetarian diet for other than hygienic reasons, one fire alone in coldest weather were the coins he gladly had used in payment for Billy's tuition. He even had hoped and expected that Billy himself might some day feel called to preach the Gospel, and Billy as clergyman would quickly find the big city church that his father had missed on the road. Perhaps even yet Billy would realize in his career his father's own ambition. Who could tell? Greater things had happened. It might be not half as bad as it seemed. Some boyish misdemeanor, that was all. Why had he been so worried?

The telegram had simply said,

Coming home for good. Tired of school.

BILLY.

Oh, without doubt he could persuade him to go back for the spring term. The door bell rang. Another telegram! He tremblingly grabbed it from the messenger's hand. Perhaps Billy was sick! No, thank God!

Can you meet me at my home in T—today at four?

J. H. BOULTENHOUSE.

What could it mean? J. H. Boultenhouse! He was a leader in the largest

church in T. What could he want? Of course he must go at once to meet him. Billy wouldn't be home before nine o'clock. There was plenty of time to go and return before the boy arrived and he would try to get some thoughts for his sermon on the road.

This country minister combined so well the simplicity of a child with the rare unconsciousness of the true gentleman that in his dealings with life he always gave the impression of perfect ease. He was at home anywhere and whether quieting a crying child on the train, or shaking hands with the dust-begrimed engineer, or later mounting the marble steps of the elegant home of J. H. Boultenhouse he was the same natural gentleman possessed of that dignity of Christian manhood that defies clothes and circumstances.

Before him as he entered the house he found seven men seated in what seemed to him a palatial library but to which the owner referred as "his den."

They all arose and he recognized among them not only the leaders of his loved religious world but also men whose names were equally well known in business enterprise.

In response to their courteous greeting, he was glad, he said, to meet face to face people already dear to his heart because of their service to humanity.

What was there about him that made even the magnate of the committee unconscious of all else but that a veritable prince among men was before them?

"Mr. Benton," said his host, "a few months ago it was my good fortune to pass through your little village on a Sunday. As a rule I will not travel on the Sabbath Day, but necessity compelled me to take this journey. While awaiting the repair of a punctured tire I found my way to your church, and unbeknown to you, slipped into a rear seat.

"Your sermon was on the Prodigal Son and strangely moved me. Afterward throughout the village I made inquiries concerning its minister and found that 'Father Benton' was so universally loved there that it betokened highest success of service.

"Since then I have kept more or less in touch with your work, and now that a

vacancy is soon to take place in St. Luke's, on the strength of my judgment, reinforced by more or less investigation by us all, as secretary of the church supply committee of St. Luke's I ask you to take into consideration a call to our church. I realize how much your own little community will suffer in your resignation, but feel the larger field of opportunity demands your service, specially as on consultation with higher church authorities I find a good and worthy man is already available for your present charge.

"Perhaps now that we have plainly, though briefly, given you our view of the situation, you will kindly tell us how you, yourself, feel in regard to the proposition."

It had come! *The big city church*, and no one that loved him was with him in that moment of triumph. If Billy were only there!

Are joy and realized ambition more potent than disappointment and years of poverty and sorrow to disturb one's poise?

Poor Father Benton! what riches and earthly power, and circumstance of high life had failed to do, great happiness *had* affected. The strong man trembled, and for the first time for many years he stood stammering and embarrassed. Quickly recovering himself, with a voice not quite steady, he said, "Gentlemen, Brethren, I thank you. I have honestly tried all these years to make my life one of helpfulness to others. If the good Lord through you has called me to a field where I can the better help some one, it will be my joy to come!" No pretence! No hesitation! How characteristic of the man that in this great crisis he did not for one moment try to enhance his own value by a less hasty acceptance.

What mattered the rest of the interview! They were kind to him. They asked some questions, and the unworldliness of the minister was revealed in every answer.

A magnificent lunch was served, and as he said Grace they wondered equally at his simplicity and at his power. As he arose to go, his host said, "Before you give your final decision, Brother Benton, possibly you would like to talk it over at home?"

"No," said the minister, "Billy is all

my home this side of heaven, and Billy will be simply *glad*, too!"

"Billy!" said Mr. Boultenhouse. "Have you a son?"

"Yes, my son, Billy, is in college at X, and I expect him home this very night to rejoice with me."

Mr. Boultenhouse started, "You expect your son at home tonight, Mr. Benton?"

"Yes, on the nine o'clock train, God willing!"

Mr. Boultenhouse looked strangely disturbed, but in a moment said, "Well, Mr. Benton, we thank you for your consideration today, and will hope to welcome you a week from Sunday in St. Luke's. By that time I think both for your present charge, and for our own we can have all the details arranged."

\* \* \*

A few hours and he was back home again, but with what a song in his heart! Recognition at last! His ship *had* come in. The big city church was his. Oh, *could* Mother know! Didn't she and all the children rejoice with him? Was it not indeed perhaps their joy in another world that swelled the anthem in his own soul? And then, Billy! How pleased the boy would be! Now, there could be no more trouble about going back to college. He should have the finest room there. He should dress like other boys. He should always have money in his pocket now to help the "other fellow!" Oh, no, there couldn't be any trouble about his going back now. He would be at the station to meet him, and he guessed with his Father's arms around him, his poor wayward Billy would forget all his own worries, and laugh, and yes, really hug his old Dad once again!

It was almost time for the train, and the old hat and silk handkerchief came again into conjunction, and Billy's father started for the depot.

But he did not reach there, for on the way he was intercepted by a Western Union messenger with a strange and puzzling telegram. That was the third in that one day, and he could not remember when he had had *one* before! It simply said:

Billy will not come until next week. Meet me Monday at my home, five P. M. All well.

J. H. BOULTENHOUSE.

Disappointed about Billy, puzzling over why a telegram about Billy should be signed, "J. H. Boultenhouse," but reassured by its "all well," and yet rejoicing in the brightness of his approaching future, he plunged faithfully into the duties of the Sabbath.

On Monday he started again for T. "Perhaps the committee had changed their minds," he thought. "No, that



*"I didn't know until Saturday afternoon that it was your Billy"*

couldn't be. They had been too insistent, and too anxious on Saturday to close the proposition at once."

Probably Mr. Boultenhouse just wished to consult him about some method of procedure in the proposed transfer.

What a force this Mr. Boultenhouse was! What a man to have back of him in his ministry! All the committee had taken such special pains to be courteous and appreciative! With what zeal he would assume his new work to prove them justified in their choice. How good God was to him!

So thinking he rang the bell. It was a very different Mr. Boultenhouse who met him at the door than was his host of Saturday. He looked worried, and was strangely nervous and excited.

"Come right in, my brother! Come right in! Never mind, James, I'll wait on Mr. Benton myself. Some coffee in the den at once, James, and James, I'm home to no one, remember, James."

"Fine weather, Mr. Boultenhouse!"

"Fine weather, Mr. Benton. We are very glad you've decided to accept our call, Mr. Benton. Very glad, indeed. Great field for your talents. Great field. Oh, don't thank me! It is *our* good we are thinking of, I assure you. We business

men are selfish, I suppose, even in our religious transactions; but really, Mr. Benton, I might as well tell you what I hear you don't yet know. Hate to do it. Your son, Billy, is a scamp—a scoundrel! He forged my brother's name in college for one hundred and fifty dollars, went off with two wretches, got drunk, had pneumonia, begged them not to tell you, cold settled on one lung. Doctor says only chance is out west in higher latitude."

Mr. Boultenhouse kept his eye stonily on a little brass knob on opposite side of room from the clergyman, and recited mechanically the awful phrases, but was finally cut short by a groan from his visitor, "Billy, my Billy," he heard him say. "No, no! there is some awful mistake. My Billy is weak! He never called on God to help him. He is nothing but a lad, but Billy, *drunk, forger*, no, never! Oh, God help me! Tell me, tell me quick, that this is some awful mistake!"

The other man came and placed his hand on his shoulder.

"Father Benton," he said, and there was a strange tenderness in that business voice. "I had to tell you, but I'll help you. I already have helped you. I didn't know until Saturday afternoon that it was your Billy. A strange intuition, a foreboding of ill came over me when I first heard you use the name 'Billy,' and then when you went on to tell of his college, I knew there was no mistake. As soon as you left, I telegraphed at once to my brother—verified my suspicions, and then telegraphed to you to relieve your anxiety while I took the train for X. I wanted you to be unburdened over Sunday. I found Billy, spent Sunday there and did what I could. I've been busy these two days trying to work the thing out, and God knows I believe I am right.

"Papers were out for the boy's arrest. It is a states-prison offense, and no doubt as to evidence. I've done what I could. My brother will withdraw charges, and Billy is already on his way West to a sanitarium where God and nature I am sure will yet make a man of him.

"You see I had to do it. He was my pastor's son, and St. Luke's Church can not be brought into the disgrace. Only very few know the facts, and they can be



trusted to hold the truth. For remember St. Luke's pastor must never be known as the father of a drunkard and a forger! Take a few days off, in the country somewhere, and a week from Sunday come to us. Then in the thought of your glorious new opportunities in a big city church, you'll find I have done wisely and kindly, and you will be ready to begin your new labors, leaving 'Billy' to your God. I promise you that your boy shall be well taken care of, and that the truth shall ever be kept from our parish."

With a look full of pity that transformed even the strongest lines of his face into messages of compassion, he stepped quietly from the room, while Father Benton piteously moaned, "My son, Absalom! My son, Absalom! Oh, Billy, my Billy!"

\* \* \*

It was a Sunday morning. Now it so happens even under a fine postal system, mails are sometimes delayed, and that is why a large congregation was gathered in St. Luke's this Sunday morning expecting to welcome their new minister. Few had heard him preach, but all had heard of his far-famed eloquence and piety, for the committee of seven had done their work well. It was said that a veritable Abelard had appeared among them, and they were in a highly congratulatory mood at their good fortune in having secured so valuable an asset.

The music was quivering away through the last chord, as if the notes themselves were trying to fill in time. The anthem was even repeated, but where was the minister? A nervous tension was beginning to be felt throughout the congregation. Mr. Boultenhouse crossed one foot over the other, uncrossed it!—and then opened his Bible. No minister! The other members of the committee were seeking telepathic communication with each other. Finally, Mr. Boultenhouse slid out of his pew and retired to the vestry, and as quickly did six other men find their way there also. "I don't know what to make of this," began Mr. Boultenhouse, when a messenger hurriedly thrust into his hand a letter. Tearing off its corners he breathlessly read aloud,

To the Secretary of the pulpit supply committee of St. Luke's Church, I hereby

tender my resignation as pastor. Deeply sensible of the honor I am thus declining, and with great gratitude to you all, and specially to the God-like kindness of your Secretary, I offer as my only excuse for this action, that God made me a *father* before he made me a clergyman.

I am not unaware that I hereby am abandoning a possible field of great usefulness, and that to some it may seem I am choosing my son instead of God, but in my own heart I know this is not true. I am simply choosing my son instead of a big city church. God is on both sides. My Heavenly Father has already taught me that everywhere in this world there is always someone to be helped, and it may be that along the "Great Highway" as I seek my Billy I shall find those to help that need me more than the parishioners of St. Luke's.

As to St. Luke's I realize that God has some better man to serve her than myself, and that He will not let His work suffer there. Wherever I am day or night I need not say my earnest prayers shall be offered for her welfare. God bless you all!

L. B. BENTON.

And Billy, poor, weak, wicked, sick Billy lay on his cot in the open air breathing into his body God's sunshine and health-giving breezes, but hourly realizing no air is rich enough to heal a sick soul and a bruised heart. Homesick, disheartened, weary, he had just one longing left in life and that was for "Father!" He



*He suddenly started and tried to raise on  
his elbow*

knew all about it. He couldn't blame anyone but himself. Mr. Boultenhouse had very kindly told him everything that day he had found him so sick in the boarding-house.

He, too, had dreamed for years of the big city church for Father. It had come—but oh, it didn't include Billy. Mr. Boultenhouse had told him so. Father could never belong to Billy again. The big city church needed him, and Billy had been bad and could no longer belong

to Father. It was right, only if he could have seen Father just once, and had him have forgiven him and felt his arms around him, he believed he even might have found God through Father. He had always wanted to be good and to love God.

Perhaps if he had only been good and years ago had really found God, it would all have been different, and he wouldn't be in this frightful loneliness now.

But the chance was gone, and all he could think of was, *he had been so bad!* Father's Billy had become a drunkard, a forger! At this moment he would have been in jail had it not been for Mr. Boultenhouse's kindness. He had told him so!

Then the sun's mocking sunbeams would dance right into his eyes, and all the dazzling whiteness of infinite space would press down upon his head, and the nurse would find a delirious Billy, muttering, "Father, Father!"

Then he would feel better again and he would remember how Father always helped him when a little chap in trouble. What fun it was that day when the big boys went out swimming to the Island! They said Billy was too small to join in the fun, and must play on the beach. When Father saw his tears he just put Billy's arms around his neck and swam with him out beyond all the rest, and when he felt the cold water he hadn't screamed, for he heard Father say, "All right, my boy. Hold on!" and he and Father had beaten them all and landed first at High Rock!

Perhaps soon, very soon, he again would feel the waves of another ocean—for there was nothing left for Billy but to die—and how could he help being afraid when now he didn't have Father say to him, "All right, son. Hold on, my boy!"

How could he ever have gone back on Father! He didn't know, only he was so sorry and he could never tell Father so, now. If Father only knew how sorry he was he would want to help him, he knew. What a father he was—never happy except when helping someone! But the big city church had come to Father, and the big city church and Billy must have a continent between them. And so he turned and tossed, and the nurses looked grave, and the doctor looked anxious. In an

uneasy sleep they heard him muttering, "He came to himself! He came to himself!—a long way off—worse than a prodigal!"

"Nurse!" he whispered, "Say, it is awful to be worse than the prodigal! Nurse, say, you know *that* poor fellow could go to his Father, but I know a fellow that can't. Don't be sorry for him, nurse. He is a worthless sort of chap, and deserves it all!"

And then just as the evening sun streamed through the trees, he suddenly started and tried to rise on his elbow. "Am I dying, nurse? I thought I heard my father's step. I could always tell it! Listen! Yes, yes, I'm sure! Is it time for heaven? No, my Father can't come, nurse. God has given him a big city church. I'm bad and only Billy. O Father, Father! and I'm not dead, either, I know I'm not. It is better than the Prodigal, for when he was a long way off, when *Billy* was a long way off, *his father came to Billy*."

"O Father, my Father. Is God like you?"—And Billy was in his father's arms, and both were thanking God.

It was morning when at length the tired traveler started to leave his boy for much-needed rest.

For the last few minutes Billy had apparently been sleeping quietly on his father's arm. As he felt it gently slipping out from under his head he murmured, "Wait, Father. Have prayers first with Billy," and as his Father knelt, Billy clasped both hands around his neck, and reverently the first time in his life, himself led their old-time, simple evening service, that mother, father, and brothers and sisters had once made his cradle song—that Father, Jane and himself had in later years held so often in solemn conclave.

Sweetly and rapturously as if kissed by the coming sunbeams sang out Billy's voice in the morning air, "I believe in God the Father!" and again as if such wondrous music caressed his very soul with triumphant accents came the world-old song, "I believe in God the Father!"

And this was Billy's ordination service, for he did not die, but he and Father together went out to a holy ministry on the Great Highway.

# The Nobility of the Trades

THE FARMER, 1600-1900

By Charles Winslow Hall

WITH the advent of the Seventeenth Century and succession of the Stuart dynasty to the throne of Great Britain began the many attempts to settle North America which did not end in failure and eventually opened to the laborers of England a new land in which the underpaid and often unemployed freeman could find work at fair wages, with decent food and lodging, and also very much needed education in self-respect, morality and decent living, which fitted him to become a freeman of the colony, and to receive a due allotment of land whereon he could build and maintain a home.

Thousands of such poor laborers were eventually sent into the "Plantations," and much has been written to chronicle the injustices, cruelties and humiliations practised upon many of the poorer sort, who helped to build up a New England in the American wilderness.

True it is, that rebels saved from massacre in battle or hanging judges in state prosecutions were sold like sheep, to be transported across the Atlantic, and sold into servitude for a term of years, and it is probable that many cases of "crimping" and private conspiracy to remove an enemy or rival, reduced to misery and unwonted hardships men of the better classes; but the agricultural laborer on the big manors of Elizabethan England was poorly paid, miserably odged, had no more idea of sanitary cleanliness, or separate sleeping arrange-

ments than an Esquimaux, and even at that was fortunate as compared with hundreds of thousands of his fellow-countrymen, who as "masterless men," "strong rogues" and "vagabonds," filled the prisons, and workhouses, and too often loaded the gallows of an England that could not give them work, and would not let them beg.

For although hundreds of square miles of cultivated lands had been made sheepwalks and pastures, and the trade in English wool had immensely increased, the local and foreign demand for grain had failed to largely increase investment

or profit in cereal farming, and there was little diversified cultivation of root crops, turnips, beans, peas, etc.

As has often been the case in our own newer settlements, the lack of transportation facilities rendered it impossible to sell a surplus of grain to advantage, and the utter wretchedness of English roads at

this period can never be realized by the modern reader. Where river lighterage could be used, or coasting vessels could safely ply to the larger seaports, there were at times fair prices for the farmer's surplus staples, but the available tonnage at that date was very limited and largely engaged in the exportation of wool and animals and the importation of foreign wines and wares.

But the depredations of the pirates, who in that era always infested the English Channel, at times made it impos-



THE FARMSTEAD OF YEARLY  
TENANTS, 1600-1850

sible to carry on even the coasting trade, and left every small seaport practically in a state of siege. For at the time when Puritan and Pilgrim were preparing to sail for America this was the first and greatest danger of all to be encountered,

set upon by two great Turkish men-of-war, near Scilly, and were obliged to run ashore in order to save themselves. Divers fishermen to the number of forty taken. The 'Lark' of Topsham, of the burthen of eighty tons, having fifteen men and a boy,



THE SQUIRE'S. GRIMSTONE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

and it was considered necessary not only to put each vessel in a complete condition for defence, but to form a squadron of several sail whose size and readiness for attack or defence should appal the corsairs or at all events meet their attack with resolution and effect.

That such an attack was anticipated by Winthrop and his associates when they sailed from Plymouth for Boston in 1630 is plainly admitted in his diary, and that it was no empty fear which prompted the leaders of the enterprise may be gathered from a copy of instructions given in 1636 to an English solicitor, employed to draw up and present a petition to Charles I for redress against the pirates.

"23rd July, 1636—From Plymouth it is advertised that fifteen sail of Turks were upon this coast, and had done much mischief. The losses sustained from this source as set forth by letters from Plymouth were as follows:

"The 'Dorothy' of Dartmouth, of eighty tons, taken near Scilly, about a month since. A collier of Axmouth coming with culm, was chased by the Turks and very barely escaped. The 'Swan' of Topsham,

was lately taken, and the master slain. The 'Patience' of Topsham was taken two days after her setting out on her voyage to Newfoundland. The 'Rose-garden,' a barque of Topsham, coming from Morlaix and having aboard her near one hundred fardels of white ware belonging to the merchants of Exeter and other places, and the barque, goods and seamen carried away by them. There are five Turks in the Severn, where they weekly take either English or Irish, and a great number of their ships in the Channel, upon the coast of France and Biscay, whereby it is come to pass that our mariners will no longer go to sea, nor from port to port; yea, the fishermen dare not put to sea to take fish for the country. If timely prevention be not used, the Newfoundland fleet must of necessity suffer by them in an extraordinary manner. These annoyances are principally by the pirates of Salee, which is a place of little strength, and they might easily be kept in, if some few ships were employed to lie upon that coast."

It was not only the fear of death and wounds and the loss of property which paralyzed the courage of the mariners of

Devon and Dorset, many of them the survivors and descendants of the devoted sea-fighters who in 1587-88 had chased the Spanish Armada from the chops of the Channel to the Flemish sand-dunes; it was the fear of that infernal debasing and fatal "white slavery" which sent the Christian woman and child to the harem, and the man to a slavery which not even the almost certain prospect of a profitable ransom failed to ameliorate in any considerable degree.

Other conditions militated against the creation of a steady and increasing wholesale business in cereals. In 1552 it was enacted: "That any person that shall buy merchandise, victual, etc., coming to market, or make any bargain for buying

market, or within four miles thereof shall be deemed a *rebater*. Any person buying corn in the fields, or any other corn with intent to sell again, shall be reputed an *unlawful engrosser*." It seems impossible that such laws should not only have been passed, but continued in force for generations.

"Market-day," for ages an institution in England, still exists in certain localities, and may still be studied with interest by the tourist who visits Halifax, Nova Scotia, or Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, where large enclosures and roomy market-houses are maintained for the benefit of the country people, and such citizens as have established a regular market business. Everything from live



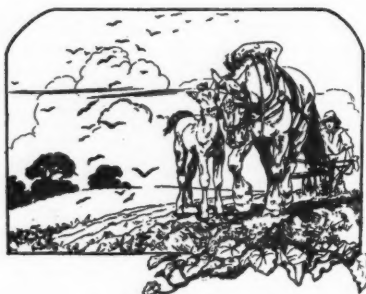
THE WALLED TOWN—1600

the same before they shall be in the market ready to be sold, or shall make any motion for enhancing the price, or dissuade any person from coming to market, or forbear to bring any of the things to market, he shall be deemed a *forestaller*. Any person who buys and sells again in the same

stock to a bouquet of flowers may be brought here for sale, the owner being allotted a suitable place, and charged a small fee for his accommodation, and while most of the market-people are far from being especially rustic in their dress or speech, the variety, and sometimes the



peculiarity of their offerings still suggest the important part which the English market and its legal control played in the local and business life of three centuries ago. To keep down the wages of servant and farm labor, and to depress the cost of cereals and cattle to a level at which



THE OLD WAY—1800

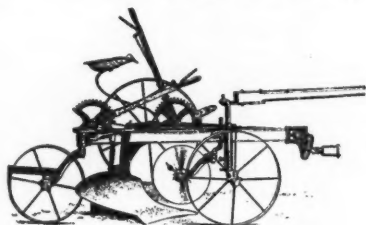
these low wages could save the hired laborer from semi-starvation, was the twin-problem set before the magistrates who made and enforced laws of the town and town-market in those days.

The corn-laws, which were intended to further prevent exportation, gradually raised the limit from six shillings and eight-pence the quarter (that is eight bushels) of wheat in 1463, to forty-eight shillings in 1663, after which date importation was burdened with duties, although the corn laws were suspended three or four times, and often amended during this period before they were finally repealed in 1846.

As a result of these conditions, only a local demand and access to near markets gave the agriculturist, who did not devote the greater part of his energies to raising sheep, cattle and horses, his only remunerative sale for the products of the soil, and the payment of tithes to the parish priest, and of innumerable little fees and taxes due the town, or the lord of the manor, with the system of yearly leases which discouraged individual progress or improvement added to the inconveniences under which the poor farmer labored in vain to acquire something more than a bare living, with little prospect from year to year of any increase in wealth or comfort.

The implements and methods of farming had changed little through the centuries, and the English colonists for generations farmed their lands in much the same way as the average agriculturalist in England did at the date of the first departure for Plymouth, Boston, Salem or Saco. The plough was the principal implement, and was made, as to its wood-work, by the carpenter, and ironed and steeled by the blacksmith, who was supplied with iron and steel by the owner—a custom kept up in the Canadian provinces within the last generation, but now abandoned for the purchase of iron and steel plows.

The English towns of those days were not governed like the New England towns, for a mayor and aldermen maintained a city form of government, but they were not only obliged to provide for all peaceful and ordinary expenditures but to build fortifications, provide cannon, powder and small arms, to muster and inspect the soldiery in peace and war, and in almost every way to bear the burdens of not only municipal but national expenditure. It is true that at times the ruling monarch was induced for very shame's sake to defray some share of the more extraordinary expenses of fortifica-



SULKY (RIDING) PLOW—1870

tion and harbor improvements. Thus in 1581, under "good Queen Bess," an annual appropriation of one hundred pounds was granted for the improvement and defense of Lyme Regis, but the first year's gratuity cost sixty-eight pounds for official fees and "graft." Forty years later the deduction was forty-seven pounds, but finally these outrageous charges were reduced to twenty-six and at last to seven pounds sterling. The townsmen and neighboring farmers were also levied upon

for labor on such works, although really a matter for the defence of the realm, and of the vessels and goods of other municipalities. Not only were such injustices common, but pensions granted by the court to veteran soldiers were made payable by the treasurers of the several counties, and made a charge upon the shire in which the veteran resided.

The first English settlers in America took great pains to establish a general ownership of farmlands, and to encourage agriculture in all its branches, even to the planting of orchards and vineyards, the growth of vegetables, herbs and medicinal plants; the home manufacture of woolen, linen and hempen yarns, and weaving the same, and everything that could make the early settlements self-supporting and independent of imported necessities. But for some years food was largely imported from England, and except in Virginia, where tobacco became a profitable crop at an early date, the chief exports from America were lumber, fish, furs and like commodities. For many generations in New England, this idea of producing nearly everything that the family required, and consuming it in the home was with little modification the policy of most of the farming population,



THE ANCIENT HARROW—STILL IN USE

the sale of surplus poultry and dairy products, wool, fruit, maple sugar, staves, shingles, firewood and the like providing the money for the other expenses of the family.

The reclamation of fens and marshes dates back in England to the early part of the twelfth century when Richard de Rulos Lord of Bourne and Deeping in Huntingdonshire, married to the granddaughter of Hereward (Kingsley's "Last of the English") began to drain the fens of the east of England. This example was not

generally followed in other sections, and it is a curious fact, that while the first French settlers in America chose to reclaim low-lying lands in preference to woodlands, immense areas of fresh meadow and salt marsh still lie unreclaimed three centuries nearly after their allotments to English pioneers.



SULKY CULTIVATOR OR LIGHT HARROW

This is the more remarkable that in Nova Scotia the dykes, originally constructed by the hapless Acadians, have been strengthened and multiplied, and the lands thus reclaimed are accounted the most valuable farm acreage in the Province, while along the western rivers millions of acres are made and kept valuable by the dykes and drains that keep back the river floods.

Still it must be remembered that the English settlers poured in in increasing numbers; that the cleared forest gave them building space, logs for houses, fuel for fires, and a chance to raise Indian corn on the burned-over ground, and that masts and spars for the king's navy were wanted in large quantities, as well as potash, pitch, and other forest products. The Indian trade in furs and skins, maple sugar, sassafras root, then considered a specific for many diseases, and the products of the fisheries brought in ready cash, which could not have been assured by shipments of grain, at the high freight rates then in vogue.

But long after the neighboring forests were laid low, and agricultural products became an important article of commerce, the neglect of the pioneers to reclaim wet

marshes and meadows has continued to keep valuable territory unimproved, and in fact worthless.

At an early date shipbuilding became an important and rapidly increasing industry in America, and a greater demand for cargoes to England began to make a market for farm products, and this demand was increased by the Civil War, in which King Charles I lost his kingdom and his head, and which paralyzed the farming industry throughout a good part of the realm of England. Another great calamity which befell England in this century was the "Great Plague" of 1665 which carried off over one hundred thousand people, and close upon this followed

but a system of apprenticeship of white and Indian boys and girls was common in New England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These apprentices practically became members of the family, eating at the same table, attending the same church, and cared for "in sickness and in health," as well as the average farmer's boy of that era. The work was quite hard but not exhausting, and until well into the nineteenth century the scythe, cradle, sickle, hoe, hand-rake and flail were relied upon to the almost total exclusion of farm machinery of any kind.

The home of the writer's ancestors at Ploughed Neck, East Sandwich, Barnstable County, Massachusetts, was, in



THE SOWER

a great fire which destroyed a great part of the city of London, both of which calamities made increased demands for agricultural products and importations. Very little improvement in farming methods is noted in the seventeenth century, but in some districts clover and turnips were grown to feed stock and revitalize the land, and potatoes began to be more generally grown for food. The exportation of wool was prohibited by statute in England in 1647, again in 1660, and again in 1688, a measure which to some extent benefitted the northern colonies, which in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries exported considerable quantities of wool and tallow.

Negro slavery existed to some extent in England and all her American colonies,

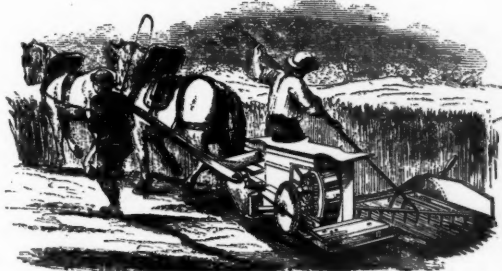
1849, a typical farmstead, and may be worth description. The house was a two-story oblong building, framed of oak, the main timbers being visible in every room as the lathing and plaster were laid on against the sheathing and flooring boards. Roof and sides were covered with hand-riven and shaven cedar shingles, which did not rot but slowly wore away under the action of rain, frost and the attrition of wind-driven sand. A great stack of chimneys included hearths in the three lower rooms, and one chamber, of the four overhead, and warmed to some extent the great unfinished garret.

The kitchen was the "living room" of the house, extending clear across the northerly end, excepting the cellarway, buttery and a small bedroom on the

eastern side of the house. The great fireplace would take a six-foot log, leaving room for the big brick oven and chimney corner in which one could sit in cold weather. The back stairs led out of the kitchen over the slant of the chimney, and from the front door another pair of stairs, very narrow, and making three very angular turns, led to the second floor. Old-fashioned chairs, seated with rushes or leather, a table, light-stand and clock furnished the kitchen, and an antique bookcase, one or two tables, some well-made painted chairs, and Venetian shades of hard-wood ribbons, the sitting room. The andirons and fire equipage in this room were ornamented with brass and steel work, which were kept bright from one year's end to another. The parlor

of captured Louisbourg in 1745; cross-belts, cartridge boxes and bayonets, which had been worn in the militia coastguard in the Revolution and the War of 1812, and British cannon shot that had sought to drive away the musketeers, gathered to defend some vessel driven into the nearest haven for safety. The muskets hung on the hooks in the houses of father and son, still useful, although the ancient flintlocks were altered to percussion, and the crazy stocks had been repaired and strengthened again and again.

And here it should be said that the farmer and herdsman in every new country, and especially in America, has been the chief pioneer of civilization. True it is that the soldier, trapper, miner, lumberer, may for brief periods, or in



HUSSEY'S REAPING MACHINE (1850)

was carpeted and had the handsomest hearth and fire-equipage of all; fancy candlesticks and some display of rare shells, whale's teeth, curious ware and like reminders of bygone voyages to foreign lands and distant seas.

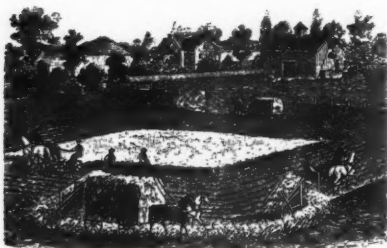
The garret was a very treasury of things new and old, including wornout tools and implements, old-fashioned clothing, hats and headgear, great hogsheds of seed grain, bunches of dried herbs, packages of ancient colonial proclamations and papers, and curious shelf ornaments, including a "Garden of Eden" in wax, in which Adam and Eve had evidently met with a "fall" which had destroyed whatever attractions the old-time artist had bestowed upon them. More significant were swords, rusty and sheathless, that had gleamed on the decks of colonial armed vessels, and in the streets

certain localities, make way for the farmer, and even make it possible for him to enjoy safety and an ample market for his products. But the farmer has generally built his log house, or humble shack, well up to the frontier line, and often beyond it, and held his dangerous position by rifle and musket, and the walls of garrison houses built, armed and provisioned by himself and his neighbors, when colonial state and federal legislatures fought over skimpy measures of defense and were not ashamed of their cruel neglect, when messengers told of alien forays and savage massacres. From the "Field of the First Encounter" on Cape Cod in 1620, to the last Apache raid in the nineteenth century, and in every war that has called into the field the levies of the king or the volunteers of the Republic, the farmer has ever demonstrated his love

of native land, and his readiness to lay down his life in its defense or honor.

The barn was fairly large with the cattle stalls on the right of the entrance, and the "bay" or enclosed space for the sheep on the left. The box stall for the horse and the rear door leading from the main floor opened into the barnyard on the east.

There were three orchards belonging wholly or in part to this farm, including a number of "Highbough sweetings," "Pig nose" and "Spice" apples; "Summer," "Button" and "Orange" pears; some English cherries and other nearly extinct varieties of fruit; with an old-fashioned garden, in which a great clump of "lovage" furnished bits of aromatic root, which could be surreptitiously chewed in church



MOWING MACHINE AND SELF-LOADING WAGON

during somniferous sermons. A quaint, two-seated wagon, a hay wagon and ox-cart, sled, and drag for heavy stone, etc., made up the transportation outfit.

A steady old horse, a pair of oxen, another of steers, four or five cows, with pigs, calves, sheep, poultry, etc., would be the average list of live stock kept up from year to year.

The woodland provided soft pine and hard oak for firing, an adequate supply of hornbeam, hickory, etc., for making axe helves, etc., and certain swampy lots tall cedars, wild grapes, blueberries and cranberries in their season.

There were plenty of whortleberries, high-bush and low-bush blackberries, beach plums of varying size and excellence, and strawberries, all of which varied the fare without the expenditure of money.

There were red deer, partridges, quail

and rabbits in the woods and swamps; wild fowl and beach birds, close at hand and easily procured; trout, perch, pike and bass in the streams and ponds, and all kinds of sea-fish, including the delicious bass, besides eels, clams, quahaugs, scallops, etc.

The good wife and girls spun woolen yarn on the "big wheel" and linen thread on the "little wheel," and wove woolen and linen fabrics, besides rag-carpets of enduring stiffness and a multiplicity of colors. All the hosiery, mittens, scarves, etc., were knitted at odd moments, or when the work was done for the day and neighbors came in to knit and gossip together.

Cheese was made in the summer on the co-operative plan by which four cattle owners, owning say fourteen milch cows, received all the milk night and morning, according to the daily yield of their little herd. Thus given two families having five cows each, one with three and one with one, supposing that the average yield per cow was the same, in two weeks, two owners would make five cheeses each; one would press three, and one only one cheese, but this one would be as good and as large as any of the rest.

The crops included Indian corn, rye, oats, English hay and sometimes clover; with yellow pumpkins, watermelons, squashes, turnips, carrots, etc., etc.; none of which were raised in large quantities; indeed the plan seemed to be an adequate provision for the food of the family and stock, and a sufficient surplus for clothing, taxes, merchant attendance, religious contribution, etc.

There was no stove, but the cooking in the "Dutch oven," and brick oven, or over the hot embers, was perfect in its way and did not lack variety. White and brown bread, mince, apple, berry, custard, lemon, and pumpkin pies, huge sheets of light yellow gingerbread, jumbles, cookies and tarts, Indian puddings, great jars of baked pears and baked beans, chicken pies of a noble amplitude and flavor, seemed to pour out of that big oven every Saturday, without any sign of the "high cost of living" that makes us misers of meat, and very Shylocks in our provision of other dainties.



Beside the farm work there were summer days when the seine boat was manned, and the shoreline skirted, until a school of mackerel or sea-bass could be enclosed and laid flapping upon the beach, or perhaps the ever-ready whaler was launched when the lonely look-out hoisted his flag to show that a whale had wandered inshore and might be captured. There was no lack of experienced harpooners, or daring boatmen among the quiet, God-fearing neighbors of the East Sandwich farms.

Not every section of New England afforded so many resources, but nearly all reflected like conditions and ways of living, and as the young people grew up they went to the cities or pushed on into the wilderness, getting a broader arena in which to improve upon the methods of their fathers. In the Eighteenth Century the success of the Revolution opened to the United States a larger field of commercial activities and the struggle between Napoleon and Great Britain greatly advanced the prices of wheat, which in 1795 rose from fifty shillings to eighty-one shillings six pence a quarter, and in 1812 reached 126 shillings, six pence for eight bushel of wheat or nearly four dollars a bushel.

The fall of Napoleon in 1813 suddenly reduced these inflated prices, and it became necessary for the English farmer to decrease the labor cost and other items of farm expenditure, to a point where he could compete with the cheaper lands, and in some cases, the cheaper labor of other countries. There is no doubt that the greater part of the improved methods and implements of modern agriculture originated in England, where an up-to-date farm with its buildings, special machinery and convenient arrangements for the care of stock and other purposes, are indeed a revelation to the cruder methods of an American "bonanza farm."

It was not until early "in the forties" that McCormick's and Hussey's American harvesters began to replace the cradle

and the sickle, but it is scarcely to be doubted that as early as 1838 the Rev. Patrick Bell of Carnylie, in Forfarshire, Scotland, had made a harvesting machine which antedated either of the American harvesters. It is said that at least four of the Bell machines were bought and shipped to America, and that the American harvesters embodied all the material features of the Bell machine. All have since given place to the automatic wire-binders, and these again have been replaced by the Appleby twine-binding machines, or have been forsaken for the "header" which seems to be the favorite where the harvest must be "rushed" to save a large acreage of over-ripe



SHEEP WASHING

grain from serious loss by "shelling."

The use of steam in plowing and threshing dates back in England over half a century, but has been carried in Western America into a more general use than anywhere else. Many costly and fatal accidents resulting from the use of steam in traction engines, and from fires set by sparks from their chimneys, have hastened the substitution of oil and gasoline motors, which are much safer, and little if any more expensive in action.

A novel innovation is the use of high explosives for breaking up the "hard pan" of clay lands. Small cartridges exploded at the bottom of holes from three to four feet deep break up the "till" so thoroughly that the rains permeate and soften it to a remarkable degree. It is also used to dig drains and ditches in marsh and meadow lands, and to split up boulders

and excavate stumps, all of which things it does effectively and as a rule more cheaply than in any other way.

The substitution of diversified for staple products has made wonderful records in the last twenty years, and has developed unsuspected virtues and values in large bodies of light and sandy soil along the Atlantic seaboard, where an enormous revenue is derived from "truck," berry and fruit culture.

In connection with these branches of farm industry the production of dried, canned, preserved, pickled and otherwise conserved fruits and vegetables, has been almost wholly developed within half a century, and has already become a very important item of the daily food, not luxury of the American people.

The growth of irrigation systems throughout the world has been a remarkable feature of the agricultural progress of the nineteenth century. The great Assouan dam across the upper Nile has added myriads of acres to the fertilized area of Egypt; France has sown the Northern Sahara with oases, made beautiful and fruitful by artesian wells; British India is dotted here and there by public works, which store up the floods of the periodical rains, against the scorching drought of midsummer, and besides millions invested by corporations and private citizens, the United States government has constructed some splendid irrigation systems in what have been considered irreclaimable deserts.

A governmental movement to educate and encourage the farmer to choose his seed with judgment and care, has been very successful in certain sections where today only the best kernels from the finest ears of corn are chosen for seeding and especially for planting a special area, for the next year's seed. An enormous number and copies of expert suggestions on agricultural topics, are issued and distributed from the presses of the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

As a rule the American farmer of today represents the most independent and comfortably prosperous class of American citizens. The rural delivery post keeps him in daily touch with the world; his fence wires frequently give him cheap tele-

phonic communication with his workmen, neighbors and the nearest town; driven wells and a windmill tank bring pure cold water into house and barn; and the traction engine or gasoline motor-truck, lessen the drudgery of transporting products to market. Prices for many years have steadily advanced on nearly everything that can be produced on a farm, and seem likely to continue to appreciate.

That a very great number of residents in towns and cities must go "back to the farm" can scarcely be questioned, and to do this it will not be necessary to leave their native state in most instances. There are myriads of acres in Massachusetts that have never known hoe or plow, and myriads more, worn out by over-cropping a generation or more ago, that for over a human life have been resting and gathering nitrogen and plant-food from the never idle forces of nature. Even the desert sands will yield good crops if watered and fertilized, and a home market in a thickly-settled state, make "a little farm well-tilled" a good deal more profitable than many a big farm scores of miles from any city.

Above all an increase of our intelligent and enterprising agricultural population will do much to avert the extinction of that great middle class, which, driven out of independent business and manufacturing by corporate and monopolistic competition, and bearing, on the other hand, the burden of increased prices for material and labor, owing to trades-union organization, is being rapidly ground to pieces between the upper and lower millstones of capital and labor. The "Squires," the "landed gentry" of England, have ever maintained their dignity, influence and independence, and the American farmer is beginning to realize that his position and resources far excel those of many who are accustomed to consider him a mere rustic, with no claims to respect or deference.

On the shoulders of the farmer, among all the workers of the human hive, is laid the burden of producing the "daily bread" which is indispensable to existence, and those other products which furnish the luxuries of the table, for all classes. Into his specialty, the promoter of corporations and trusts can never intrude.

# SENTIMENT And The SENIOR

by  
M r v i n F e r r e e



**H**E had taken the footpath across the fields and pastures that he might gain the farmhouse unobserved, and a sense of shame spoke in his lagging steps and uneasy face. He had hoped to form some definite line of action before being discovered. But even as he rested his arms on the top rail of the lane bars, his first furtive glance over the quiet, homely farm fell on the bent figure of his father working about the barn. In utter self-derision he contrasted the old man's shabby clothing with his own spruce attire, for he had sought home by unfrequented ways to confess his moral insolvency, for he had nothing left with which to repay the many sacrifices so cheerfully made in his behalf, and this last reminder intensified his tardy repentance.

He picked up his bag and vaulted over the bars, just as his father straightened up in joyous surprise. All that life had to offer would be a cheap price now if it could but buy back the old man's content and happiness.

"Jameson!" cried the old man, advancing stiffly, with both gnarled hands outstretched, "ye've come home to see us."

The son could only seize the hands, clutching so eagerly at his, and wring them in silence.

"Mother!" bellowed the father, snatching up the bag and eying it in genial amazement, "the boy's here. Left all his high-falutin' doings and larning and run down to see us."

Almost at the first words the porch door slammed and a white-haired woman hurried to meet them. "The dear boy," she cooed, appropriating him entirely.

He groaned inwardly as he realized how his honor and success had been the very hope and purpose of their lives and labors.

"Come in! come in!" she cried softly. "To think you should come at the busiest time of your last year."

"We kinder looked for ye in the Easter vacation," said the old man apologetically, "yet we weren't so unreasonable as to expect ye to let a little thing interfere with yer books. Lawd! but it's good to see ye."

"I had to come," cried the boy as they entered the old-fashioned sitting-room.

"It does me a world of good to hear you say so," murmured the mother. "We ain't seen you since Christmas."

It was impossible to tell them just now. He must wait at least until the first fever of their joy had quieted; then, perhaps, he could distort or prevaricate, or do something to soften the blow.

"There! set down under that class flag yer mother pinned up last fall," his father was saying. "Now let's have a good squint at ye. I snum, Jameson! but ye do looked peaked. Why, mother, he looks all tuckered out. Why in sin didn't ye

write me to meet ye instead of toting that derned handsome carpet-bag three miles?"

"I didn't know I could come till the last minute," was the weary explanation.

"Be you ill, Jameson?" anxiously queried his mother.

"Yes, yes," he mumbled brokenly, "that is, I'm tired. No, really, nothing ails me beyond that."

"Dang it! What d'ye want to kill yerself for over yer books?" remonstrated the old man, pushing back his spectacles and gazing at the youth in mild disapproval.

"Why didn't ye steal out and play a few of them golf games and git perked up a bit? I was looking over about a ton of yer truck this morning and stole one of yer clubs to drive nails with. The game must be broadening to the mind. See what I did to my finger." And he chuckled as he exhibited a swollen digit. "And I didn't say a single cuss word, neither."

"And to think of the money I've spent in buying that stuff," muttered the son.

"No such a thing," defended his mother. "In climbing up a ladder that reaches to a diploma, you must have some easy rungs. It's all a part of your education and we've gloried in it. Whenever you've fetched home a new music instrument or any other fixing, your father has always been pleased and vowed you should go through college in a pleasant way."

"That's the idea," affirmed the father. "The farm can send you through flying—and has. From the very start we planned ye should have all yer mind for yer books and a decent amount of play. No slave-driving game for Jameson, says I; and we're satisfied with the way it's worked out. All we asked was that ye bring us a rip-bang diploma at the end."

"You've done too much for me."

"No, siree!" denied the father brusquely.

"We jest suited ourselves. To be honest, we was selfish through it all, and by the Old Harry we've got him!" And he smote his palms exultingly.

"And your father didn't use any disagreeable language when he pounded his finger, dear, because it was your club," smiled the mother, brushing back his hair in the old, fond way.

"I cussed like a trooper when I got out to the barn," growled the father.

"And you've been so anxious to do well

at graduation that you've hurt your health," continued the mother, oblivious of her husband's gaze. "Why, you don't even talk."

"I shall be all right soon," he muttered, almost desperate enough to take advantage of their fears and give way to the physical strain. "To see you two has done me good already," he added.

"Bless his heart," whimpered the mother, not attempting to conceal her tears.

The father, made of sterner stuff, yet envying her in all her little affectionate prerogatives, winked owlishly and arose

and drank deeply from the long-handled dipper. Then he declared, "Wal, young man, seeing as how ye've almost ruined yer health by too much study, we shall expect something pretty pert from ye at commencement."

"You know, dear, we're going to be there to hear you," confided his mother. "We'd planned it as a surprise, but as you've been so good and thoughtful to come to us when commencement is only a few days off, I guess I'll let the cat out of the bag." And she smiled in happy expectancy of his delectation.

"It's—it's too good of you!" he cried passionately. Then he closed his eyes to conceal their misery. He had not counted on this exigency. They must be spared for the moment at any cost. He should have remained in town and by



"All we asked was that ye bring us a rip-bang diploma at the end"

written communications broken the blow by degrees. Now that course was too late.

"Ye'll be going back on the night train, I s'pose," the old man regretted.

This gave him a hint of one last thin possibility and he hastened to return, "Yes, I could steal away for only a few hours. I must go back, this afternoon."

"But the baggage ye fetched?" mildly reminded his father, scrutinizing the bag.

"Only some odds and ends I wanted to leave," he explained, heartsick at falsehood.

"And don't, please don't," he begged, "expect me to do anything at graduation. There's lots of chaps brighter and better than I in the class."

"Why, Jameson Ridley!" gasped his mother, highly indignant at such heresy.

"Tut! tut!" scoffed his father. "Modesty is a good thing, but, dod rot it, boy, what have yer mother and me been waiting for, and scrimping and saving for, all these years? Neither of us are fools, and we pride ourselves on having started our only son square. I swan! ye've simply got to beat 'em all, or ye'll be playing ag'in us. Why, he can't help beating 'em. Look at yer mother! Wa'n't she the brightest gal in the whole neighborhood? Wa'n't she run after by every youngster? Huh! talk to me about yer being several rods behind in the homestretch and I'll larrup ye." And he chuckled in much good humor. Then with a mischievous twinkle:

"Jest because of yer mother alone ye must come out ahead. D'ye know why she was so sot on ye going to college?"

"Henry Ridley, stop!" she commanded.

"Because," persisted the old man in high glee, "once a young schoolteacher in this neighborhood, who is a college professor somewhere, got sweet on her." Her smiling confusion, spiced with a touch of indignation, added zest to his enjoyment.

"Henry, I'm ashamed of you talking such nonsense," she protested, yet not successful in attempting to smother the inception of a complacent smile. "The idea; I'll never tell you anything again as long as I live. A young man may be foolish without being told on. You was foolisher." But with a toss of her head she confessed, "Not that I didn't have

my share of good looks in my younger days."

"God help a poor, weak fool," groaned the youth, as he stumbled up the narrow stairs leading to his low-roofed room to get ready to return to the college from which he had been expelled.

II

"Well, Ridley, what is it?"

The youth turned eagerly from the window by which he had been dully waiting, but his heart sank as he scanned the stern jaw and strong face of the tall, thin, white-haired president. Instinctively he knew all was won or lost in the first few words, but he could only cry out: "Have mercy on a fool."

"Now, now, Ridley," protested the president in icy disapproval, "how many times have you young gentlemen been told that the way of the transgressor is hard? How many times have you been informed that it is useless to appeal to me and seek to take the advantage of my sympathies when once the faculty has joined with me in taking a certain course of action? What I may personally feel toward any misguided student must not deter me from being just. And certainly do I owe it to those young gentlemen who have always conducted themselves uprightly, to carry out my decision in your case—or in any case where repeated infraction of our rules is the offence. I am very sorry, very sorry indeed, Ridley, that you should embarrass me by calling here tonight. It's—ah—it's almost unjust of you, inconsiderate, to say the least. Go home and strive to start anew. With new and purer purposes seek—"

"I'm not pleading for myself," broke in Ridley despairingly, with passionate, unfaltering speech. "I'm pleading for an old man and woman, my parents—the best in the world—who have centered every attention and loving thought on giving me a chance. It will ruin the last years of their simple, honest lives if they learn of my disgrace. I went home yesterday to tell them all. To have told them anything would have broken their hearts. My God! isn't there such a thing as a reprieve? Even a felon sometimes enjoys a commutation of sentence. Must their souls' peace be damned because of my



folly? Have I committed so unpardonable an offence that lasting sorrow must come to them? Grant me one more boon."

"Now, now, Ridley," deplored the president wearily, "I have heard all this before—alas, so many times. The evil we do always rests most severely on the innocent."

"But the price is too great in this instance," pleaded the youth. "See: I have been a woeful fool—admitted. I have wasted my father's hard-earned money. I have lived uselessly—and yet, if your object is to punish me, to correct



"Well, Ridley, what is it?"

me, I've learned my lesson thoroughly. There is nothing you can say in censure, there is no moral you can point, there is no phase of mental suffering you may wish to inflict, beyond what I have said to myself and writhed beneath. Yesterday, when I looked into their honest old faces and shivered under the gaze of their blindly proud eyes, I ran the whole gauntlet of abasement. I am pleading, I tell you, for the peace of two pure lives—I plead for the aged, the self-sacrificing"—and his hands were thrown wide in boyish eloquence—"I plead for a good man and a noble woman. Grant me some leniency and I'll pay any price. Let me but remove this from them and I'll submit to anything. But God help them, both if you will not!"

The president's face lost something of its weary sternness as he followed the

youth's vehement and fiery appeal. It was sophomoric, of course, and yet interesting from its sincerity. Finally he inquired, "And your request is?"

"That I be permitted to stand on the stage with the other students and to deliver my class part. That I be allowed to receive—a blank diploma."

"You ask too much, even on the plea of mercy," said the president coldly.

"They are coming here. They will sit well in front. They will proudly wait for their poor devil of a son to deliver the address they know he has prepared. And I regret to say they will expect much of him," continued the youth wildly. "What difference does it make to you and your sentence if I am allowed to take a member's place and file on and receive a worthless roll of paper? What odds if I take my part? If I do not do the last, their hearts are broken. If I am indulged in all I ask my punishment is none the less severe—nay, it is increased. The iron has grilled me through and through. And, after all, your sentence will have been carried out; for I shall not have graduated."

"Impossible!" muttered the president, frowning.

"Don't say that," groaned the other. "Remember, I came here a raw country boy. I was ignorant of consequences. I have ended as I began—a fool. But, by the memory of some overpowering, all soul-filling want of your own at some time—grant me this."

The appeal did not impress the president as being magniloquent. Instead, he bowed his head and stared at the petitioner dreamily for a few seconds, and then said gravely, "My great desire when I was a youth was denied me. But there! God forbid I should not temper justice with mercy to the innocent—your parents. Go to your room, Ridley. Appear with the others, deliver your part—and receive an unsigned diploma. But remember, I am permitting this deceit for the sake of an old father and mother, who in the fondness of their love cannot imagine you guilty of any undesirable thing, and whose great love has not deserved the pitiable return you have made it." Then more sternly: "Go to your room, sir, and remember that while you have received a

reprieve—after doing evil—there are men who have been denied their heart's dearest wish, although they were actuated only by the best motives, and failed. Good-night. No; don't thank me. Thank your God for such a father and mother."

### III

Of all the fond parents who gathered at the college commencement, perhaps young Ridley's father and mother evidenced as much complacent joy as any. To this old couple the occasion was purely a personal one. The college buildings were erected expressly for their boy; the campus was thronged and decorated only for him. In fact, they could not imagine that anything surpassed the interest of his four years of activity there.

From his early childhood they had worked and prayed for this day, had sacrificed for it—and behold! it was now realized. Other triumphs would come in due season, but the present, overwhelming in its completeness, was their very own, bought with many cares and labors. And so the great joy radiating from their faces was not that of onlookers, but of participants.

In his turn he lavished every attention upon them, feeling the fervor of one reprieved. He took them to his rooms—most students enjoyed but one—and waited humbly while they idolized them. He took them to dinners, and, to top all extravagances, insisted they revel in the dissipation of the town's one theater. In this round of undreamed-of delectation, they could see only the loving handiwork of their boy. The theater had been created solely for them, because of his forethought; for them swept on the nerve-tingling "cane-rush"; for them and them alone was the medley of three days' doings celebrated; but the last and greatest delight was the class graduation.

When he mounted the platform and encountered their confident, complacent gaze, all timidity left him; and whereas he had neglected them for four years, he now poured out his whole soul to them alone. Uplifted by the awakening of his better nature and inspired by an intense realization of all their goodness, he abandoned the cut-and-dried mannerisms of conventional declamation, and in his

address embodied much of his passionate appeal to the president.

The audience applauded and said young Ridley was an orator; the faculty sighed and whispered that he might have made a gallant figure in the law; the president pursed his lips and sought to crystallize into definiteness the film of a day's dream, suggested by the boy's impassioned demeanor! But the old father and mother, unashamed of streaming tears, murmured to each other in an ecstasy of pride, and the climax was capped when he received his valueless diploma.

As their satisfaction reached its zenith, so, inversely, did the fear of an awakening sink into his soul; and he groaned inwardly in lamenting he should so tardily impersonate his better self.

"We must see yer president and shake him by the hand," whispered the old man, as the aisles filled with rustling silks. "We must see him and thank him for 'you'—as ye be now," he continued, as they reached the open air. "Lawd! but I bet he hates to lose ye. Gee whittaker! but I wish Tibbetts' store could have heard ye. Ye did it grand. But let's find the president."

"Henry," reminded his wife timidly, yet giving a satisfied switch to her skirts, "mebbe the president is too busy. I'm—I'm almost too happy to see anyone."

"Better go to my rooms," urged the youth. "Maybe—later. Plenty of time."

"No, I'll be danged!" cried the old man stubbornly. "I'm going to see him while I'm in fettle to thank him as I should. I'm going alone if ye two pull back."

The son, praying the president would be engaged, led the way in silence across the campus. Contrary to his hopes, they were admitted, and once they entered the dreaded chambers he begged with his eyes that he might not be exposed.

"My father and mother," he mumbled, and then fled in soul-sick apprehension to an anteroom.

To his surprise the interview was protracted much beyond the time allowed casual callers, and when he was summoned he was glad, for the sake of his telltale cheeks, that it was dusk.

"The president remembers us," mur-

mured his mother, while his father stood very straight in pride.

"Remember *you*," laughed the president softly, as they moved to the door. "As if any of us youngsters could forget Patty Marlin! Yes, I have remembered it all. And to think our young Ridley is the son of the happy man!"

"And to think you should remember so far back," wondered the old lady, smoothing her skirts carefully. "To think, after being a college president, you should remember when you taught a country school in our district."

"I am still a bachelor," reminded the president gallantly, and bowing low as they crossed the threshold. Then, as if by an afterthought, he called after them: "But, Ridley—I now mean the young Ridley—will you stop a bit for a private word?"

The youth returned, with all the old dread revived. "Don't spoil it," he beseeched. "Don't spoil—"

"*It* was all spoiled a long time ago," murmured the president, only half aloud. "A long time ago. Hark! What are the boys singing?"

Ridley bent his ear to catch the farewell song of the old glee club, and half apologetically said, "Only a bit of foolish sentiment, sir. Something about '*An Old Sweetheart of Mine*.'"

"Yes," said the president, softly opening the window and bowing his white head to listen. Then he cried tenderly, "God bless the boys and their foolish sentiment."

But as he stood erect he was his old, grave, stern self, and, facing the boy, he demanded, "Your diploma, Ridley."

"Here, sir," sighed the youth, slowly producing the roll from beneath his arm.

"I knew it must come to this—but it's hard—hard."

The president took the roll almost roughly, tossed it on his desk and studied the abject figure before him for a few seconds. He was *her* son. Then bending quickly he seized a pen and scratched sharply. As he straightened up he returned the paper and said coldly, "Ridley, you are now duly graduated from this college. I have signed your diploma."

## FORGET IT

IF you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,  
A leader of music, marching fearless and proud,  
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud  
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away  
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day  
In the dark; whose showing, whose sudden display  
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a spot in the life of a friend  
(We all have spots concealed, world without end)  
Whose touching his heartstrings would play or rend,  
Till the shame of its showing no grieving could mend,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy  
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,  
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy  
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

—Heart Throbs, II.

# ADVENTURES OF A COUNTRY SCHOOLMARM by Katherine Kingsley Crosby

## I. THE MAKING OF HER

**Y**OU'VE got to leave school and go into the country for a year," said the doctor, tilting back in his swivel chair.

"I can't," replied Drucilla, simply. She looked out of the window across into the wind-swept Common, where the soggy turf was beginning to show the faintest hint of green, though the twigs on the trees were still bare and rattling; it was all the country she knew, very nearly.

"It's not a case of can or can't, young lady. You're going. That's all."

"How?" There was a listless amusement in her voice; she would like to see someone else try to manipulate her affairs—they were quite beyond her.

"Board at a farmhouse—four or five dollars a week—drink a lot of milk, eat a lot of eggs, and live out of doors. I know just the place for you with some friends of mine."

Drucilla took out a shabby little purse, opened it, and poured its contents into her lap.

"Three dollars and fifty-eight cents, and my tuition bill for this semester not paid," she said.

"That isn't all you've got, surely?"

"No, I've two dollars in the savings bank to keep my book," Drucilla admitted, "but even with that—"

"Would you mind telling me how you've been living?" The doctor sat up in his chair.

"I wait on table for my

board at a restaurant, do typewriting for the professors, and correct themes for the English department," the girl explained. "It would be quite easy if it weren't for the tuition. Someone told me I could get my life insured and raise it on that—that's why I came to you."

"You can't get your life insured," said the doctor gently.

"Why can't I?"

"Because you are not what is considered a good risk. You are very much run down, and at the end of your strength; add to that the fact that your mother died of consumption—and you will see what I mean."

Drucilla looked out into the Common again. This time she did not see it. Then she bowed her head and began picking up

the money and restoring it to her purse. Her eyes brimmed, but no tear fell.

"My dear child," said the old doctor, "why don't you borrow some money and take life easy?"

The girl shook her head. "I promised Dad never to borrow," she said with a little choke; "I can't do that."

For a moment the doctor chewed savagely at his moustache. Then—"I have it!" he burst out, "you will go to my friends in Windom—that's a hundred miles north of here—and take the spring term in the district school—it's next door to the house, if I remember. There's always a vacancy—you leave it to



*Now that she must not go on, she realized that she could not*

me! It will be the making of you."

"But I'm only a sophomore," protested Drucilla, opening her eyes so wide with consternation that the tears slipped back, "and I've never taught even a Sunday-school class in all my life!"

"They'll think you a marvel of eru-



"Guess my mother must have been a frog don't you?" and he chuckled gleefully

dition. College girls don't grow on every bush up there. Ever hear of a thing called bluff?" laughed the doctor.

Drucilla turned pink to the ears. "I'm afraid I—I bluff my lessons sometimes," she confessed.

"Only sensible thing I've heard you say this morning," he cried. "You'll do. Don't fret about that. I'll arrange it and let you know. Better send that tuition bill back to the office!" and he bowed her out with a fatherly pat on her shoulder.

By the time she had climbed three flights of stairs into her small, sky-lighted room, Drucilla was too tired to care what she did or where she went. Regardless of Xenophon and Genung lying open on the table, she cast aside her wraps and dropped limply on the bed. Now that she must not go on, she realized that she could not.

Since her father's death two years before she had not known a single day of complete rest. From him she had inherited no money, but an intense ambition to make something of herself, to have an education. For that end she had worked early and late—waiting on table in hotels at nearby beach resorts in the summer,

clerking in stores during the holiday rush in the winter, studying when she could, sleeping when she must. It had seemed that college was worth any sacrifice. Then, after all, to have to give up in the middle of her second year! Drucilla knew that she ought to feel humiliated; she had been defeated in her first great fight; she was down and out; she hadn't made good. Instead, she felt a cowardly relief. She was only nineteen—and so tired.

\* \* \*

A week later Drucilla was leaving the train at Brookford station, accompanied by a shabby suit-case and a small half-trunk that had once been her mother's—they held all her worldly possessions.

"I'm reversing the usual order of things," she thought, as the first whiff of mountain air met her on the platform and set her blood tingling; "I'm leaving the city to seek my fortune in the country!" And at that moment she felt ready for a good stout search!

A youngster of fifteen or so took her bag and led her to a democrat wagon drawn up at the curb.

"I thought you must be the new teacher," he explained cheerfully, "you look like you'd been to college, somehow. Jump right in, and I'll get your trunk in a jiffy." And he was off with a merry whistle.

Drucilla hadn't met anyone quite like him before, but she decided that he was an interesting type. Up to this time people had always impressed her as being interesting types—or as not being interesting. It's the Boston attitude, and she had acquired it young.

Harry, the farm boy, returned, still whistling, and a minute later they were off down the main street of the town. Drucilla looked at him sidelong to see if he tallied with the descriptions she had read of country lads. Stocky build, light hair, freckled snubby nose, blue eyes—yes, he was quite the type. Except that there was a quizzical cast in one of those eyes, and a lift to the corners of his mouth, which gave him the drollest possible expression even when he was trying hard to look serious.

They had barely left Brookford behind when he gave the horse a final cluck, settled back in his seat, and began to give



the new teacher a brief summary of his career. Yes'm, he worked on the Deecies' farm; all the year round, yes'm. Liked it—pretty well, but wanted to be a chauffeur. Guessed he'd go to the city when his time was up. He had only three years more, then they'd give him fifty dollars and a suit of clothes. Yes'm, and he could go anywhere he pleased.

"But where are your people?" asked Drucilla.

"People?—oh, you mean family. Haven't any—not a one. Found me in a swamp when I was a week old—someone did; guess my mother must 'a' been a frog, don't you?" and he chuckled gleefully.

It seemed that the state had taken him over and given him, with a lot of other boys, to an old woman to bring up. He had gone to school and worked out-of-doors and taken the thrashings that came his way—he described the old woman's prowess with great gusto—but had finally come up here to Windom to serve out the rest of his time with the Deecies.

By the time the narrative was ended they were well out into the country, which was crammed with big, sleepy-looking mountains all dullish purples and browns. The roadsides were soft with a blur of pussy willows, and every now and then a turn in the road would show a new mountain looming up through a mist of white birches against a china-blue sky. A frolicsome little brook pattered alongside or hid itself with sudden shyness behind some lichened ledge. Once a furry brown rabbit scuttled across the road, and Harry pointed out deer-tracks in the dust, with crooked little fawn-tracks hurrying to keep up.

Drucilla was amazed at his sleuth-like ability in this line; he seemed able to tell at a glance just who had been over the road that morning, where they were going, and why!

"Jim Saccam must 'a' had an extra order for his lithia water—this ain't his day to go to town; them's his old mare's tracks

—see, she's lame in the off hind foot," and he pointed out the hoof-print with his whip. Drucilla felt stirred to emulation.

"There's been a motor car along, too," she observed.

"Three of them," corrected Harry, with a glance at her out of the corner of his eye; "two of 'em from out of town, I guess, but the one with the nubby tires is the Squire's—gee, I'm making po'try!" he discovered in amazement.

Drucilla laughed outright. "But who is the Squire?" she asked.

"City feller come up here farmin' for his health," answered Harry scornfully; "don't know no more about agriculture 'n the old cat. His mail comes addressed Edwin Montgomery, Esquire—guess that's how they got to callin' him Squire." They jogged on in silence for a while, then he appeared to consider it time his companion did some talking and made a tactful opening. "Everybody's wondering why on earth you wanted to come off up here to teach in Number 7," he said.

"Why not?" Drucilla was startled.

"Oh, the place is all right, of course—for the country; but where you live in



"That's our place . . . yes, the yellor one!"

Boston and go to college—" there was awe in his voice, but Drucilla looked at him to make sure he was not laughing at her; then she remembered what the doctor had said about her qualifications as a teacher.

"I got tired of school," she explained

"and—I have never been in the country in the spring." This was not all the truth, but enough of it to serve. Harry could understand and sympathize, too, as it turned out.

"You do get awful tuckered out going to school," he agreed, "even when you like the teacher."

"Are you going to like me?" Drucilla said it before she realized how it would sound, but it was too late.

"You'll be all right after you've been here awhile," the boy answered honestly; "you need to get sort of limbered up, that's all." After a moment's reflection, "That's what the Squire needs, too; he ain't stuck up, exactly, but—"

The new teacher broke in hurriedly with a question about the school, and then about the neighborhood, effectually changing the subject and incidentally reaping a harvest of quaint details. It was nearly noon when they finally came in sight of their destination, and by that time she was well primed with local lore—genealogy, biography, history. Part of it was humorous, but a lot of it wasn't, even the way Harry told it. He stopped midway in his discourse and pointed down the road with his whip.

"That's our place," he informed her proudly; "yes, the yellor one—the only house in sight."

Drucilla's heart warmed to it from that first glimpse. It was such a cheerful place, in the April sunlight; two stories front, sloping to one in the back, painted yellow with green blinds, and its small-paned windows filled with blossoming geraniums. A big square chimney in the center bore the date 1759. There was an ell at the right, with a huge barn beyond. A walnut tree with a seat about it stood guard over the dooryard.

Level fields stretched away to the hills, which seemed to wall the farm in on all sides. Old Dog Mountain rose some four thousand feet behind the house—a great lazy hulk of a mountain, all ledges and scabbly pasture-land. The girl had scarcely time to wonder why the hills all looked so sleepy, when they drew up at the door and a stout motherly woman came out to greet her, followed by a small and very much excited white fox terrier, yapping at her heels.

"So you're the new teacher!" she cried cheerily, "come right along in—dinner's ready and waiting. Harry, you see to her things—careful, Dixie—Mudder'll step on you in a minute if you don't look out!" This to the small dog, who subsided sufficiently to lead the way into the kitchen, where dinner was waiting on the table.

The kitchen was a big, sunny room with a beamed ceiling and a chimney place where, in olden times, they had roasted their bears whole. The floor was broad-planked, yellow-painted, and strewn with braided rugs. Under one window was an old lounge where several cats of assorted sizes were playing tag; Drucilla was glad that she had long made up her mind to spinsterhood—she could play with them without a qualm!

Presently Mr. Deecie came in, and they all sat down. Drucilla would never have guessed that he was a deacon in the church, and had been to the legislature, there was such a twinkle in his eyes and a rollicking laugh that helped to keep things going. Not that things needed very much help, though, for Mrs. Deecie was a team in herself when it came to fun-making, and Harry was not far behind. They had the happy faculty of seeing every little incident in their daily life in a humorous light.

"Albin was along today; says old man Perch is failing fast; got to the pass now where he wants to keep his boots in the kitchen sink *all* the time." Drucilla remembered the fragment afterward and wrote it out—but it didn't sound so funny as when Mr. Deecie had told it in his saddest voice.

It soon appeared that "Mudder" Deecie's idea of boarding the teacher was to adopt her at once. She called Drucilla by her first name from the beginning, and saw to it that she buttoned her sweater when she went out. Tears came into the girl's eyes the first time that happened; she had heard the girls in school scold about the way their mothers fussed over them, but this kindness made her very happy—wonderfully happy. It never occurred to her to wonder whether or not Mrs. Deecie was "interesting"!

After dinner they took her upstairs to her room—big and low-ceiled like the rest,

with heart-shaped openings at the top of the door panels. The floor was covered with matting, the furniture modern, except the bed. That was a four-poster, so high that Drucilla was sure climbing into it would be fine practice for the ascent of Old Dog.

That afternoon the wind came up, and she discovered where the town must have

got its name. All night long it roared through the trees outside her window with a rush like the threshing of heavy seas about a ship, and shook the house till her lofty bed rocked like a cradle. She burrowed way down into the husk mattress, pulled the flannel sheets up about her ears, and drifted off to sleep, thinking for once in her life about people instead of books.

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## SOWING AND REAPING

By E. B. LA COUNT

SOW thy seed and reap in gladness!  
If thou reap that not, what then?  
Garner thou with joy or sadness  
Harvests sown by other men!

Plant with faith and tenderly nourish  
That, in blessed after-years,  
Harvests rich and fuel may flourish  
Where were spent your smiles and tears.

Sow a smile in woe's deep furrow;  
Drop a tear on grief's torn heart!  
Fain tomorrow is to borrow  
Balm that yesterday was smart.

Do the deed that helps your neighbor;  
Speak the word which anguish craves;  
Brighten care and lighten labor;  
Weep with mourners o'er their graves!

"Every sowing has a reaping"—  
Sow on, then, Love's perfect seed,  
That some soul, o'er bare fields weeping,  
Reap your harvest to his need.

## THE VOYAGER

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

LONG, long ago God gave to me      No sails hung ready to my hand—  
A tiny craft all fresh and new;      'Twas plain that I must make my own  
He christened it my Ship of Life,      And so from every gull that flew  
And set me on its deck, in lieu      I coaxed a feather, seaward blown,  
Of weathered captain and a crew.      To be with my materials sewn.

And then one day they hung entire,  
My dainty cockle-shell to grace;  
How tenderly the breezes crept  
From off the ocean's placid face,  
Against my sails of snowy lace!

A babe cooed softly in that wind—  
That golden-throated breath of air;  
A fire crackled on a hearth,  
And in its homely, wholesome flare,  
A hand brushed light across my hair.

But all that night the storm-god rode  
His plunging steed, and thrust and fought;  
His frothing hosts behind him swarmed:  
And through my sails so lately wrought,  
Their lances crashed and tore and caught.

So daily, with my broken dreams  
To urge me on, I spun and wove;  
Until a sturdy sail stretched firm,  
And wrestled valiantly, and strove  
With every wind that beat and drove.

For me no more the lurking fear,  
No more the need of stress and strain;  
I rest within my cabin snug,  
While rattle hail and sleet and rain  
Upon my polished decks in vain.

And yet, though all repose is mine,  
At night I lie and listen long,  
For some vague breath of that dear past—  
That lilting, throbbing, quivering song,  
So deathly sweet, so heavenly strong.

That in the vanished Long Ago  
Caressed my soul and lent me grace!—  
That witching and enchanted tune,  
Escaped from some seraphic place,  
To sift itself through sails of lace!

# A BROKEN PINION

By HAROLD STRONG LATHAM



HERBERT SUMMERS paused and looked up from the scroll in his hands out over the audience. For just the fraction of a second there was scarcely a sound and then that vast body, entering into the speaker's mood, laughed, first an embarrassed, apologetic laugh, but one which gradually increased in volume until its roar filled the big gymnasium. An expression of surprise crossed Summers' face, as if laughter was the last thing he had expected. Holding up his hand in mock dignity for silence, he continued his reading of "The History of the Class of 1911."

It was Class Day at Northeastern University, and Summers was Historian. Those of his associates who had looked with surprise upon his elevation to that office, banished their fears after the first sentences of his introduction and devoted themselves to wondering why it was that they had never appreciated that Summers was a wit of the first rank. Bright and studious enough they had known he was, but usually those who were regular in attendance upon lectures and often found in the study halls, made impossible Class Day officers. Summers had been a study hall frequenter, and the reason for his election was a fertile source of speculation among the fraternity men. But elected he had been, and, more than that, he was making good, decidedly good. The first laugh he had aroused was but the forerunner of many. Cocking his head on one side and peering out over his glasses he got off "knocks" which were appreciated by the "admiring

relatives" as well as by the graduates. With a final fling he finished his chronicles and with giant stride, his black gown flowing out far behind him, he went back to his seat, amid the pounding of many hands.

As he sat down at the back of the platform with the other speakers, a bright spot of a familiar shade of blue in the audience caught his eye. He looked quickly away—a dull flush spreading over his face. He knew the wearer of that dress, and he had no wish to meet the gaze which he felt bent upon him. From that moment his whole bearing suffered a change. All signs of the joy of his triumph disappeared, and he was more like a convicted man than an honored leader. It was not a passing mood, either. Even the hearty congratulations of his classmates at the conclusion of the program failed to restore his good humor. When the others, forgetting the dignity in keeping with their newly-won caps and gown bore down in eager haste upon their friends, he stood alone, off at the side, avoiding everyone. Most of the crowd had gone when he turned to where the girl in blue had been. She was still there, waiting expectantly. With a squaring of his jaw, he went over to her.

"What's the matter with you, Herbert? I thought you were never coming. To be sure you're quite the lion of the afternoon, but you didn't expect me to *hunt* you, did you?" The tone was that of good-natured banter.

"I wasn't certain you would care to see me."

"Why, of course, I wanted to. Why shouldn't I? I was terribly proud of you. I wanted everyone to know that you were a friend of mine. I tried to attract your attention when you were on the



platform, but you absolutely ignored me. You were splendid, perfectly splendid! Honestly, Herb, I didn't know you had it in you." This last with a little laugh.

"I'm glad you were pleased. It means a lot to me that you should be, you know."

In answer she shyly slipped her hand in his. "Father and mother are waiting for us," she said after a pause. "They both want to see you."

He followed her out to the campus and over to a seat under a giant tree where they found Mr. and Mrs. Carewe.



*He got off "knocks" which were appreciated by the "admiring relatives" as well as by the graduates*

"Ah, the conqueror comes." Mr. Carewe grasped Herbert's hand vigorously.

"You were a revelation to us this afternoon. Didn't know you cared for that sort of thing or that you could be so easy before a big crowd, if you did. Your stuff was largely impromptu, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Things seemed to come to me that I hadn't thought of before."

"A most excellent characteristic to have when facing an audience. Unfortunately it's quite the opposite way with me. Things I have thought of frequently go. By the way, have you landed that much desired newspaper job yet?"

"I start in next week on the 'Review' of this city. They're going to try me out on some special articles—interviewing people and getting up features about them, you know."

"I am afraid you don't half realize how lucky you are to step right from college into a good position." Mrs. Carewe regarded him doubtfully.

"Oh, I think I do. I know I'm quaking for fear I won't make good."

"If you'll put into your work some of the spice you had in your history of the greatest class that ever was, you'll do very well," Mr. Carewe remarked as he reached over and taking his wife by the arm drew her up from the bench. "It's time for old folks like mother and me to be thinking of home," he said in jovial explanation. "I'll rely upon you to see that Margaret is back in time for a late dinner. Can't you come yourself?"

"Thanks. Sorry, but a class jollification interferes."

"It's been a glorious day—one you'll always remember, and I, too," Margaret Carewe said as she sank into the seat her mother had vacated.

"No, I shall never forget it," Herbert replied as he dropped down on the grass beside her.

\* \* \*

Somehow the girl felt that there was more in his words than appeared on the surface.

"Won't you tell me what it is that you're

thinking about? You haven't been yourself this afternoon. Why didn't you come to me after the exercises? You knew I was waiting."

"I can't tell you now," he said hesitatingly. "Perhaps sometime I will, but not now."

"Well," she smiled good-humoredly, "I'm not going to pout. I suppose you'll tell me when you're ready, so let's change the subject. We'll talk about graduation. How does it feel to be graduated? Aren't you eager to get out into the world?"

"Where have I been for the last four years? Surely a fellow who goes to a college which is located in one of the biggest cities in the land knows something of life. He sees several sides of it."

"Oh, yes, I know, but then, after all, your chief interest has been in your books."

"Perhaps so, but still I've seen the failures and the successes, the good and the bad which are the stuff of life."

"I almost wish I were a man with the possibility of accomplishing things before me, which you have, the surety I might say. You know you'll do things worth while, don't you?"

"I suppose every young man is more or less hopeful of making a name for himself. I have my little ambitions."

"Don't have little, have big ones."

"Well, big then."

"I once heard an old hermit philosopher say that any man who had youth, education and purpose, could, provided he was encumbered with no bad habits, have the whole world at his feet. I believe that, too, don't you? The possibilities are unlimited, if only, unlike Adam, he can let the forbidden apples alone."

"Yes, I suppose I do, but," he mused, "there are so many apples that appear sound until we bite them. Then we see the worm, and it really isn't our fault."

"I never yet saw an apple that was wormy that didn't show it. Sometimes you have to look closely to see the blemish, but it's always there. And it's the little hole on the outside that leads to the big rotteness within. But how absurd!" she broke off, "here we are discussing ethics like two old experienced people of the world. I venture to say you will be able to talk much more illuminatingly

about appearance and reality a year from now. Didn't you say that there was a faculty tea in Bliss Hall?"

"Of course. I'd almost forgotten." Herbert rose to his feet and they made their way slowly across the campus, which, with its bright patches of young people, had never looked more festive.

Though Summers had taken little part in college activities outside of his studies, it was not from lack of inclination, but from his sense of duty. His education was being given him by the only relative he had in the world, an uncle, and he felt obliged to make the most of his opportunity, which he saw only in the more strict sense of book knowledge. Though his uncle was a bachelor and had few responsibilities aside from the nephew whom he had adopted at the death of the boy's father, college was an expense he could ill afford.

Summers' instincts were literary, and probably he had never been prouder than when a short article of his was published in the "University Monthly." He had always meant to write another, but he had never had the time. He looked to his work as offering the fulfillment of a great desire.

He did not find that he had built on false hope. The first feeling of satisfaction which he experienced when he was introduced to the littered and noisy rooms of the *Review* and was given a desk and typewriter did not grow less. The smell of the freshly-printed paper, the clacking of the typewriters, the hum of the presses, the harshly shouted orders, the suspense in the air—these were breath to his nostrils, the very essence of life. He took his place on the staff easily, he turned his stuff in confidently, and he suffered inward agonies under the blue pencil. It was all as he had imagined it would be, and he was content.

His first big assignment came when he was sent up town to interview a spectacular novelist, who, largely because of her sensationalism, was enjoying considerable vogue. He found her all that she had been described: As she sat in her garish apartments, a cigarette between her lips—she was a staunch advocate of smoking for women—a bubbling glass at

her side, it was hard for him to believe that she was an author. He would, rather, have taken her for a "Queen of burlesque." Either from purely selfish motives or from an instinct of good fellowship, she pressed the very best imported cigarettes and the finest cognac upon him generously, and he, throwing aside the restraint which he would ordinarily have felt under the circumstances, met her on her own plane. After all, she was jolly good company, even if her books were rot.

He left her, flushed and excited, resolved to give her the best write-up ever. The author, good soul, knew from the light in his eyes as they drank their last toast together, that her money was better invested than it would have been had she put a full-page advertisement of her latest novel in the paper.

A quarter of an hour after Summers had handed in his story, Beasely, the managing editor, sent for him.

"See here, young man, did you write this?" he demanded.

Summers assented.

The manager regarded him intently for a moment.

"Will you kindly tell me and be quick about it," he said with an oath, "what you think I've been paying you good money the last few months for? If you could write like this, why in — haven't you done it before? There's ginger here. Your other stuff has been dead—plain matter-of-fact reporting. This has spirit. See to it that everything you do from now on is like it, you understand?"

Summers nodded and went back to his desk.

They printed his story of "The Woman Writer Who Is a Good Fellow" in the Sunday edition, with display heads and illustrations.

After that Summers was given other specials, and in every case he distinguished himself and pleased his superiors.

\* \* \*

One afternoon when he had been with the *Review* nearly a year, Beasely sent for him.

"I've got a little different job for you tonight," he said pleasantly. "You know the Hadley bribery case that's scheduled or next week—well, old man Hadley's

son has signified his willingness to talk to representatives from three of the city papers. The *Review* is one of those he's chosen to take into his confidence. He wouldn't tell me which the others were. The boys are to meet at his house tonight at eight. Now I don't want this to be a cut-and-dried account. We've got to make something out of the ordinary of it and play it up big. You get the story and see what you can do with it. Your usual style, you know, lots of detail and side remark. Catch the idea?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Good. Get your copy in by eleven, earlier if possible. We can't make this thing exclusive—curse him anyway, why couldn't he have let us have a scoop?—but we can make our style of giving it out exclusive." With a final motion of his hand Beasely dismissed both the subject and Summers.

Summers had been pleased with some of his earlier assignments, but he was overjoyed with his latest. To write up the Hadley case! First page, subject of vital interest, everybody sure to read it! His whole body tingled at the thought. He could hardly wait for the time to come. He hung around the office aimlessly until seven-thirty and then took the car to Sixty-sixth Street, where he got off and walked to the Hadley home.

In all the time that Summers had been with the *Review* he had not failed once in regularity. "As punctual as the clock," was the way he was frequently characterized, for no matter where he was sent, he was back at his desk by nine-thirty, banging away for dear life on his machine. So on this night, when, at ten, Beasely stuck his head into the outer office and called for him and there was no response, the staff felt that they were experiencing a sensation. They turned together, almost to a man, to his desk. The chair was empty and there was none of the customary litter of crumpled up paper around it.

"I guess he's not in yet," the cub reporter mildly remarked.

"Not in," Beasely bellowed. "Of course he's in. He must be. It's ten o'clock. He's always here by ten."

"Maybe he's hiding under the desk,"

ironically suggested the oldest man, who was privileged to say things which would cost younger men their positions.

Beasely glared at him and slammed the door.

Fifteen minutes later he opened it again and repeated the operation. And at ten-thirty, ten forty-five, eleven—in fact every quarter of an hour up to midnight his head appeared and the gruff voice roared out.

"What in hell do you suppose is keeping him? This is a fine mess," he almost whined at twelve-thirty.

"Keeping whom?" It was Jimmie Flanders of the day force who had a way of appearing at the office just as the copy was being finished up.

"Summers."

"Summers! Why, I just saw him up in, Murray's saloon drinking and cheering to beat the cars. He's got a nice jag on."

"Drunk!" several of the men chorused in surprise.

"Yep! He sure is. But you don't mean to tell me that he's been on the job and hasn't got his copy in."

"No, oh, no!" This with withering scorn from Beasely. "We just wanted him around to brighten up the office. You get him and be d— quick about it. We'll have his story if we have to wring it out of him."

There was little to be had from Summers that night. When Flanders led him into the presence of the irate Beasely he smiled foolishly, dropped into a chair and closed his eyes. In vain they shook him and plied him with questions.

"Shorry—ol' chap—give you—story—tomorrer—fine story—but—took too much—whiskey—to tell it—tonight—" He paused and then rambled on again.

"Like ol' Dan Webster—write best—when have—little spirits—in me—sort of fires me up and—puts ginger in it—but—got—too much down—this—" The

words ran together into indistinguishable sounds.

Beasely regarded him furiously for a minute, all the disgust in his vehement person coming to the surface. Then he strode out of the room, returning shortly with a cheque. He grasped Summers by



*She was still there, waiting expectantly*

the shoulders and stood him up forcibly on his feet.

"Here's your pay for the week. Now go—and don't ever show yourself in here again."

Summers blinked and pocketed the money. There was no sign that he comprehended what had taken place.

"Oh, Beasely—isn't that too much? This is his first offence." Flanders dared to remonstrate.

"Shut up, you Irishman, or you'll go too. Take him home. The rest of you get busy."

## II

Margaret Carewe often said that she was a believer in telepathy, or at least in thought transmission between people who were dear to each other.

"Call it what you will, I know when a friend is in trouble," she had remarked on more than one occasion. "I feel a disturbing presence in the very air that I breathe."

Perhaps it was this which accounted for her uneasiness when Herbert did not come on the train she had expected he would. With her father and mother, she was spending the week-end at Overlook Ledge, ten miles from the city, where they had a tiny cottage set in a wild tangle of bushes, on the banks of a clear-water lake. For many summers now, almost as many as Margaret could remember, they had lived five months of the year in the cool shades of this wooded recess. During Herbert's attendance at Northeastern University he had been a frequent visitor at Overlook Ledge, for Mr. Carewe's interest in the boy was more than passing and was fostered not only by his liking for him, but by a long friendship with his father. Of late it had been evident that Mr. Carewe's companionship, delightful as Herbert undoubtedly found it, was not the main attraction, and, though there had been no formal announcement of the engagement, Mr. Carewe had been led to believe that it was only a question of time, and a short time, too, before he became his daughter's confidant and Herbert's father confessor.

"Late today, is he?" Mr. Carewe asked as he came up to Margaret who stood at the porch rail looking off down the shaded path up which Herbert must ultimately come.

"Yes. The next train is just in and—Oh," she broke off, with evident relief, "there he is."

As she spoke Herbert appeared at the far end of the enclosure which marked the bounds of Overlook Ledge. Mr. Carewe shouted a greeting and then wisely went back to his magazine. Margaret walked slowly out to meet him.

"You missed your train this time," she said teasingly. He had often boasted that never in his life had he lost a train.

"Yes, I did." He smiled wanly. "And almost the next one. At least I almost let it go. I was undecided whether to come or not."

"What's the matter? Didn't the prospect of that picnic lunch appeal to you? You know I told you we hadn't got the house opened up yet for the season, but you said you wouldn't mind."

"Oh, it wasn't that."

Margaret searched his face anxiously.

"Herbert Summers," she said severely, "something is wrong. Did the editor cut out your favorite epigrams? Come to the 'Crow's Nest' and tell me." She led the way through the trees to a high mound where there was a rustic bench under a low-boughed maple. It was Herbert who had christened the spot the "Crow's Nest" the previous summer. From it the land fell away on all sides and there was an unobstructed view of the water.

"Now," she said, "what is it?"

His eyes fell.

"It's—hard to tell. I've—I've failed."

She laughed lightly.

"Failed! Who are you to say that you've failed—twenty-five years old."

"I'm blue penciled out, all of me," he went on, falling into metaphor to hide his embarrassment.

"You're what?"

"I've lost my position." He spoke hurriedly. "I was fired last Thursday."

"Well, what of it? That's nothing to look so dreary over. Get another. There are plenty of them. Next time, do better." Though Margaret smiled, there was a troubled look in her eyes.

"There's more to it, Margaret, more to it than that. It's the way I lost it."

"What do you mean?"

"That's the hardest thing about it—I've got to tell you. I couldn't respect myself if I didn't. I don't very much, as it is."

Then brokenly, hurriedly, confusedly, he blurted out the whole story. Margaret did not look at him as he spoke, but when he had finished, she put her hand over his, and pressed it.

"That isn't all," he hurried on. "Do you remember that there was something I wouldn't tell you about Class Day?"

"Yes."



"I told you perhaps sometime I would. I little thought it would be under such conditions as these. Well, it was the same thing then," he declared almost defiantly, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Herbert!" There was none of the scorn in the tone that he had feared there would be. It sounded more like the cry of a wounded animal.

He gulped and went recklessly on with the confession.

"All during my college years I had been straight. Most of the fellows drank, but I seldom did. On Class Day morning I went off for a motor trip with a lively bunch and—well, I joined in with the others. I suppose the thought that my work was over made me feel freer than I had before. We didn't get back until just before the exercises began. I remember how I threw on my cap and gown and tore over to the library where the line was to form for the march to the gymnasium. I never felt finer in my life than when I stepped out on to the platform and faced the crowd, but I didn't feel like myself. I was keyed up. You know what happened. I did well. I made a great hit, and I wasn't conscious that anything was wrong until I saw you. Then I knew and was ashamed."

"Herbert, I'm so, so sorry," the girl at his side breathed.

"If I had only made a mess of it that first time, if I'd only acted like a fool, oh, why couldn't it have worked out that way? For that was the beginning. I found out that I could do everything better when I was drunk."

Margaret started at the word.

"Yes," he said, noticing her movement, "that's what it amounted to—drunk. They praised my writing when I'd been drinking, they kicked about it when I was sober. I thought like a million other fools that I could use the stuff just as I wished, that I could make it help earn my bread and butter. I found out. I've got to start over, this time with a handicap," he finished grimly.

For a time neither spoke, and then Margaret burst out impatiently, "Be sensible! Don't talk about handicaps."

"Very well," he smiled at her good

humoredly. Now that he had told her he felt better.

"But there's another side to it. I shall not go back to newspaper work. I'm a plain ordinary man, good for plain ordinary work. I'm convinced that I couldn't make a success of anything like—like writing—*alone*. That was what so astonished my class. They had known me as an average person; not distinguished by brilliance in anything. My class history showed me in a new light—but it wasn't *I*. It was some new being, a being fired with inspiration and alive to suggestion. I, the real I, haven't the least particle of inspiration. I'm sluggish in my mental processes. I've decided to give up trying to be a genius and set the world afire. I'm just going to be what I am."

"What are you going to do?"

"I haven't made up my mind. Something that requires muscle and brawn rather than wits."

"Why not go on a ranch?"

"I might."

"Father has a part interest in a big cattle ranch way out West. It's run by his brother and I'm sure he would help you."

"I'm not quite ready to settle the matter."

"Oh, but you must—I—I think you should get away at once—it would be—why, pleasanter, you know," Margaret finished in some embarrassment.

"I understand what you refer to, but I am quite sure of myself. I am still my own master, and there is slight danger of my filling a drunkard's grave. I shall wait until I find what I want."

"Don't you think this ranch is that? It's miles away from civilization, nothing there but acres and acres of land—rolling stretches of it as far as the eye can see, and cattle. Just the place for a man to grow strong. I've often thought if I were a man I should choose to go to such a country. I think the Creator never intended us to huddle together in one little spot eking out our existence by wit. That's why He made the earth big, so that we could spread over it and each get a share of the sun and the wind, the blue sky and the rain. Why, I'll venture to

say you never look at the sky in New York."

"Let's go," Herbert leaned forward, and took her hands in his. "Let's go together out to this land you speak of, out where we may live, just you and I, as God meant we should."

"It—will—not—make—any—difference," Margaret spoke the words slowly and as though each called for an effort. She was deadly white, and her mouth twitched nervously.

"Come," she said unsteadily, "let's go in. I think that picnic lunch must be nearly ready."

Half way up the shaded walk with a smothered exclamation she darted to a patch of green at the side and bending over, picked up a swallow.

"See," she cried, "the poor little thing is hurt."

"It's only a swallow," Herbert said indifferently.

"Yes, but it's *hurt*. Its wing is broken."

"Too bad. Better kill it and put it out of its agony."

"Kill it because its wing is broken! You're a heartless wretch, Herbert Summers," and with an assumption of dignity Margaret turned on her heel and hurried to the house carrying the bird in her hands.

### III

The older graduates said that it was the biggest reunion in the history of the university, while the fact that several of the younger alumni had to sit two on a seat in the Commons bore added testimony to the unprecedented attendance. No doubt the exceptional interest was due to the championship basketball game which was to follow the dinner. Collegians everywhere had been watching with close attention the series of which this was the deciding battle, and every "Northeasterner" who was within a radius of fifty miles looked upon it as his duty to be present, and by his cheers lead the home team on to victory.

It was a jubilant throng that packed the immense eating room. Occupying the place of honor facing the speaker's platform was the table of the "Society of Older Graduates"; next to that, the "Early Eighties," and so on down to the back of



*He followed the players, forgetting for the moment his own wretchedness in the joy of the contest*

Margaret drew away. "I must be certain of the man I marry, Herbert. Prove that you're a man and I'll come—just an ordinary man. I don't want a genius."

Herbert shook his head.

"I would have gone with you. I'm not going alone, but I'll show you right here I'm a man. I've got to show you, that's all. If I do, you won't let this make any difference, will you?"

the hall, where the biggest and noisiest class of all, the 1911, made merry.

Herbert Summers was in his element. The prolonged laughter which followed his yarns and the interested attention which was at first given to him by as many as could get within hearing distance, showed undeniably that he was the life of his table and that he was getting as much fun out of it as anyone. As the dinner progressed, however, his wit gradually lost its sparkle until it was no more than noise. One by one the more sober-minded in his vicinity turned their backs upon him and endeavored to ignore his presence, though several boon companions remained constant, urging their star clown on to greater hilarity and seeing to it that a well-filled glass was ever in front of him.

"I didn't know he drank like that," Phil Brockway, the class president, remarked to some of the more staid members of the class. "That's the 'steenth bottle he's had."

"Oh, he's a regular tub," one of them replied. "Lost his job on the *Review* two or three weeks ago and since then has been going down hill rapidly. The shock of it pretty nearly killed the girl he was engaged to. Look at him now—for a civilized being he certainly takes the prize."

Summers was waltzing around the table, an empty bottle in one hand, beating the air wildly with the other, and carolling merrily.

"We never can let him go into the game if he doesn't sober up. He'd disgrace the college. They tell me the gym is packed, lots of women. What would they think if we should march in with a specimen like that. It's about time to go, too."

It had long been the custom for the Alumni to enter the gymnasium on Alumni Day with a band at their head and parade before the tiers of spectators, executing ingenious and fantastic dances as they marched. Even as Brockway spoke the line was forming.

After a moment's hesitation Brockway ran over to the Alumni Council President and spoke a few words to him. They both looked in Summers' direction. The older president nodded his head in agreement, and Brockway returned to the group he had left.

"Copely says not to let him go in. It's a pleasant job for me to keep him out," he reported.

To the tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," the line began to move, the classes falling in by age. Brockway resigned his position as leader of the 1911 division and went back to the rear in Summers' vicinity. After a little preliminary drilling the cheering graduates made for the scene of the game. As they passed in at the door of the gymnasium, Brockway drew Summers aside.

"Say, old man, don't you think you'd better go home. You're not in a fit condition to go in there, you know, where there are women." Without waiting for a reply he went in himself and shut the door, giving orders that Summers was not to be admitted.

\* \* \*

For a few minutes Summers stood leaning against the gymnasium wall, a blank look upon his face. At length he groped his way into the open and sat down on the ledge which ran around the first story of the gymnasium. How long he sat there in a kind of stupor he did not know, but he was roused by a mighty cheer, a cheer in which many voices were raised. Clinging to the ledge he crawled around to a window which looked down upon the scene within. A solid wall of people, thousands upon thousands they seemed, surrounded an open space where the battle of strength and skill was being waged. As he looked upon the almost frantic mob, he was conscious of the difference between the admiration which they voiced in their cheers for the ruddy specimens of manhood fighting for goals—goals of a game they were to be sure, but differing little from the goals of life—and that surface admiration of which he had been so jealous a short time before. They were playing the game fairly down there; he had thought he could win on a foul. Revulsion for himself came over him. It seemed strange that he did not feel bitterly toward those who had cast him off, but he did not blame them. They would hiss "dirty work" in the game they were watching just as quickly. From the ledge he followed the players, forgetting for the moment his own wretchedness in

the joy of the contest and when at last his team won, he joined in the shouts of victory with the mighty throng. Way up above the others he had not been seen, and his voice was lost in the roar of rejoicing which came up to him.

Realizing that some of the boys would soon be out, he hurriedly dropped down to the ground, for he did not wish to see anyone. But he had not acted soon enough.

"Hi, you Herb," a voice called to him from behind, "come on over to the Casino and celebrate."

He paid no attention, but kept on his way in the direction of the car line. Whoever it was that had greeted him evidently thought he would not be good company that night, for the invitation was not repeated.

Herbert Summers had made up his mind, and the calm which followed his decision made it possible for him to get a good night's rest. When he called bright and early the next morning at the Carewes' city home where he knew the family were for that week he bore little trace of his dissipation.

"This is an exceedingly early hour to disturb you," he said when Margaret came into the hall where he was waiting for her, "but I was eager to see you. I had to tell you."

She did not ask him to sit down but stood waiting expectantly.

"I'm going out West to that ranch, Margaret," he said with a partial return of his old-time buoyancy.

The girl's eyes brightened.

"Herbert," she cried. "Really!"

"Yes, and I'm going today. I've come to say good-bye."

"Oh, we won't say good-bye now. I'll come to the train to see you off." She spoke as she had not done for weeks. "Come into the library," she went on, "and sit down. I want to hear all about it." She led him off gaily to what had once been a much frequented corner.

For over an hour he stayed there, and when he did leave—and then only because

train time was approaching—his heart was lighter for his having unburdened it to her.

Margaret was as good as her word. A few minutes before train time Herbert saw her looking anxiously in every direction.

"I can't tell you how I appreciate this," he said as he went up to her. "Your coming, I mean, and the fine note your father sent me. I haven't many friends. You don't see the depot crowded with them, bidding me Godspeed, do you? But it's good to know that some of them care." There was just a touch of bitterness in his voice.

"Probably they would all be here if they knew."

"I feel as if I were going away a failure and leaving behind that which I hold most dear. It's—oh," he broke off abruptly. It was evident that he was having to exercise all his self-control.

"Your train is being called," Margaret exclaimed excitedly. "Hurry." She ran up to the gate with him and slipped past the ticket examiner.

"I'll expect to hear that you've become the greatest cattleman in the West," she said cheerily as they stood on the platform together.

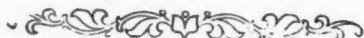
"You still think I can be great at something, do you?" he put in sadly.

"Of course! I expect you to. That talk about the bird with the broken pinion never soaring so high again is all rubbish. I don't care if you do hear people quote it. I know better. You remember that little swallow I found at Overlook Ledge? I bound up its wing and cared for it, and this morning I took it outdoors and it flew right away from me—up—up—up into the blue until I could scarcely see it."

"Margaret! I understand. Thank you." There was the light of new-born hope in his eyes.

He jumped aboard the moving train, and as he did so Margaret said something very softly and he bent low and caught the words above the rumble of the wheels.

"Herbert—if everything goes well—perhaps I'll see you Christmas."



# Typical Americans

## Joseph Burr Tiffany

America's Foremost Creator and Adapter of Applied Artistic Effects

**A** DECADE ago a fifty-thousand dollar piano would have seemed not only an extravagance, but an absurdity. But American

love for musical art has advanced materially in the last ten years, and nothing can be too elaborate or too expensive in a musical instrument, especially a piano, for the music lover who can afford to lavish money on his musical tastes. One of Europe's most distinguished musicians said in a recent interview that American love for music and musical instruments was far ahead of that of the Continent; that Americans loved the ornate and luxurious more than any other people of our modern civilization.

After all, the evolution of the piano in America is but a natural sequence to the development of the country. In the old pioneer days men cared little for the luxuries of life and art, but as the nation waxed strong and great, and as its citizens grew richer and more cultured, so have their desires increased and their tastes become more expensive. A half to a quarter of a century ago the place

of honor in the parlor was held by an ungainly, square box, mounted on ornately carved legs—a glistening creation of rose-wood whose varnished surface reflected like a mirror. The grand pianos of the same period were equally homely, but they were few in number and considered a rarity.

It is a long journey from this period to

the magnificent instrument that now adorns the White House in Washington, and which is the admiration of every visitor who has the pleasure of studying its graceful lines, but this elegant instrument is only one of the many thousands of art pianos that adorn the homes of the wealthy, representing every period of architecture and style of ornamentation, and which have cost their owners anywhere from one to fifty thousand dollars. In one sense of the word, the enlistment of artistic taste and luxurious ornamentation in piano-making was an evolution, but an evolution especially due to the genius and ability of one man who, breaking away from all traditions and preconceived ideas of piano architecture, like the awakening



DECORATION PRESENTED BY MRS. TAFT TO THOSE WHO GIVE RECITALS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Mr. Tiffany possesses one of these medals, which are as prized by their possessors as is the French cross of the Legion of Honor in France



of the dawn after long years of night, made it his life work to change an ungainly box that held the precious soul of music into a setting worthy of the gem hidden therein with the result—the Art Piano.

Mr. Joseph Burr Tiffany occupies the unique position of the only man in this country who has made the artistic decoration of musical instruments and music chambers a profession; which, added to his thorough knowledge of the applied and fine arts, rare stuffs, fabrics, and tapestries of mural decoration, has given him a reputation that has become international.

One of a family to which the world of art is deeply indebted, it was but natural that he should early turn his thoughts toward all things beautiful, and as soon as he had finished his collegiate education, he took up the study of applied arts with Tiffany & Co. From them he went into the studio of John LaFarge to obtain a thorough knowledge of color schemes, after which he took a course with Adrian Pottier in order that he might possess that intimacy with the ideals of decorative art which would be needful in his future vocation. His further desire for an intimate knowledge of the beautiful took him to the warerooms of C. H. George so that he might study stuffs and rare fabrics, after which he spent several years in the great art centers of Europe, filling his brain with a knowledge of architectural decoration covering all periods; an intimacy with rare tapestries and hangings that is possessed by few and such a fund of new ideas as would only find a place in an active, artistic and enterprising brain. Returning to this country, Mr. Tiffany took up the interior decoration of artistic homes, and many of the finest residences owe their beauties to his rare talents. It was while engaged in beautifying the Mexican Legation Building at Washington that he first applied his talents to piano decoration. Senor Romero, the Mexican minister to this country, expressed a desire to possess a piano whose case would be in harmony with the interior decoration of the room which was to be its home. Mr. Tiffany undertook the commission and saw the great possibilities in this line. Two years later he connected himself with one of the great piano houses of the country,

and from that time to the present has made this particular line of art a life study. During these years he has set the pace for those that follow in his footsteps, and while he has had many imitators, the trade at large recognizes the fact that he is the only creator. He saw how well the architecture of the various French periods and some of the English and Flemish styles of architecture could be adapted as models for piano case construction, and at the present time specimens of his art are to be found, not only in the homes of wealthy Americans, but in nearly every royal palace in Europe.

The price that has been paid for some of these instruments seems almost fabulous, but when it is taken into consideration that the most noted painters, sculptors and artisans in metal working have spent months on a single instrument, and that ornaments of the most expensive bronze, and sometimes trimmings of solid gold have been added wherever necessary, it is easy to see wherein the cost lies. A piano of this description is much like a magnificent painting or piece of statuary: its value lies in its being a true object of art and not merely an artistic object. Only a short time ago Mr. Tiffany was confronted with the problem of preserving a rare painting that had been executed on the cover of an ancient harpsichord, and incorporating it in the cover of a piano which was being built for a gentleman. This was done by building the piano in the same shape, only larger than the harpsichord, stripping the painting from the original cover, placing it on the new cover and building up the edges with veneers until flush with the original painting. An artist of high repute then carried up the sky line and brought down the foreground until the whole top was covered, and at the completion of the work the owner possessed a veritable ancient harpsichord with a modern interior.

Recently Mr. Tiffany originated the idea of making memorial pianos to take the place of the useless bronze tablets so often found in churches. He believes that a beautiful piano or organ placed in a Sunday-school is far more appropriate and does more to keep the beloved dead in the memory than a whole church full of useless bronze.



JOSEPH BURR TIFFANY



In speaking of organs, Mr. Tiffany has also made an exhaustive study of art as applied to the modern chamber organ, and has so beautified that instrument that it has become the central and most attractive feature of the present day music room.

Mr. Tiffany's superior judgment in all that pertains to art in its broadest sense led to his being unanimously chosen as president of the jurors of the Decorative Arts at the St. Louis Exposition, and as a judge of rare old tapestries and the like he is regarded by critical purchasers as being the best informed man on this side of the Atlantic, a fact which has long ago been appreciated by the customs appraisers for Uncle Sam, who often call upon him

to decide knotty questions as to the true value of certain classes of imports. During the administration of the late President McKinley, Mr. Tiffany became deeply interested in musical events at the White House, and because of his wide acquaintance among the greatest musical artists and of his thorough knowledge of music, he was given charge by Mr. McKinley of the arrangements for the musicales given by the President there. Since that time he has been the recognized *charge d'affaires* of the official recitals given at the White House, and under his supervision have appeared most of the greatest musical artists of the world during all of the succeeding administrations.

## ALL SOULS' EVE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

YE ghosts that walk in the dim light  
 Answer us now our prayer aright:  
 We ask from out the dust of things—  
 Did great death give thee glorious wings?  
 What of the darkness? What of night?

Thou king beloved and so long dead:  
 Who flings now for thy horse to tread  
 Roses that shame the sundown west?  
 What hearts are heaped at thy behest  
 Into a quivering pyramid?

Bleak beggar who foretasted doom—  
 Who walked through life in shadowed gloom:  
 Say now, are banquets spread for thee?  
 Hast thou thy share of revelry  
 Where stars like house fronts burst in bloom?

O poet whose bright fire divine  
 Was quenched in treach'rous deeps of wine:  
 Tell us, what million throats of song  
 Are thine within the silence long—  
 What flutes of gold? What harps that shine?

Dead husbandman who loved the loam  
 And things that from its bosom come:  
 Speak! when the April flings the rain  
 Dost long for thy old plow again?  
 Art anguished for the fields of home?

# Remarkable Development of Interurban Railroads

by W. C. Jenkins



THE current belief that the age of steam will be superseded by an age of electricity finds abundant confirmation in the changes that are being planned in the railway systems of the world.

So radical and widespread are these proposed changes that there are not lacking those who see the beginning of a traffic revolution comparable only to the one inaugurated by the running of Stephenson's first passenger train in England eighty-six years ago.

Stephenson's effort to educate the civilized world to abandon the stage coach and the canal boat met with derision, and his substitute was condemned as unsafe and impractical.

The adoption of electricity as the motive power of our railroads will not encounter such hostility and opposition that first greeted steam when it was first utilized, because people have become more accustomed to the mighty changes wrought through the invention of science.

The marvelous responsibilities of electricity have been demonstrated in so many fields of industrial activity, and have thus become so familiar to the present generation that the popular imagination is now prepared to expect almost anything from its service; and yet, ten years ago, practical railroad men would have ridiculed the idea of substituting electricity for steam on the great trunk lines of the country.

As a motive power in carrying freight and passengers, the field of electricity was formerly believed to be restricted to

the street cars of our cities and suburban districts. There were apparently insurmountable obstacles standing in the way of its extension to the hauling of great trains over long distances. The overhead trolley was too fragile a structure to withstand the strain thus put upon it, while anything like a third rail was manifestly too dangerous to be considered a possibility. Then again, steam traction was apparently fulfilling all the conditions that could be required by the traveling public. It represented an outlay of billions of dollars, and to replace it by electricity would presumably involve the expenditure of billions more.

When the electric motor was first recognized as an important factor in the railroad service it had a handicap of almost a century to contend with. During that time railroad men had grown so accustomed to steam locomotives that it was difficult to convince them that any more serviceable power was possible.

The steam railroad was without a formidable competitor from the time James Watt invented his engine until 1883. In September of that year there was operated in Ireland the first practical electric railway. This road had a trackage of about eight miles and connected Portrush with the Giant's Causeway. The electric current was generated by water-power and was delivered to the cars from a third rail. As the tracks were laid alongside of the highway, numerous accidents caused by the third rail created considerable prejudice against the road. This prejudice culminated in an order from the highway commissioners, in 1897, that the third

rail be removed, and as necessity became the mother of invention, the overhead trolley was substituted.

About the same time there was established the first commercial electric railway in the United States. The innovation was launched at Richmond, Va., and was the first electric street railway in the world. Twenty cars were placed in service early in 1888. The demonstration of the overhead trolley system was received with favor by practical railway men and at once commanded confidence from the capitalists. Four years after Richmond's cars were running there were in operation and course of construction more than

northern Ohio and were designated "interurban systems." The characterization was generally accepted, and ever since then the name has become world-wide in the application.

At first the lines were built on the country highway and were limited exclusively to carrying passengers. The five-cent fare idea was adopted, the lines being divided into sections. Whenever the passenger had been carried a certain distance, the conductor would go through the car and collect another nickel, and this was repeated, section by section, until the entire trip had been made.

As in all innovations, the early roads



INTERURBAN PASSENGER TRAIN

450 roads, with a total of 3,000 miles of track. At the end of 1892, 6,000 electric cars were in operation, and more than a billion passengers had been carried. In 1900 there were 17,969 miles of electric railways in forty-three of the states, New York alone having 2,205 miles. The total invested capital in electric railways twelve years after their introduction was \$1,023,819.987. Today the invested capital is nearly five billion dollars.

By natural development the city lines were extended to the suburbs, and then came the plan of connecting cities within a short distance of each other. This was the inception of the interurban idea—a scheme entirely distinct from the street car systems of cities and the steam railroads. The first roads were built in

were far from satisfactory. The underlying principle was excellent, but faulty construction soon manifested itself. The lines must be removed from the highways wherever possible and a larger type of car utilized, otherwise a satisfactory speed could not be attained. The current, which at first was furnished by power stations at short distances from each other, or transmitted by means of a "Booster," must be distributed from a central station over high tension wires to various substations at which the voltage would be reduced and fed into the trolley wires. When these manifestly needed improvements were inaugurated, a rapid development ensued until today are found cars of practically the same size, capacity and construction as the best steam road

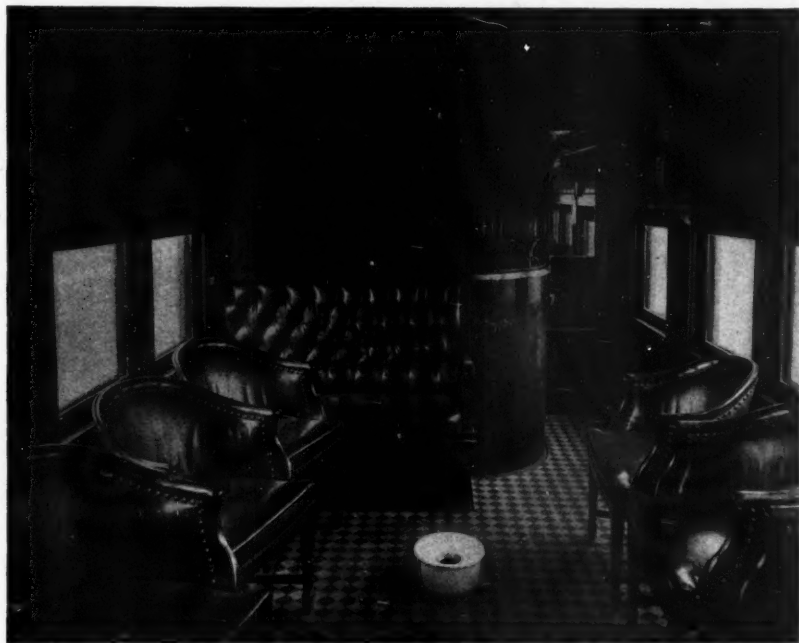


coaches, and making speed equal to the fastest railroad trains.

In the beginning of the interurban history no one thought of any other service which might be performed than carrying passengers; no one dreamed of a freight or an express business. Within the past few years, however, it has become evident that the freight business offers an important field for exploitation; in fact, several interurban companies have developed the

railroad would get no patronage worth mentioning; that the people would not dare to ride at so great a speed. They were not good prophets, for we now have the every-day reality of success beyond the wildest dreams of the electric road's best friends. Dining cars and buffet, and even sleeping cars, are provided, and to the minutest detail everything is most luxuriously comfortable and convenient.

Electric railway operation practically



COMFORT ON THE INTERURBAN

freight business to an extent that it now constitutes from fifteen to twenty-five per cent of their gross receipts.

The story of the electric railroads has been one of success from start to finish. Fortunes have been made by men who had the courage to break away from precedent and do something the railroad world said could not be done. Interurban roads were built in the face of pessimism and ridicule. Nobody outside of the promoters thought that they would succeed. Managers of rival steam roads serving the same territory laughed, and said that the electric

eliminates the danger of rear-end collision and of fire. It affords opportunities for improved methods of protecting trains by the signal system. It makes possible to cut off the power from any given section and in this way prevent accidents. The danger of derailment in the case of the electric locomotive is far less than the case of the steam locomotive, because the center of gravity is nearer the track.

In these days the fact is being forced home by daily object lessons that safety in railroad travel has not reached the height of perfection which is desired; but

more extensive adoption of electricity for motive power will, it is confidently believed, eliminate the dangers of travel to considerable extent.

The nineteenth century was the century of steam. It saw the development of steam manufacturing and of steam transportation. The twentieth century will see the end of both.

There are three rivals, one of which may or may not be destroyed by the others,

motive power; the popular demand finding expression through government regulations for an abatement of the smoke nuisance incident to the steam locomotive, and the recognition of the need, through the great increased volume of traffic, for a speedier and more frequent service than apparently is possible with the present system of railroading.

It is computed that there are over half a million miles of railroad in the world



INTERURBAN FREIGHT TRAIN

but which, all combined, will surely destroy steam as the world's motive power. The rivals are gas, electricity and compressed air. The patentee of the gasoline automobile was derided about twenty-five years ago for his "explosive buggy," but he has had the satisfaction of living to see his invention used throughout the world.

Three factors which have arisen during the past decade seem to render the universal electrification of the railroads inevitable. These factors are the discovery of the practical means by which electricity can be utilized wherever steam is now the

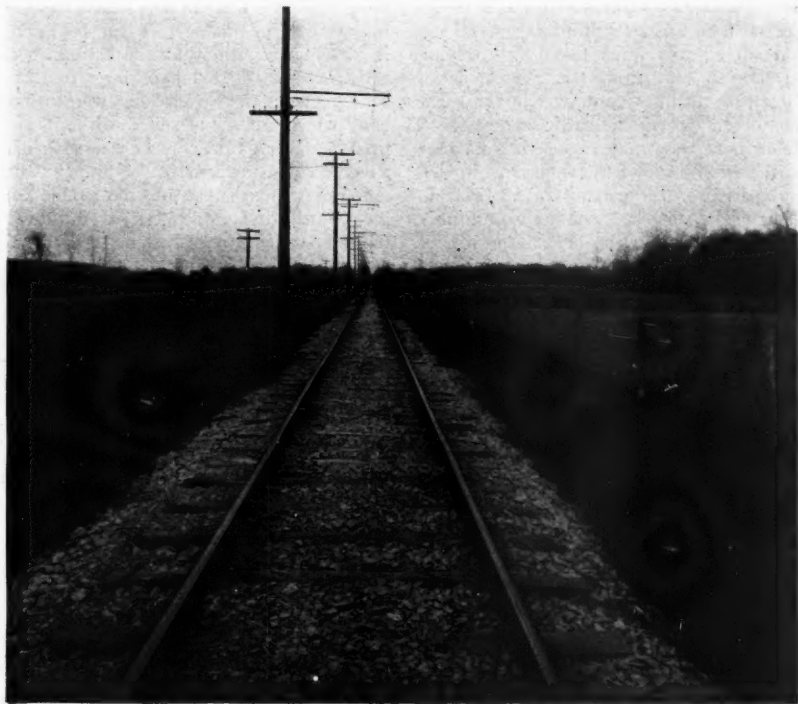
today operated by steam, representing a cost of something like forty-two billion dollars.

The transformation of this vast system to a system radically different seems well-nigh inconceivable; and yet, the work has begun, and those engaged in it who dare to hazard a prophecy, believe it will not end until the whole has been accomplished and the steam locomotive has been relegated to the dust heap of abandoned human achievements along with the stage coach which it once proudly superseded.

A little study will convince anyone that

a steam railroad and an electric line are very different in their methods of operation. The steam railroad consists of a locomotive hauling a number of cars, which are run over rails. The cars may be essentially the same as those on the electric line. A standard gauge is common to both systems, but the difference in the operation is concerned with the application of the motive power. The steam

upon the type of locomotive which will haul the greatest number of cars in the quickest time, with the least expenditure of steam and will create the greatest volume of steam from the given amount of coal. A trolley car, however, is entirely different. It creates no power, neither does it store any. It is merely an arrangement by which electric power is transmitted to the running gear of the car so



VIEW OF INTERURBAN ROADWAY

railroad train is run by a locomotive which generates its own power as it goes along. The trolley car receives its motive power from a central station, which may be many miles away. The locomotive burns its own coal and makes its own steam; it is a ponderous affair and is as clumsy as it is uneconomical. In order to make it profitable it must necessarily haul a number of cars on each trip.

Economical management of a steam railroad depends, to considerable extent,

as to push it over the rails. When the trolley car is standing still, it expends no power. Every time a locomotive stops for five minutes, while steam is up, it costs its owner something for power, which is absolutely wasted. Under certain conditions the trolley car is essentially more economical.

In estimating the earning power of the interurban railway, investors must not lose sight of the inherent difference between electricity and steam operation,

a difference so great that the steam road would starve to death where an electric road would prove profitable. The reason for this is because the cost of running the cars by electricity is much less than by steam, and the saving thus accomplished forms a very important part of the dividends paid to stockholders of an electric road. When a steam train stops for passengers, the cost is from \$1.50 to \$2.50. When the interurban stops the cost is less than five cents. The short hauls of an electric road are very profitable. The ten and fifteen-cent fares taken in carrying farmers to and from the nearest town constitute an important part in the earnings of an electric railroad, while with a steam road they may represent a balance on the wrong side of the ledger.

Experience has demonstrated that an electric road can be operated profitably if there is a population of 1,200 people to a mile of territory served, counting five miles back on each side of the track and the cities which constitute the terminals.

To figure on the possibilities by comparing early development of the electric and steam roads would be a most unsafe method of basing calculations. In the early days of steam railroading, the cost of labor was one half what it is at the present time. Rights-of-way were given free and subsidies were granted. Cross ties could be secured with but little expense, while the present cost is about eighty cents. Then again railroads were permitted to charge from four to six cents a mile for passenger fare. But notwith-

standing all this, the interurban, with the present degree of efficiency and with the purchasing power of the dollar reduced nearly one half, can carry passengers with more comfort and safety at two cents a mile and still get better returns to the investors than could the steam roads when cost of labor was low and rates high.

It is, perhaps, not strange that many investors have looked upon interurban securities with some apprehension, and their timidity was, in the early days of the system, justifiable. In the beginning it was but natural that the estimates of construction, the fixing of fares and the arrangements for operation were problems which must be solved without any precedent for guidance. It was soon discovered that expensive equipment for air brakes must substitute the simple and inefficient hand brake. Powerful headlights must be provided, so as to eliminate as far as possible the dangers of night travel; and the early installation of forty-pound rail must be replaced by heavier track. Then again a dispatching system must be inaugurated and a more competent and therefore more expensive class of motormen and conductors employed. These are but few of the unforeseen conditions which were responsible for the disappointments of investors who had pinned their faith on a promoter's prospectus. But those are features of bygone days; the business is no longer an experiment, and today it is possible to estimate with almost exactitude the probable results of interurban operation in a given territory.

*(To be continued)*

## TIME

THE hours 'twixt dawn and sunset are but few,  
Yet in this space have greatest deeds been done,  
Brave souls met death, racked hearts to love were true,  
And truth and right great victories have won.

So one need ask not years wherein to do  
Some noble deed; with every little day  
That climbs the hills to greet the world anew  
Comes time for deeds whose fame would last alway!

—Arthur Wallace Peach.

# ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE

**W**HEN you are seeing a production for its third time, it is safe to assume a superior air. Here, on the one hand, are you, with a full knowledge of the delights that are to come—for if it were not a delightful play you wouldn't be eager to witness it thrice—while on the other hand, the people about you must be placidly—or expectantly—ignorant.

Wherefore when I went to the new Plymouth Theater the other evening to see "Alias Jimmy Valentine" again, did I disregard the program proffered me by the courteous usher, wherefore did I accord my neighbors the disdainful smile of the wise upon overhearing interrogatory discussions at act-endings.

"Yes," modestly murmured the young gentleman at my right to his pretty companion, "this is my sixth time. Saw it the opening night at Wallack's, and had to bring mother twice after. Happened to hit it in San Francisco; saw it once in the Cort and then at the open-air performance.\* Yes, this is my sixth."

At the opening of the second act the manager of the house slipped into an end

seat for which he evidently held a ticket—"S. R. O." signs were waving in the rain outside—and remained through to the last curtain.

All of which is introductory comment upon the gripping power of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," Paul Armstrong's great detective-thief play. That the plot was suggested by the late O. Henry is proof of its human appeal.

A thief turned straight—what a volume of possibilities here! And that Mr. Armstrong has made the most of them is proven in every performance of this wonderful melodrama.

The press in all parts of the country has so enthusiastically accepted "Jimmy Valentine" in its two successful years that most readers are already familiar with the plot. "Jimmy Valentine" is in the first act serving a term in Sing-Sing. The Lieutenant-Governor of the state, accompanied by his niece, Miss Rose Lane, and two ladies of the "Gate of Hope" society, visit the prison, and the warden, to prove to the ladies the astuteness of the criminal, exhibits certain of his choicest wards,



MR. H. B. WARNER,  
whose interpretation of the title role in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," is one of the achievements of the American stage

\* Given in San Quentin penitentiary, California.



including "Blinky" Davis, a forger, and "Dick, the Rat," a sneak-thief. Both of these gentlemen are glad to accommodate the visitors with demonstrations of their skill. Then is summoned Jimmy Valentine, the "gentleman crook," who opens safes by the sense of touch. Before the guests he declares his innocence, and in explaining the cause of his imprisonment it turns out that he at one time saved

in Springfield, Massachusetts. Skilfully, masterfully, Doyle is evaded by an alibi—"something which proves," as Valentine explains to "Red" Jocelyn, his confidante and former pal, "that you were not where you were"—and all looks clear. But even before Doyle has closed the door behind him, "Red" bursts in from another entrance with the terrible news that Kitty, the little sister of Miss Lane, is locked in



JIMMY VALENTINE IS PARDONED—SCENE AT THE CLOSE OF ACT I, WHERE THE WARDEN TURNS DIPLOMATIC TO HIS DEPARTING PRISONER

Miss Lane from insult. Her uncle secures for him a pardon, and at her request he is given employment in her father's bank at Springfield, Illinois, of which Miss Lane is part owner. We meet Valentine in the third act as Lee Randall, the assistant cashier of the bank. He has, in a word, "made good." This touching scene, in which Miss Lane forces him to acknowledge his love for her, is shadowed by the appearance of the detective Doyle, who seeks Valentine on an old charge of safe-breaking

the new vault. No one knows the combination. "Only you can open it, Jimmy," pleads the horror-stricken Red, "come for God's sake; open that vault or she'll die, die like a rat."

Valentine goes. His fingers are sandpapered down as in the old days; he is blindfolded. "Red" reads him the combination numbers; the great safe door swings open. Kitty is brought out alive, but as Valentine removes the bandage from his eyes, he sees in the shadow of the



MISS PHYLLIS SHERWOOD  
Leading woman with Mr. H. B. Warner in "Alias  
Jimmy Valentine"

open safe door the form of Doyle. He has been caught "red-handed."

At the other side of the darkened bank interior stands Rose Lane. "Have you—" gasps the beset Valentine, turning to her, "seen all—do you know?"

"I only know," she answers, "that I love you." The detective stands a silent witness to their parting scene, but when Valentine joins him, leaving the weeping girl, Doyle unbends. "I guess," he says, turning to go alone, "that the lady needs you more than the state of Massachusetts."

\* \* \*

It is impossible to comment on "Alias Jimmy Valentine" without paying tribute to Mr. H. B. Warner, who plays the title role. His magnificent interpretation of the reformed thief is connected so indissolubly with the success of the play that one cannot conceive of the part in another's hands. H. B. Warner is "Jimmy Valentine" as William Hodge is "The Man from Home."

Henry Byron Warner is London born. His father was Charles Warner, the famous English actor, affectionately remembered

by many an old-time American theatergoer who saw him in "Drink." Young Warner is a graduate of Bedford School and University College, London, and is an athlete of no little note at home. He was but four years old when he first appeared before the footlights, being carried on by Edmund Gurney in "The Streets of London." This was at the T. R. Hanley, Staffordshire, the first stage his father ever set foot on. Since that time he has appeared in important parts with all the leading British actors. Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir Herbert Beerbolm Tree, George Alexander, and Arthur Boucher were among those who realized Warner's possibilities while he was in their support. Mr. George C. Tyler of the Lieblers was in England on one of his flying trips when he discovered the young man. He made him a liberal offer to come to America, but Warner was under contract with Boucher for two years. Persistent Mr. Tyler, however, stayed on the ground until Warner was released, and introduced his English "find" to the American public in support



MR. FRANK MONROE,

Who plays the part of Doyle, the detective. His acting has earned for him the title of "the only detective on the stage today"

of Miss Eleanor Robson, then starring in "Merely Mary Ann."

Followed "The Girl Who Has Everything," with H. B. Warner's star in the ascendant; followed "In Search of a Husband," "Salomy Jane," "The Battle," "The Dawn of a Tomorrow." Mention of his part in the last play recalls an incident which shows the esteem of Miss Robson (now Mrs. August Belmont) for Mr. Warner. "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," with Miss Robson in the role of "Glad," was scheduled to open in Norfolk, Virginia, on a Saturday. Mr. Warner expected to play the part of "Dandy," but was suddenly called upon to support Wilton Lackaye in "The Battle," opening in New York the following Monday. Miss Robson did not take kindly to this arrangement, and it was not until Mr. Warner appeared at the Norfolk performance that she let

him embark for New York. A special boat had to be chartered, and with scarcely time to take his makeup off, the young man rushed from the opening performance of "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" on the Saturday night in Norfolk, Virginia, to the opening performance of "The Battle" in New York on Monday.

As "Alias Jimmy Valentine," Mr. Warner made his debut as a star. Members of the profession, critics, and the theater-going public have watched his phenomenal success with peculiar gratification. He is the kind of star who makes for himself a "following," and the actor who draws people to him, whatever may be his part, is pretty sure to be made of the right stuff. For, as an actress of the old school once said tersely to me, "You can't meet up to a part with a personality you haven't got."

## LAND O' GOLD

LONG ago the western foot-hills  
Yielded up their golden ore,  
Where the blue Pacific murmurs  
By the California shore.

Then the ring of pick and shovel  
Mingled with the singing pines,  
Delving deep for hidden treasure  
In the shafts of rock-bound mines.

Long ago the silent canyons  
Wakened from their solemn gloom,  
To the echoing blasts of powder,  
And the miner's roaring flume.

But the pioneers have vanished,  
As the years have drifted past,  
And those frontier days of daring  
Only in our memory last;

Changed the land from toil and hardship  
To the land of dreams and flowers,  
And her riches in abundance  
Nature gives in golden showers.

Gleam of gold upon the hillsides,  
That were once so brown and bare;  
Gleam of gold as pure as sunshine,  
Flaunting in the noonday glare.

For the dazzling wealth in fragrant,  
Scattered, yellow splendor lies,  
In the fields of golden poppies  
Drowsing under sunlit skies.

—*Jessie Davies Wilddy.*

# BOOKS *of the* MONTH



ENGLISH and Scottish ballads have long been recognized as a splendid storehouse for tales of the days of chivalry, and it seems strange that so few authors have availed themselves of the opportunities presented. In "The Ballad of the White Horse,"\* Gilbert K. Chesterton has drawn to some extent from the old popular ballads; yet he, himself, is essentially a balladist.

Stories of the days of good King Alfred have always a decided charm. Mr. Chesterton's ballad is founded on the traditions surrounding the life of the great king, who saved England from the Danes and the worship of Wodin. The ballad draws its name from the bloody battle in the Valley of the White Horse. Like the waves of the seashore, the Danish hosts broke on the shores of Merry England, putting to the sword all those who opposed them. How King Alfred and his faithful Thanes, although often defeated, finally turned and drove the last invader into the sea, forms the theme of Mr. Chesterton's epic.

Masterfully written in true and even metre, one can almost hear the clash of arms, the shout of victory and the wailings

of defeat. A martial spirit pervades every stanza. "The Ballad of the White Horse" is poetry that will live and is beyond doubt the greatest of Mr. Chesterton's works.

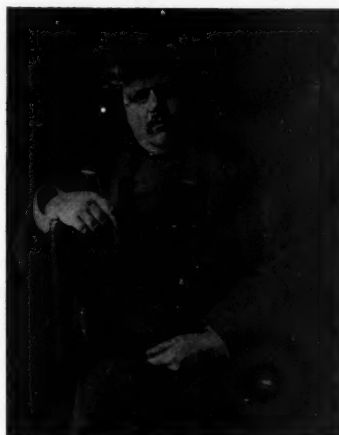
\* \* \*

OF all the extraordinary methods of winning a wife, it is safe to assume that the plan followed by Bellairs, the leading character in "The Garden of Resurrection,"\* was unique.

Although endowed with earthly goods, Bellairs lacks physical beauty, and because of this his forty-third birthday has been passed without a love affair. While sitting one day in a cafe, he chances to hear a conversation in which a man's duplicity is evident. Soon he is familiar with the whole story, which concerns a young West Indian heiress, now the affianced

wife of an unworthy fortune-hunter. With this information ringing in his ears, Bellairs becomes infatuated with the description and determines to play the part of Sir Galahad.

The experiences that follow run the gamut of stirring adventure, and the long-suffering Bellairs is at last rewarded with the object of his desire. There is a certain



GILBERT K. CHESTERTON  
Author of "The Ballad of the White Horse"

\*"The Ballad of the White Horse." By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company. Price \$1.25 net.

\*"The Garden of Resurrection." By E. Temple Thurston. New York: Mitchell Kennerly. Price \$1.30.

quietness about the story which saves it from becoming a common "thriller"; it is convincingly told in an entertaining manner.

\* \* \*

**Y**OUNG girls breaking in upon the serenity of bachelordom are sometimes unwelcome. Provokingly pretty and refreshingly frank, with the impetuosity of her eighteen years, "Miss Billy,"\* who gives the title to Mrs. Porter's



MRS. ELEANOR PORTER

Author of "Miss Billy," a charming tale of a young American girl

book, comes to the quiet household of the Henshaw boys and sadly disarranges the customary routine of their aristocratic homestead. "Billy" is the daughter of the college chum of William Henshaw, and incidentally his namesake. Circumstances make it necessary for her to appeal to Henshaw for a home, although not for support, as she is an heiress. Having no knowledge of his namesake, the natural supposition is that "Billy" is a boy. Consternation reigns supreme when the mistake is learned, and a chaperon is hastily summoned. "Billy" unknowingly succeeds in upsetting the quiet and dignity of "The Strata," as the old Boston mansion is called, although the brothers all love

her. A meddlesome sister of the Henshaw boys, however, condemns her for disturbing the household, and she leaves.

After studying abroad for three years, Miss Billy returns to America and sets up an establishment of her own. Again the interfering sister disturbs the routine of both homes, but the result is that Billy finds out where her affections are placed.

In this delightful little volume Mrs. Porter has given a charming pen picture of a frank, true-hearted, spirited American girl.

\* \* \*

**M**YSTERIOUS and shocking tragedies at dead of night in the hospital where she is confined begin the heroine's experiences in "The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry."\* She turns detective and does her work so effectively as to



MARY ROBERTS RINEHART \*

Whose "Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry" is one of the liveliest detective stories of the year

track down the perpetrator of the dreadful deeds, thereby restoring peace and order. Her further adventures are on a somewhat less tragic and more amusing scale, and her love of romance and mystery bring her into a variety of situations that will sustain the reader's interest. The

\* "Miss Billy." By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.25.

\* "The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry." By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price \$1.25 net.



story is written in the author's most pleasing vein; there is no hint of the de-nouement until curiosity has been excited to the uttermost.

\* \* \*

**NON - PARTISAN** and impartial in every sense of the word, "The United States Government,"\* by Frederic J. Haskin, is a timely and useful text-book upon the business and activities of the Republic. Every important department from the chief executive down is given a chapter, in which plain, succinct statements of its salient operations and methods, and to some extent its present personnel, bear witness to the value and accuracy of the essays devoted to their special branch of the service. To the student and the general reader who has not been compelled to "keep tab" on such matters, a large amount of interesting and novel information is carefully and skillfully presented in this book.

\* \* \*

**THIS** "History of England,"† of which Rudyard Kipling is a co-author, is written for children. The style is clear and concise throughout, and the main facts of English history are sufficiently reviewed to make the book valuable as well as interesting, although its great



REPRODUCTION FROM PAINTING IN "A HISTORY OF ENGLAND"  
(Kipling and Fletcher)

dealing with the various matters suggested by the context. There are also many beautiful illustrations in color, which will delight the young student of English history.

\* \* \*

**POLITICAL**, social and economic tendencies in the United States are ably discussed by Walter E. Weyl in "The New Democracy."\* The author argues that we do not possess a socialized democracy; that in 1789 conditions were against

\* "The United States Government." By Frederic J. Haskin. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. Price \$1.00.

† "A History of England." By C. R. L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price \$1.80.

\* "The New Democracy." By Walter E. Weyl. New York: The MacMillan Company. Price \$2.00 net.

its establishment; that later our territorial expansion in development of the country produced individualism resulting in plutocracy; that our present social unrest is a symptom of an evolving democracy with forces behind it giving it the character of a national adjustment; finally, that the socialized democracy of the future can endure in spite of the hard problems it may have to solve.

\* \* \*

VIVID pen pictures of life conditions in Japan, Korea, Manchuria, China, the Philippines and India reveal the

and agriculture down to "the babies to the square inch," and the meanings of the different female coiffures.

By far the most interesting country written of is Japan, which Mr. Poe aptly calls "a land of surprises." His account invites comparison between Japanese and American conditions, and the reader feels that the other half the world might also do well in "waking up."

\* \* \*

BARMAIDS have long been a conventional "type" with the writers of fiction and drama. The London barmaid whom



CHINESE SCHOOL CHILDREN. FROM "WHERE HALF THE WORLD IS WAKING UP"

author's intimate personal knowledge of these countries in "Where Half the World is Waking Up."\* Even without the information modestly given in the preface, the reader knows that Mr. Poe has traveled extensively in each country mentioned, and that he finished each writing while on the soil. Perhaps this is why the chapters appeal like the letters of an intimate friend, who understands just what is most interesting, from educational development

Mr. Phillpotts takes for his central character in "The Beacon"\* is of a different stamp. Her training is above the average; her ideals are higher and she appreciates patriotism.

In her work at the little Dartmoor tavern, which has no small influence in moulding her future, she meets two marriageable men. One of these is greater in mind and stronger in will than she—a man to whom she can look up—while

\* "Where Half the World is Waking Up." By Clarence Poe. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.

\* "The Beacon." By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Co. Price \$1.30.

the other is more lovable but too spineless. For some time she faces the problem as to which of these men she can best help. Finally she decides that it would be best to uplift the weaker man, whose mind is over-dominated by a wealthy uncle. Upon this foundation is built a deeply interesting tale with thoughtful themes. The book is written in the concise, vigorous style of Mr. Phillpotts, and the characters are original and strikingly interesting.

\* \* \*

AN unique place in American Biography is filled by "The Life of James, Cardinal Gibbons."\* With infinite pains and most exacting research the author has comprehensively treated his subject, and has spread out an amazing amount of new data on the career of this famous churchman. The cardinal's efforts in making America better understood abroad, his attitude toward toleration in religion, and friendship toward organized labor and many other subjects are exhaustively covered.

\* \* \*

DEALING with the past and present of a man whose power in two hemispheres is so immense and far-reaching, "The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan,"† by Carl Hovey, must interest the reader who appreciates that neither the traditions of century-old monarchies, nor the independence, initiative and institutions of America can be trusted to appease all doubts as to the ultimate reading of the financial riddle by this Sphinx of modern finance. Hitherto his enormous control of men and capital has been used to build up great industries and to strengthen existing systems of finance and banking, the story of which will be found interestingly set forth in Mr. Hovey's book.

Many interesting statements concerning the several great "operations" in which Mr. Morgan has taken the leading part are made by the author, who appears to have been impartial in his study and fair in his exposition thereof.

\*"The Life of James, Cardinal Gibbons." By Allen S. Will. Baltimore: John Murphy Company. Price \$1.00.

†"The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan." By Carl Hovey. New York City: Sturgis & Walton Co. Price \$2.50.

HURLING innuendo after innuendo at the modern political leader, wielding satire, bitter and denunciatory, heaping upon demagogues the odium of an abused,



EMERSON HOUGH  
Author of "John Rawn"

common people, Mr. Hough has eclipsed all his former efforts in the strength of "John Rawn."\*

While not openly criticizing the political demagogue, Mr. Hough arranges his story in such a manner as to uncover pretence. All through the volume a persistent voice cries out "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

John Rawn, who gives the book its name, typifies the leader. He is an egotist, smug and conceited. Riches come to him by trampling on the rights of others. Having risen to power, he assures himself that luxury, nay, even adoration, are his by "divine right." Rawn's son-in-law, Charles Halsey, represents the common people, and although the elder's success is due to Halsey's genius, the young man is "used" only as a tool. Wife, daughter, home and all are sacrificed to the god of Power.

\*"John Rawn." By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price \$1.25 net.

COUNTRY boys who come to the great cities to win fame and fortune have long been a favorite theme with the novelists. Young Tom Wilson, who gives the

mines him to make a man of himself. In company with his savior, Wilson returns to his home town and establishes a successful newspaper. Then he is able to prove his manliness to the girl of his choice.

The book is written from the play of the same name, which has been so popular, and will be of special interest to those who have seen the dramatic version.

\* \* \*

UNUSUAL adventures, with striking extremes of happiness and misery in the life of the heroine, constitute the novel peg on which "Sekhet"\* is hung. Placed by her dying father in the care of an old friend, Evarne Stornway is taken from a life of seclusion to one of luxury and pleasure by her would-be guardian, Morris Kenyon, who has fallen in love with her. She goes with him on a trip to Egypt where among other antiquities she finds the shrine of "Sekhet," goddess of love and cruelty, whom she adopts as her patron saint. Her future misfortunes and trials are all laid to the machinations of Sekhet, assisted, of course, by human agencies. Deceived and abandoned by Kenyon she passes her life in alternate misery and happiness. The ending of the story is rather unusual in that it does not follow the ordinary course of novels, the author evidently deeming it the natural sequel to such a life as Evarne has led.

\* \* \*

FEW characters in fiction will be found more enjoyable than the genial, wholehearted, old sea captain who wins our love in "Cap'n Warren's Wards."† The "Cap'n's" brother, who has made a fortune in the city, leaves his two children in the care of the old sailor. The "children," a boy and

SCENE FROM "THE COUNTRY BOY," THE BOOK  
TAKEN FROM EDGAR SELWYN'S PLAY

title to the book of Mr. Selwyn's play, "The Country Boy,"\* follows the conventional course after he arrives in New York. Wine and women are in a fair way to encompass his downfall when the intervention of a kindly fellow-boarder saves him from self-destruction and deter-

\* "Sekhet." By Irene Miller. New York: John Lane Co. Price \$1.25.

† "Cap'n Warren's Wards." By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton Company. Price \$1.30.

\* "The Country Boy." By Charles Sarver, from the play by Edgar Selwyn. New York: H. K. Fly Co.



a girl, who are almost of age, and having become snobbish according to the custom of their "set," resent the authority of their new guardian. The Captain undauntedly brings his "salt water sense" to bear on the problem of meeting New York and New Yorkers of all types. There is an interesting plot, a pretty love story and an eminently satisfying conclusion. Mr. Lincoln has never written a more delightful tale.

\* \* \*

**R**ATHER a formidable "bundle of reminiscences" are brought to light with Mr. Rideing's "Many Celebrities and a Few Others."\* The author gives his readers the benefit of his delightful associations with the "newer" celebrities of the past and present generations. The first two chapters, "A Boy's Ambition" and "First Lessons in Journalism," followed by "Midnight Oil and Beach Comb-ing" make an unusually vivid story of the ambitious American boy. One has the impression, as he puts down the book, that Mr. Rideing has made a very great deal of his life and of the associations which he now shares with the public in a very entertaining manner.

\* \* \*

**I**N one hundred and twenty-three sonnets the author of "The Story of America Sketched in Sonnets,"† attempts to depict the salient features of Anglo-American history from the discovery of Vineland the Good up to the present day. These sonnets have the orthodox number of lines and the lines scan equably, but the sonnet, however charming by itself and even endurable in a limited sequence, is unfitted for an epic.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Frank in these pictures of the periods did not adopt a more continuous versification and one capable of greater versatility of harmony and expression, for his sonnets are generally true to historical fact, just in expression of praise or blame, laudable in their tribute to friend and foe, and enriched with many explanatory and historical addenda.

\* "Many Celebrities and a Few Others." By William H. Rideing. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

† "The Story of America Sketched in Sonnets." By Henry Frank. Boston: Sherman French & Co. Price \$1.35.

**I**N his posthumously published book, "Hadji Murad,"\* Count Tolstoy deals again with the Caucasian life. The story concerns the period about 1850 when Russia was bending all her energies to subjugate the semi-savage tribes of the Caucasians, of which Hadji Murad was one of the leaders. As a matter of fact, Hadji Murad, a man who had spilt much blood and intrigued with Russia, deserved any fate that might befall him. The reader, however, finds himself in sympathy with this strange leader, and accepts his conduct as consistent and straightforward. The book reveals that the natural manners and customs of the tribesmen appealed more to Tolstoy than did the conventionalities of modern society.

\* \* \*

**S**UCCINCTLY and entertainingly dealing with a timely subject, Mr. Rexford's "Amateur Garden Craft"† treats of the effective planning and perfecting of the beautiful lawns, gardens, pergolas, shrubberies, foliage-beds, ferneries, window and veranda boxes, hedges, borders and other beautiful additions to the charms of neatly enclosed houselots, handsome walks and driveways, and artistic architecture. Within this little volume will be found not only loving and sympathetic tributes to the beauty of almost every shrub, flower and plant generally known to American gardens, but also clear directions as to the best methods of planting, cultivating and bringing them into perfect development.

\* \* \*

**L**IFE in and about Paris at the time of the French Revolution has been treated upon over and over again, but mainly from the viewpoint of the adult. The author of "The Loser Pays"‡ handles her subject from the child's point of view. The story is quite as thrilling as "The Cross of Honor" by the same author, and the new work is an acceptable addition to the many books founded on the extraordinary social and political developments and awful tragedies of the "Reign of Terror."

\* "Hadji Murad." By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Aylmer Maude. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Price \$1.20.

† "Amateur Garden Craft." By Eben E. Rexford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price \$1.50.

‡ "The Loser Pays." By Mary Openshaw. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Price \$1.25.





UP to the first of May "winter lingers in the lap of Spring," as if he had determined to omit his usual vacation excursion to the North Pole. We are guaranteed, however, by one of our oldest citizens, "a hot summer and an exceedingly tropical presidential campaign."

"All we can say," remarked the captain solemnly as he tugged at his goatee, "is to adjure everyone to 'keep cool.' Don't get angry with a friend because he doesn't tie to your candidate or accept your favorite cure-all for existing causes of public discontent. Don't despair of a good year's business, or pleasant experiences, because someone tries to frighten voters whom he cannot persuade to support his ticket.

"Be certain," he continued in his optimistic way, "that more tons of groceries, suits of clothing, cases of boots and shoes, hardware, etc., must be bought and sold in 1912, than during the year previous, and that the lumber, coal, gold, silver and baser metals will also continue to add to the real resources and wealth of the nation.

"The hot weather will ripen grain, fruit and textiles for the harvest, and the campaign will again prove that the people of the United States can fight a square fight with their ballots, and accept in good part the final decision of the majority. After more than thirty presidential elections, in every one of which someone discovered 'a great crisis' with a probable 'panic' and the possible damnation of the Republic, we find that in every case the tough old world and its business went right along in pretty much the same old way."

ONE important and deplorable effect of the Turco-Italian war is the bold pilfering of the mails in Italy—especially of those from the United States. The Italian Government, doubtless struggling under the onerous task of carrying on the war, seems to be quite unable to insure safe handling of the mails. That this is petty thievery is indicated by the fact that not alone registered mail, but ordinary letters as well are being stolen right and left.

Two or three weeks ago the Italian police captured a man with forty stolen letters in his pocket.

An American student at the North American College in Rome reports that he receives only half of the letters that his relatives write him. He has lost six letters since January 1, 1912. Americans in Italy, unable to get any satisfaction from the Italian post office officials, are asking their relatives and friends at home to procure some effective action toward safeguarding this international correspondence.

\* \* \*

THE story of modern life insurance is essentially an American story and like most history is largely the story of the accomplishment of a few strong men. In the early seventies a scandal which involved the President of the New York Life Insurance Company made public the enormous profits of that Company and aroused the cupidity of financiers and irresponsible promoters with the result that about fifty new companies of this character were organized within a few years. But cupidity ever overreaches itself and

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## LET'S TALK IT OVER

these investors, or about ninety per cent of them, were destined to learn that no other business on earth requires such highly specialized ability and temperamental fitness as the management of a Life Insurance Company, for ninety per cent of these companies have long since been forgotten.

Late in 1904 a smouldering jealousy between two high officials of the Equitable of New York became open warfare. This

country within the past eight years, the total amount invested in their capital stocks being more than three times as much as the total sum originally invested in all the life insurance companies on earth previous to that time.

A number of these companies are the creation of honorable and able men of practical experience. These are prospering and will doubtless prove profitable investments to their stockholders in good time.

In 1909, Mr. William R. Luke, who had been for many years identified with the Equitable, rising from one position to another in the services of that great corporation till he became a general manager, became fully convinced that these promotions were reaching the stage of a National scandal, and he set about to see what might be done to save the situation. Consolidation was the only remedy; but how to consolidate? None of these companies could buy another, for a life insurance company is prohibited by law from using its capital stock for any purpose. This must be invested in bonds or mortgages and deposited with the State. None of them had sufficient surplus with which to buy another. Consolidation otherwise than by purchase meant the voluntary relinquishment by officers of liberal salaries with no return in cash. It could not be done. What could be done?

Then came the real work. Travel, consultation with discouraged officials and stockholders, with independent actuaries and experts; with insurance commissioners and corporation lawyers and bankers. More travel; more work; more thinking. And then in the fall of 1911, the idea came—simple, like all really big ideas.

The Underwriters Securities Corporation was formed with a capital stock of one million dollars. Its purpose was and is to buy these companies outright when they get to the end of their means and are face to face with actual disaster; consolidating them into one company saving millions in annual expenses; building a great company, as he expresses it, "one company at a time instead of one policy at a time."

As a rule the promoter has used as a "stalking horse" some local business man or banker of good repute and known ability as a financier, but without exper-



W. R. LUKE  
President of the Underwriters' Securities  
Corporation

proved a war to the death, and one of them is today an expatriate while the other has been retired from the insurance field. Then came the legislative investigations in New York, and the patient public found that it had been pouring countless millions into the insatiable coffers of conscienceless exploiters.

The records show that almost without exception the well-established companies have, from the date of their organization up to this time, paid all their death claims out of the funds arising from interest earnings and rents, leaving the principal sums paid in premiums untouched.

And then "history repeated itself," as it ever does. Almost three hundred new companies have been organized in this



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## LET'S TALK IT OVER

ience in this most intricate of financial enterprises, and totally lacking in that temperamental fitness above referred to without which a Life Insurance Company never was and never will be successfully established. These men as a rule will willingly suffer financial loss rather than risk the loss of reputations which represent a lifetime of honorable industry. Generally they have assumed the office of President and it is assured that they will



WILBUR WYNANT  
President of the Toledo Life Insurance Company

recommend a sale at a substantial loss rather than face the prospect of outright failure.

A way out of difficulties is always found when honest and capable men set out to find it. In November, 1911, chance brought together Mr. Luke and Mr. Wilbur Wynant, president of the Toledo Life Insurance Company, of Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Wynant is also a practical life insurance man who has worked his way up from the ranks as Luke did. In February, 1910, he went to Toledo a stranger but a stranger with an idea. That idea was to establish a really popular life insurance company. no millionaires; no "big men"—a people's company.

He was told it couldn't be done. The

banks would have nothing to do with it nor with him. But he was "the man who knows that he knows" and he started his company. Nobody was allowed to buy more than five hundred dollars of stock. It was a joke! But the common people, the farmers of Northwestern Ohio, the small merchants and country bankers didn't see the joke and they made their five hundred dollars' investments.

On April 1, 1911, his company was licensed to do business; and it had fifteen hundred stockholders! And the people bought its policies. When it was a year old it had three million dollars of good clean, country business in force, and the agents of other companies were flocking to it. Its doors, its books and the offices of its officers were always wide open to the public, to its stockholders, its policy holders and to the boys in the field. No haughty exclusiveness and seclusions there.

Luke had become its Vice-president and manager of its agencies. Wynant had become vice-president of the Underwriters Securities Corporation, while Luke retained the presidency. The banks were taking notice of both enterprises, and business was rolling in. The "Open Door" policy is continued.

The officers of the Securities Corporation have been removed from Chicago to Toledo. Everybody is happy, and a solution of a very grave problem appears to have been found by the meeting of the two serious-minded men with ideas and a capacity for unlimited work.

The Toledo Life will take over (reinsure) the business of the purchased companies, paying to the Underwriters' Corporation a substantial "renewal commission" thereon. The latter concern will liquidate the affairs of such purchased companies realizing an immense profit from this source while saving to their stockholders much of their original investments where total loss stared them in the face. Their policy holders will be transferred to a young, vigorous company managed by experts and growing by leaps and bounds. Mr. Wynant is a native of Indiana—a farmer boy, he calls himself. Mr. Luke is a Virginian, of the colonial stock. Both are in the early forties and they work together like twin brothers.



Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

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**ANN RANDOLPH** is at our women readers' service on any subject that may come within the offices of the NATIONAL'S Home Department. Replies to questions will be printed unless otherwise requested; particular inquiries will be personally answered.

**I**T may be I am mixed in my history, and besides, I can't recall the date or the lady's name, but it seems to me that in the "Memoirs" of the late Lady Russell I read of a certain *grande dame*—a lady noted for her *verve* and wit, a lady, in a word, who was the life of her set—I read, I say, of this lady and a statement that seemed puzzling. "When I am alone," she wrote to Lady Russell, "I like to dress in deep black; I like to play dirges, and to read Hugo and Lamartine. For my nature is sad." It is the more annoying to have forgotten the name of this two-sided character, for I wish to compare her with Laura Guerite.

Not that Miss Guerite's is a sad nature,

let me hasten to state. But the simile balances very well. Here is an actress—"the smartest clothed woman on the stage"—a French actress, if you please, who wears daring gowns and plays daring acts,

who sings, and kicks and dances daringly, too, perhaps. And she is, off-stage, a very serious and dignified woman.

Hers is a very striking case of dual personality. Having seen her act, you expect to meet a dashing, "butterfly" young person, like the French actresses who are the life of racy novels. You find, instead, a very earnest, sincere, intellectual Frenchwoman, who talks to you in perfect English and who has an amazing knowledge of world affairs.

Miss Guerite is a



"THE SHAPTESBURY CHERUBS"  
Miss Alice May Lewis, the nine-year-old author of "Song of the Breeze," on the left

"I climb over many a mountain,  
I roam over many a plain,  
And I hear what the birdies whisper,  
And I watch o'er the golden grain."



## Afloat or Ashore In Town or Out Wear B. V. D.

**P**ut it in your bag—put it in your trunk—*put it on!* It leaves you arm-free, leg-free and body-free, because it is *Loose Fitting*. B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers or Union Suits *keep you cool*, lightening the day's work and adding spice to sport and zest to "vacationing" on land or water.

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## THE HOME

hard person to "classify." I have said she is serious and that she thinks deeply. She has a broad mind, and is essentially a "big" woman. Trifles have nothing in common with her progress in life. Yet she is a real flesh and blood person. She talks of sore throats, headaches and tight slippers like a human woman.

You may say that she has dignity, but her warm heart and her native impulsiveness break down the barriers of reserve. One moment she is solemnly telling you of her plans and of what she hopes to accomplish; the next her eyes are snapping as she tells you a joke, probably on herself. She is never dull.

She is, in a word, essentially French. Her gowns are French, and she wears them as only a Frenchwoman can. It was my good fortune to see in her dressing-room when she played at the Majestic in Boston the creations which bring gasps of delight from the audiences in "Half Way to Paris." Better still, it was my privilege to be shown these gowns by the charming lady herself. She was getting into the beaded robe which has caused a sensation on two continents, when I had a fresh start. "I designed it myself," she explained modestly; Rodin worked it out."

Miss Guerite insists that it is the applause of women and children that pleases her most. Perhaps she believes that women can best appreciate her art—for there is more than skill in the acting of Miss Guerite. Every dance, every song, every movement has the finished touch of the artist. And as I have intimated she is individuality itself.

One thing Miss Guerite has in common with many other noted members of her profession—a farm on Long Island. Perhaps I should not call it a farm, for she insists that she does not raise vegetables. Her home is surrounded by a garden, and "I believe," she says proudly, "that I planted every flower in it myself." Here with her husband—for Miss Guerite has a private life in which a husband is the central figure—this remarkable woman enjoys her home and her friends in a veritable "Garden of Eden."

Ann Randolph

## WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE?

WHAT would you take for that soft little head  
    Pressed close to your face at time for bed;  
For that white, dimpled hand in your own held tight,  
    And the dear little eyelids kissed down for the night?  
    What would you take?

What would you take for that smile in the morn,  
    Those bright, dancing eyes and the face they adorn:  
For the sweet little voice that you hear all day  
    Laughing and cooing—yet nothing to say?  
    What would you take?

What would you take for those pink little feet,  
    Those chubby round cheeks, and that mouth so sweet;  
For the wee tiny fingers and little soft toes.  
    The wrinkly little neck and that funny little nose?  
    Now, what would you take?

—Good Housekeeping, in Her Throbs, II.

All the music of  
all the world

You cannot possibly realize what marvels  
of music can now be recorded on disc records  
unless you have heard a

# Columbia Grafonola

The Columbia Grafonola  
"Favorite" \$40



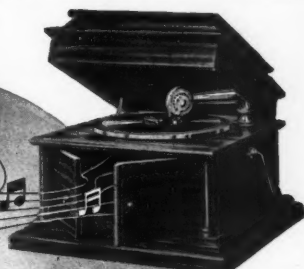
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"Regent Junior" \$150

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of the music of the Columbia Grafonola, we do insist that you  
opinion was formulated in 1907 or earlier—and since then a revo-  
lution has been wrought.

We want to say this courteously, but we do insist upon it; and  
if we are right, you are the one who has missed the most. Will  
you do just this one thing: Go to the nearest Columbia dealer  
(we can give you his name) and ask him to let you hear Mozart's  
"Turkish March" as played by Creatore's Band, on the Grafonola  
"Favorite," or any other Columbia instrument.

Don't be too sure that you know already. We predict a few  
minutes of delighted astonishment for which you are likely to  
thank us.

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### LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

**F**OR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

#### HORSERADISH AND NUT SAUCE

By Mrs. P. E. H.

This is an excellent sauce to serve with boiled beef. Remove the skins from some walnuts, chop them fine with the same quantity of grated horseradish. Season this mixture with a dessertspoonful of powdered sugar and a pinch of salt. Add the juice of two lemons and some fresh cream, in sufficient quantity that the sauce may not be too thick nor too thin.

#### To Remove Cherry Stains

Cherry stains may be removed from cloth if the spots are washed in camphor before putting in water.

#### China Cement

A strong solution of gum arabic and water mixed with enough plaster of paris to make a thick paste. Apply to the broken edges with a camel's hair brush.

#### CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE

By W. B.

A pinch of salt on the tongue, followed ten minutes after by a drink of cold water will cure a sick headache.

#### To Clean Discolored Vessels

Put a good sized lump of salt into a cup of vinegar and pour into a vessel that is discolored. Let stand for half a day. Wash well with warm water and soap, and sediment will come off.

#### Laundering Lace

In laundering lace bows and so forth, try rinsing them in a solution of borax which will give them just the required stiffness. Two heaping tablespoons to five quarts of water is the proportion. This is also good for thin white waists. Better than starch.

#### Wall Paper Cleaner

An excellent wall paper cleaner is made as follows: one heaping cup of sifted flour, two tablespoonfuls of ammonia, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of kerosene oil, one tablespoonful of salt and one-half cup of warm water; stir well, place on stove and cook until moisture is taken up.

Knead well with the hands, make into balls and rub over the paper.

#### To Keep Meat

A joint of meat may be kept sweet many days if wrapped in a fine cloth wrung out in vinegar and hung in the air.

#### Kills Contagious Germs

Turpentine mixed with carbolic acid and kept in open vessels about the room will greatly lessen the risk of contagion in scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc.

#### Grease Spots

Grease spots can be removed by soaking in benzine and placing between double layers of blotting paper and pressing with a medium hot iron.

#### To Remove Verdigris

Verdigris may be removed by rubbing with liquid ammonia.

#### FOR OILY HAIR

By G. E. M.

If the hair is oily, after washing it put a tablespoonful of soda in the rinse water.

#### Paper Bags Come Handy

Save the waxed paper and paper bags that come with the groceries. They come handy in many ways about the house.

#### Made from an Old Clock

A neighbor made a medicine cabinet out of an old Seth Thomas clock, by taking out the works, putting in shelves and screwing it to the wall.

#### ANTISEPTIC SOAP

By Mrs. C. M. McCa.

Five pounds rendered fat; one can concentrated lye; three pints cold water, one heaping teaspoonful pulverized borax; one cup of ammonia; two ounces glycerine; two teaspoons carbolic acid. Pour can potash into the water and let stand till dissolved, stir occasionally. Add ammonia and borax. Melt fat and add, then stir till of a creamy consistency, then put in glycerine and acid. Perfume with extract of sassafras. Turn soap into granite pan to harden. Mark off while soft. Follow directions carefully.